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The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

OCTOBER 1 1927

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THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL AND ITS CONDUCTOR-IN-CHIEF

It was confidently predicted that the years immediately following the war would see the end of the Three Choirs Festival; and there can be no doubt that even well-wishers watched its resumption at Worcester in 1920 with trepidation. It is interesting to recall those prophecies and doubts immediately after this year's Festival, which was generally agreed to have been remarkably successful. The success lay on both musical and material sides: the choir was the best in recent years—some enthusiasts able to cast memories back a long way said it was the best Festival choir they had heard; and public interest, so far from declining (or even standing still), showed substantial increase, the stewards—i.e., subscribers of five guineas—numbering a hundred more than at the last Hereford Festival, while the sale of tickets had risen by about eight hundred. Success so emphatic would be notable in any kind of musical enterprise just now; that it should occur in connection with an event whose doom was apparently sealed years ago is indeed remarkable.

It is often urged against the Three Choirs Festival that it throws too great and varied a responsibility on the Cathedral organist of the city in which it is held. *Ipso facto*, he is expected to be a human dynamo, a sound general practitioner, and a specialist in half-a-dozen directions. The demand is, of course, absurd, but the remarkable thing is that it is met with so large a measure of adequacy. This is mainly due to the happy chance of the demand falling on the likeliest branch of the musical profession. There is no such all-rounder as your organist. In the nature of things he is bound to be not only a versatile and practical musician, but also a man of affairs, able to work with and handle tactfully such a diversity of co-workers as falls to the lot of no other musician. That the actual conduct of the Festival should be largely a one-man job is inevitable for economic reasons. This being so, it is not surprising that the performance of modern orchestral music sometimes evokes damaging comparisons with that of regular orchestral conductors.

Critics forget, however, that the most eminent of these conductors have their limitations. For example, at the hands of one whose strong suit is Russian music, we may hear performances of Beethoven and Mozart far less good than those of Franck and Delius directed by Dr. Percy Hull at Hereford. It is easy to point out (as a well-known critic has recently done) the

absurdity of expecting from any one conductor first-rate performances of all kinds of orchestral music. But we don't expect such a miracle. Until the millennium, when a concert will be directed not by one conductor, but by several, we look for no more than a good all-round performance of the programme as a whole, with an outstanding interpretation of such works as are best suited to the temperament of the man in charge. Similarly, the ideal Three Choirs Festival will see the local Cathedral organist shining as chorus-master, choral conductor, and general director, and retiring in favour of the distinguished orchestral conductor when purely instrumental music is to be given. But that day cannot be yet, and fair play demands recognition of the fact that, so long as the conductor-in-chief system obtains, the task could hardly be in better hands than at present. And if there were anything desperately wrong with the existing system it would have killed the Festival long ago, instead of leaving it, two hundred years old, strong and flourishing at a time when most musical institutions (including some directed by the 'specialists') are fighting for bare existence.

We have seen no better tribute to these 'Three Choirs' all-rounders than the following passage from an article on the Hereford Festival in *The Times* of September 10:

Among all the wonders of the Three Choirs Festival the most wonderful thing is the organist-conductor. For three years he plays presumably Gibbons in F and Wesley in E in the choir of his Cathedral. Then suddenly, through one hectic fortnight of rehearsal and performance, he is in charge of all the forces which can be brought together for the making of every conceivable kind of music. He conducts symphonies and concertos, classic and modern; he cajoles solo singers into accepting his readings of works which they think they know better than he does, pacifies the composers who want more time to rehearse their own works than they can be allowed, and judges justly between all sorts of differences. He finds seats for distinguished visitors, and even rushes out ten minutes before conducting the B minor Mass (as Dr. Hull was actually found doing this week) to engage a bed-room for a musician who had telegraphed his imminent arrival from Paris. He is artistic director, host, and call-boy all rolled into one.

That the Hereford Festival just held owes the major part of its astonishing success to Dr. Percy Hull was obvious to all who were present. Appointed to the Cathedral there in 1918, he was a 'dark horse' when the Three Choirs Festival fell due at Hereford in the year 1921. He began his office as conductor at a critical time for the Festival generally, with some local difficulties thrown in. Not only was he himself a 'new hand'; there were also a new Secretary, a new Bishop, and a new Dean. Turning up the *Musical Times* report of the Festival, we find Dr. Herbert Thompson writing:

Mr. Percy Hull had an arduous and exacting task in conducting his first Festival, and although no doubts existed concerning his musicianship, his experiences at Ruhleben (he had been a prisoner there during the whole of the war) and his subsequent illness made some fearful of his staying powers. It

may at once be said that he achieved an unqualified success; he gained the confidence of orchestra and choir, he kept his head, and he gave evidence of a distinctly musical temperament. His *tempi* were on the side of vivacity, which afforded a contrast with those of his predecessors, but his readings were never exaggerated, and when he acquires the assurance that comes from experience, they should become individual and arresting. . . . I think few conductors can have made a more successful debut.

The debut was no mere flash in the pan, and Dr. Hull's third Festival has firmly established his position as a musician unusually versatile and practical.

Much of his success is due to certain personal qualities not too common among musicians.

'Live wires' abound in the profession: Dr. Hull is one of them, but he differs from most in that he is live in a quiet way. With the absence of fuss and hustle goes an unfailing good humour. The present writer spent nearly the whole of the rehearsal-day within a few arms' length of him, in order to observe his methods. He began the arduous day's work to the minute—9.45 a.m.; no time was wasted; not a bar was repeated without an object that was palpable to all concerned; the passages rehearsed were cut down to the actual danger-spots—an odd bar or two, a change of time, a tricky progression; energy was conserved; such a small but important point as the turning of the page was frequently emphasised ('No turning during the rest; a real silent pause, please'; 'no sound of turning over during the *pp*'; and so on). The most trying moments found him unruffled; and—the sum of all these excellences—the long morning's rehearsal finished ten minutes before the scheduled time.

It was pointed out in the report quoted above, and again in that of the 1924 Festival, that his pace was on the quick side. The trait remains: it seems even to have developed. Apparently the energy and force of character that enable him to get such fine results as a choir-trainer are apt in the stress of performance to boil up into excitement and impetuosity. He may yet be able to temper this and so achieve the difficult feat of giving his forces their head while keeping his own. But the fault is on the right side. The unforgivable offence in music is dullness, and it is the last he is likely to commit. So we hope he will not be over-anxious to curb himself.

Although this article set out to be concerned solely with Dr. Hull's activities as Festival conductor, it would be incomplete if it contained no reference to his work as Cathedral organist. The excellent singing of his boys was a frequent theme of admiration during the Festival, and the quality of the Cathedral choir as a whole was shown on the Sunday morning by the beautiful purity and finish of its singing, a *cappella*, of a Service by Causton. It was proof—if proof were needed—that the Percy Hull of the daily round and common task is as alive and thorough as he of the 'hectic fortnight.'

THREE RUSSIAN COMPOSERS IN PARIS

By LEONID SARANEV

Russian music has organized its final division in Paris. Political causes are not solely responsible for this, since we see amongst the musical composers who have 'settled' in the French capital some who are by no means *émigrés*. Paris is the vast market of the musical world, somewhat in the nature of a Bourse of musical securities, at which one has to put in an appearance and be registered in order to be 'quoted on the international musical Exchange.'

I shall not now discuss the Russian executant artists in Paris, who are so numerous that they give a tone to the musical life of the city. They dominate: even such old-established, purely French musical institutions as the Lamoureux, Colonne, and Pasdeloup concerts cannot do without them. In this article I shall not deal with them, but with the more profound musical culture which manifests itself in creative work.

Many of the Russian composers residing here are so celebrated that one is not interested in talking about them. A certain Prokofiev, or the still more famous Stravinsky, are known to all the world. There are composers whose work is only beginning, but who are nevertheless interesting simply on account of their 'questing temperament,' though possibly these quests of theirs, so peculiar to the anarchical Russian genius, by no means lead to artistic results.

ARTHUR LOURIER

Some of them group themselves round Stravinsky, the star whose fame will not let them sleep. Recently I had the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with the work of Arthur Lourier—that restless musician whose biography is almost more interesting than his compositions. An exquisite aesthete, a highly cultured and extremely clever man, he possesses that quality of 'moral anarchism' which in Russia so often overtakes even men of standing. At first a friend of the poet Blok, a constant frequenter of the Petersburg pre-war 'Brodyachaya Sobaka,' that half den, half salon, where the supreme attainments of culture were blended with the most degraded manifestations of human nature; that Montmartre of the northern capital of Russia—Lourier was already a musical 'futurist' belonging to the 'extreme left' wing, wandering about in a sort of Pierrot costume, with an exquisitely weary air, and seemingly exhausted by an excess of culture. Even in 1912 he was writing music in quarter-tones, thereby anticipating the present-day Alois Hába and other 'quarter-tonists.' After that we see this petty Cagliostro swept by the revolutionary tempests into high places: Lourier, musical komissar of the new Russian Republic, reducing to order and organizing its musical life. And in fact there was something to organize, and especially to 'reduce to order,' since the chaos was complete. Always with the same bored air of a man who knows everything in the world and therefore

finds nothing interesting, Lourié brought order into the musical life of Russia, being guided by the incisive politics of the musical left wing—it was the period when the political views of the left were mixed up with artistic ideas, together forming one 'touching chord of misunderstanding.' However, let us be just to Lourié, who at least did a great deal to preserve a number of musical treasures which otherwise would have perished in the storms of the revolution; and let us forgive him for having published, at the expense of the State, too many, perhaps, of his own compositions, ultra-'left,' futuristic in their very approach to music, and sometimes adventurously attempting to establish some sort of connection with the revolution (for instance, his 'Our March,' to words by Mayakovsky, the poet-agitator of the new Russia).

Nevertheless, this involuntary accomplice of the musical destinies of Russia has many merits: his was an administratively musical temperament, and his regulations were consistently 'left.' Musical Europe and America should be equally obliged to him, moreover, for having 'released' Kusévitzy from Russia; without his concurrence the latter would probably have been left to stew in the revolutionary state of existence in the country. Again, for this exploit we must pardon him, because after all he made a present of himself to Europe. One fine day he was expelled by the political powers from the lofty positions occupied by him, and escaped by detaching himself on a mission 'for scientific purposes.'

Here, having shaken the Communist dust from his feet, he became a satellite of Stravinsky, a shrewd interpreter of the latter to himself. It is well known that every great composer usually has to have about him an interpreter or augur, to explain to the maestro himself how far and in what in particular the latter is a genius. *En passant* he composes; and on a background of French music we must nevertheless acknowledge that his work is so full of clever construction as to be *interesting* in any case. In his 'Toccata' he, like Stravinsky, returns to Bach. His songs to words by Pushkin reveal a longing—also shared by Stravinsky—for the old, simple, naïve music, which, alas! cannot be produced by men who have forgotten all about innocence and simplicity for many, many years.

The life of no other Russian composer is so fantastic, so full of the element of adventure. Lourié is a strictly rational composer with a certain picturesque approach to his tonal material. In him there is a perpetual pose, a calculating quality; in his quests, or, perhaps, grimaces, he always goes farther than the others. The culminating point of his decadence and inventiveness was his 'Forms in the Air'—compositions 'possibly' for the pianoforte, the essential feature of which consists in the peculiar style of the engraving—little lines crossing one another and forming a graphic pattern. Some one may ask me, 'What has this to do with "music"?'—but I

really don't know. It is certainly not an innovation in the musical realm, but in the 'make-up,' in the art of printing.

OBUKHOV

Obukhov is another Russian composer whose seekings are in an entirely different sphere. If Lourié is rather of the adventurous, 'excessive,' perhaps clever type, Obukhov may be a subject of considerable interest to the alienist. In this respect I am by no means so exacting, though I like a healthy psychical condition. Many great composers have had abnormal psychical traits, suggestions of psychosis, but of course it is not every kind of mental disorder that makes a man a genius. Scriabin had traces of the psychopath—his dream of the 'Mystery' and through it of the end of the world, was tinged with certain 'clinical' colours. Obukhov is in this respect a Scriabinist. Poor Scriabin, who so far has had but few continuators in the sphere of his musical talent, has apparently found someone to carry on the line of his insanity. Obukhov, whose 'Prologue to the Book of Life' was actually performed at Paris in 1926, by Kusévitzy, explores not only the paths of mysticism but also of musical theory. He appears to be the author of a new system (only I fear it is a very old one) of notation without sharps and flats (but on the other hand with little crosses), and an adherent of the method of twelve-note harmonies. Their viscid, amorphous mass undergoes a sort of arithmetical, unorganized shifting, which reminds one of the wanderings of plasmodium or similar amœbiform bodies, undifferentiated and unorganized. In his music there is no melody—but then, this almost the wildest of musical lunatics introduces into it whistling, sneezing, and sounds of nausea, to depict, according to him, certain mystical experiences (poor mysticism!). If it be added that all these musical accessories are further combined with gestures scoffingly borrowed from religious ritual, the 'clinical picture' will perhaps be clear to many. Obukhov's 'Book of Life' is also a 'Mystery,' and, like every self-respecting mystery, is 'revealed' to him from above. Unlike Scriabin's, which was designed to bring about the end of the world, and which, happily for its inhabitants, he did not succeed in completing, Obukhov's mystery has a political purpose—the restoration to the throne of the last Russian Emperor, who is supposed to be alive and well, but in hiding. In his person the traits of redeemer and sacred victim are blended; the text of the mystery consists of a poor poem by Balmont, and a series of ecstatic and fanatical, senseless exclamations and invocations. The strangest thing in the history of this 'Book of Life' is not the fact that he wrote it, but that it was performed by Kusévitzy, who on this occasion appeared, instead of the last Emperor, in the rôle of redeemer and victim of the composer's musical temperament.

This strange musician has lately occupied himself with the harmonization in twelve-note

harmonies of gipsy songs, in which his musical instinct has revealed an immensely erotic temperament and a specific 'mysticism'

VYSHNEGRADSKY

The third figure in my gallery is Vyshnegradsky—perhaps the most musically balanced and interesting. He is a convinced quarter-tonist, and writes in those intervals only. He has constructed for himself an instrument (a harmonium) in quarter-tones and, like a pioneer turning over virgin soil, the yield of his pen is prolific. His style, with which I was able to make a more detailed acquaintance (the composer played his own compositions to me on his own instrument), is rather uneven—at one time he continues the refined line of Scriabin's harmonies, the complex chords, which assume a still more subtle type on account of his own ultra-chromaticism: at another he appears to be governed by 'tonal' ordinances, and writes music which has a decided minor or major orientation, though still ultra-chromatic. Vyshnegradsky is fanatically devoted to this business, and brings to it the persistence and passion of the neophyte. I must admit that his quarter-tonal compositions are to me incomparably more satisfying than the analogous experiments by Alois Hába in Hungary. Vyshnegradsky has more musicality, more invention, more refinement: his harmonies are not merely new passing-notes between old academical resonances—he devotes himself *con amore* to the quest of some specific thing, he seeks for new sensations. In much he has unquestionably succeeded, but he has one organic defect—he has no sense of proportion, and does not know when it is time to finish. All his compositions are exceedingly diffuse. Many of the harmonies discovered by him are very effective, very subtle and ingenious, and might possibly compel belief in the vitality of the movement on which he expends so much energy. Vyshnegradsky affirms that he has entirely retuned his musical thought to this new world, and I readily believe it—new, unexhausted tonal riches are conserved there, awaiting a creator, a genius. Of course my old scepticism will not be lulled: sometimes it seems that this introduction of 'new tones' is mere foolishness—we know very well that an artist will not become more talented by using a new brand of colours. The whole essence of every art consists, not in the fundamental material, but in the organization of that material. Unquestionably it is more creditable to write a work of genius using the twelve-note system than to produce an untalented composition based on a twenty-four-note method. For a hearer unversed in the ultra-chromatic world these new harmonies sound strange: the ear always refers them to the nearest harmonies of the twelve-degree scale, and receives them as ordinary harmonies out of tune. In order that the ear may assimilate them in a self-satisfying form, practice and investigation are necessary. But this involves devotion to the matter and persistence in

getting at the aims of this composer, concerning the height of whose inspiration and the quality of whose work it is nevertheless difficult to say anything.

Such are three types from the Russian gallery of Parisian composers—Lourier, Obukhov, Vyshnegradsky. To many they may seem grotesque, and for this I apologise beforehand. Of late years musical actuality has presented us with grimaces rather than with acquisitions—and Russian composers are not alone in this; indeed, they include fewer of these ludicrous figures. It is precisely the complex reaction of the European air on the Russian psychics—anarchical and eternally seeking some new thing—that produces them, and in regarding them it is difficult to see where 'adventurism' or psychosis ends and genius begins, and whether, on the whole, anything begins or whether all this is only a soap-bubble, an untimely musical product.

(Translation by W. S. Pring.)

PUZZLES FOR PERFORMERS

By F. BONAVIA

Those whose duty or privilege it is to read the latest music published in Europe and in America must have noted long ago a general tendency amongst composers to look askance at the old indications of time and mood. That a revision of the old definitions might be useful cannot of course be denied. *Allegro* means 'merry,' and it is mere conventionality to translate it into an indication of speed. We have in music a number of *allegros* which are exceedingly sad. *Mosso* would be a more correct definition. There is, however, a good deal to be said for a piece of conventionality, however erratic, so long as it is understood by all. No musician will ever be led astray by seeing the word *allegro* at the head of a symphonic movement. On the other hand, the extravagant and fanciful descriptions of some moderns are very much apt to be completely misunderstood. Indeed, there are examples which cannot be understood at all. For instance, when we read *un poco ritenuto* (holding back a little), we naturally ask which is the speed we are expected to hold in check? But the modern composer does not satisfy our curiosity. He follows *un poco ritenuto* with *un poco più mosso*, *un poco morendo*, and after a *calmo* (which applies to mood but not to speed) he returns to *1^o tempo*—presumably the *un poco ritenuto*. It will be said, perhaps, that the music of Malipiero's Quartet, 'Rispetti e Strambotti,' is so clear that general indications of speed are unnecessary. Considering that musicians of standing and experience still debate whether Beethoven marked C or C♯ in the trio of the Scherzo of the ninth Symphony, such views can be accepted only with extreme caution, if not with downright scepticism. Moreover the 'spirit' cannot be apparent before the

music has been played. All music must be new to the performers at some time or other, and much depends on the first reading. Composers who understand the difficulties of performers should endeavour to make reading at sight as easy as possible. Still more complex is the case of Scriabin and his followers. Scriabin has not hesitated to give directions to the players which remind us of cinema producers. He tells them to 'register' different emotions—mysticism, excitement, fear. He does not forget the practical, commonplace terms, *lento*, *allegro*, &c., but he adds to them something that must have made many a humble orchestral player wonder. Let us consider for a moment his third Symphony—the 'Divine Poem.' The opening phrase ('celli, basses, tuba, and bassoons) bears the description *divine, grandiose*: a few bars later the strings have a passage *avec trouble et effroi*, while at the same time the trombones hold a chord *mystique*, and so on to *haletant, aile, to lumineux, divin essor*, and to *sensuel, avec une ivresse débordante*.

Is there any practical use in all this? Is a chord of the dominant seventh played softly by trombones different in any way when it is described *mystical* from when it is accompanied by the simple, old-fashioned sign which stands for *piano*? Is not the composer trying to shift on to the performers some of the burdens he should and indeed must bear himself? It is for him to discover the means whereby music shall suggest mysticism or divinity, something luminous and something fearful. If these qualities are part of the music, the performers will bring them out; if they are not, the megaphones of fifty cinema producers can never help. I should like to see the expression on the face of the twelve 'cellists and eight double-basses playing the Scriabin Symphony, if they were addressed by the conductor in some such way: 'Gentlemen, you are very accurate in your reading, but your playing is not quite "divine" enough; put a little more "divinity" into it.' Such an observation must inevitably lead to a request for a description of the attributes of divinity, and for their practical application to musical notes. Surely a note is a note for a' that.

Conductors, to give them their due, do not behave in this manner. They are too wily to fall into the snare; they know that the time for rehearsal is limited, not by artistic necessities but by financial considerations, and do not waste the few precious hours in translating from French into English, then from English into musical terms, the fanciful directions of the composer. There are, however, exceptions. I remember one conductor asking the violas to play the theme at the opening of the Allegro of the 'Tannhäuser' Overture in a more 'snake-like' manner. The request, of course, excited merriment at first, and a voice, issuing from behind a large brass instrument, was heard to call out, 'Don't forget the tail, George,

when you go home.' Now, naturally, the players did their best to meet the wishes of their director, but there was no appreciable improvement until the conductor hit upon the right, the musical interpretation. He demanded a closer *legato*, and got at once the 'snake-like' effect.

It seems not altogether irrelevant to call attention to these unpractical innovations, for there is a real danger that if the fashion should go still farther we may require in time the services of an interpreter or two before we can read a score at all. And since Czecho-Slovakia has joined the ranks of musical nations it seems no less desirable to plead for the retention of the old terms, rather than have them translated into the tongue of the composer's nation. If it be objected that the old Italian expressions are not always adequate, let us change them; if it be urged that other languages have as good a claim to provide musical definitions, let us examine those claims and decide on any language—German, Czecho-Slovak, or Esperanto—but let us come to a definite agreement. As things are at present it would not be in the least surprising if some day a new composer were to arise, say, in Arabia, who, spurning conventionalities, should preface each movement of his 'poem' (symphony is too old-fashioned a word) with a sonnet by a national poet. Shall we then expect the drummers of the orchestra to be familiar with Arabian dialects?

Ad Libitum

BY 'FESTE'

'Sonata, what do you want of me?' asked Fontenelle, and, like jesting Pilate, seems not to have waited for an answer. Similarly, Tolstoy, over and over again had searchings of heart: 'Music is a dreadful thing. What is it? What does it do to me?' Probably an exact answer can never be made, because of certain factors that lie outside the scope of science. But an interesting effort has recently been made in America, and the results are well worthy the attention of all interested in psychology and musical reactions.*

The book, says the Introduction, 'is at once a response and a challenge':

It is a response to the inquiry which any thoughtful listener makes, 'What is this music doing to me?' At the same time it is a challenge to science to explain more accurately than has yet been done the nature and the mysteries of musical effects.

Perhaps I am not a thoughtful listener. Anyway, questions of this kind have never bothered me. The longer I live, and the more music I hear, the less is my concern as to its meaning and effects; yet (I add this lest I be accounted *blasé*) the greater my enjoyment and the wider my sources of pleasure in the art. This is probably the experience of most musicians, and

* 'The Effects of Music.' A series of Essays, edited by Max Schoen (Kegan Paul, 15s.).

it is mentioned here at the outset as a point that is too little regarded by psychologists and other explorers into regions that are perhaps after all best left uncharted. Nevertheless, none of us can afford to ignore such charts as are available, though, in the nature of things, the musician can never agree entirely with the scientist's conclusions, because only the musician realises fully that the qualities which matter most in music are those that are least explainable—if, indeed, they can ever be explained at all.

The experiments recorded in this volume were as comprehensive as possible, and consisted of the performance, per gramophone, of various sets of works, the hearers being provided with elaborate forms on which to record their impressions. Investigations were also made concerning the effect of certain types of music on the blood-pressure and heart. The gramophone was the chosen medium because it ensured a standardised performance: no player, singer, or conductor worth his salt can guarantee this. But can any listener guarantee a standardised hearing? Is there not, in fact, a greater margin of variability in the hearer, if only for the reason that his powers of concentration are likely to be less developed than those of the highly-skilled performer? This seems to have been recognised by the experimenters, who guarded their subject from distraction so far as possible. He was seated in a comfortable armchair with his back to the gramophone. Not for him the cramped knees, the hard seat, and pinched equators that the more globular among us endure in the concert-hall! He was even 'tuned-up,' so to speak:

Before a person first listened at any sitting, he was always initially given a record to hear (not one of those he was to hear later) in order to become accustomed to the experimental conditions.

In some cases he was alone, too, with no coughs but his own, and no rustlings of programmes or distractions of any kind.

If we all listened to music under these happy conditions, the tabulated results would be more valuable than they are. In time, no doubt, wireless will enable us all to reproduce such ideal circumstances, from the comfortable armchair downwards. Yet—so delicately hinged are our mental adjustments!—even then we shall be unable to say exactly what music does for us, because the very fact of being provided with an elaborate form whereon to record our impressions must induce a touch of self-consciousness. To many, the effort to express themselves on paper will be a worry; others, with facility in that way, will affect to see more in the music than they really do. A perfectly receptive mind for experimental purposes seems therefore to be impossible; the mirror can hardly be unclouded, and so its reflections can never be exact.

A point concerning the use of the gramophone calls for a word. It made possible a standardised

performance, and it had further advantages in regard to immediate repetition of an entire work or of certain salient passages. But surface noises, and its lapses from purity of tone and from exact reproduction of tone-colours, were a serious disability. Hence some curious findings. Thus, in one set of experiments, the victims were asked to express, by means of figures, the proportions of enjoyment derived from Rhythm, Melody, Design, Harmony, and Tone - Colour. The composers included Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Liszt, Brahms, and Debussy. Can the reader guess which scored most heavily under 'Tone-Colour'? Of course he can: I hear him reply, in crowds, 'Wagner!' Wrong: try again! 'Liszt?' Wrong: make a third and last shot! 'Debussy.' No: the poll is headed by Handel! Wagner scored heavily in Rhythm (347), Melody (674—yet a few years ago he 'couldn't write a chune'), Design (295), and Harmony (400). In Tone-Colour he could manage only a mere 217. Clearly the gramophone, marvellous as it is, is less good than we thought it to be in the reproduction of instrumental timbres. This is proved by the fact that all the Tone-colour figures were comparatively low. (Of course the trained musician makes good its defects mentally, which the subjects in the experiment were probably less able to do.)

The Handel total for Tone-Colour (235) raises an interesting point. The eight pieces by which he was represented were all taken from 'The Messiah.' (Here, by the way, is exposed a weakness in the experiment. What basis of comparison is there between a selection from an 18th-century oratorio and a series of extracts from Wagner?) One would have expected Handel to receive large figures for everything but tone-colour and (possibly) harmony. Yet all are low compared with those given to other composers. The whole table is worth quoting:

Composer.	Rhythm.	Melody.	Design.	Harmony.	Tone-colour.
Handel	119	144	137	65	235
Bach	446	736	727	352	179
Haydn	211	217	181	61	73
Mozart	135	203	153	59	76
Beethoven	492	522	338	332	190
Schumann	827	830	227	356	74
Chopin	382	466	220	234	114
Mendelssohn	134	202	78	116	49
Wagner	347	674	295	400	217
Liszt	133	173	50	157	92
Brahms	212	192	124	146	37
MacDowell	135	162	34	152	34
Debussy	94	100	22	124	42

'It is not improbable that vocal tone-colour attracts more than instrumental tone-colour,' says the book, in attempting to explain the curious fact of Handel reaching his highest total in the column where we should look to find his smallest. It is more than probable: it is certain—at all events so far as the less sophisticated hearer is concerned.

He responds to vocal music from the start—partly, of course, because of the words and their associations. Instrumental tone-colour rarely

interests him save in its more glaring primary aspects. That is why chamber music, with its countless subtleties and shadings, is beyond him. This by the way. My point here is that the experimenters seem to have given too little thought to the big part played by familiarity and association of ideas. A separate column should have been allotted to this factor. All the hearers, we may be sure, knew every note of 'The Messiah' extract, and enjoyed it mainly for that reason. Hence Handel's low totals in the first four columns; for apparently a good many of the listeners, being unable to account for their pleasure under the headings Rhythm, Melody, Design, and Harmony, fell back on the last column as the way out. Even so, Handel comes badly off in the matter of grand total—a fact which seems to indicate that the appeal of vocal music is after all less potent than it is thought to be. And look at Schumann's enormous figures! Twenty-five of his works were played, including the whole of the 'Carnaval,' each number of which was counted separately. Presumably the remainder were also pianoforte music, but no information is given. In fact, save for 'The Messiah' and 'Carnaval,' the titles of the music used in this particular experiment are not stated—an omission which deprives the figures of a good deal of significance.

In the tests on 'The Mood Effects of Music' a smaller selection was used, and titles are forthcoming. It was a mixed bag—'Stars and Stripes for ever,' 'To a wild rose,' 'Blue Danube Waltz,' 'He shall feed His flock,' 'Love's old sweet song,' the Bach-Gounod 'Ave Maria,' &c.

A more interesting experiment was that concerning 'The effect of immediate repetition on the pleasantness and unpleasantness of music.' A section of a record was played:

After an interval of thirty seconds, allowing time for re-setting, it was repeated. This procedure was continued until five performances of the section had been given. Then, after an interval of two minutes, another section, of a different record, was similarly treated. Eight records were used in an experiment. The sections were always the first part of the records, and so chosen as to occupy about one minute in playing. They were always long enough to allow for the completion of a theme, and thus possessed musical completeness.

The audiences consisted of groups of various sizes up to twenty-four, and their job was to note and describe the changes in their attitude to the music as the repetitions went on. The works were in four grades: 'Severely classical; serious popular classical; easy popular classical; and popular.' There was a further division into fast and slow.

The difficulty of classifying music in this way is shown by the fact that the four 'severely classical' works consisted of (fast) the first movement of the 'Unfinished,' and the Fugue from Beethoven's C major String Quartet; and (slow) a Mozart Andante and Wagner's 'Träume.' None can be called 'severe,' for even the Fugue has the attractions of energy, pace, and great rhythmic vitality. In fact, practically all the pieces mentioned in the

three categories of classical are interchangeable. Only when we come to the section headed 'Popular' are we safe with two fox-trots and two waltzes. In the face of this, it is clear that we must not hastily decide as to the comparative attractiveness of the 'severely' classical, and the 'serious' and 'easy' popular classical. The 'severe' has a way of becoming merely 'serious' after a few hearings, and 'easy' after a good many more.

I have not space to go into the results of this experiment, especially as they are given almost entirely in forbidding columns of figures, not without fractions. Boiled down, they merely tell us elaborately what we already knew: that so-called popular music makes an immediate effect which is weakened by repetition; whereas classical music does the reverse. Similarly, with a wealth of learned terminology, it is demonstrated that a lullaby has a markedly soothing effect on a patient suffering from palpitation, and that the 'Pathetic' Symphony and similar febrile music is 'not recommended for individuals who are fatigued, depressed, or ill.' (This is followed by a delicious recommendation: 'It might be employed to subdue hilarity in individuals or masses of people.') Most of the discoveries in this book are the sort of thing that you and I have always known instinctively. But feeling things in your bones is (like what the soldier said) not evidence. These experiments, despite obvious flaws (some of them inevitable), provide both evidence and valuable data.

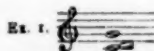
Before closing the volume, I extract one or two details that will probably be of interest. Here is an addition to our stock of programme-music absurdities. We all know what a mere title will do in helping out a piece of descriptive music. We know, too, what happens sometimes when the labels get mixed:

The effect of the title in suggesting associations was amusingly shown in one case where the listener had made a mistake in identifying the selection. The reverse side of the record 'In a Clock Shop' is devoted to a 'Hunting Scene.' The person had confused the two selections, and reported rich imagery illustrative of hunting instead of the imagery so appropriately evoked by the Clock Shop record!

This would be incredible had it not been stated in a scientific volume.

The history of music may be said to be one long process of wearing down the novel. Use is everything: the discord of yesterday is the concord of to-day. This familiar fact is also demonstrated by experiment:

Chords, which at first are decidedly unpleasant, grow less unpleasant as they are heard again and again. (This change must not be confused with the change that they undergo when responded to as a part of their environment.) Several hundred repetitions, covering a period of one week, were necessary to change the originally slightly unpleasant feeling-tone of this combination:



into a neutral tone for a seven-year-old child; two months of practice on a piano composition containing this progression:



changed it from an unpleasant stimulus to a decidedly pleasant one for a seventeen-year-old pupil.

How widely-varying is the response of the individual to dissonance was shown when the following chord:



was played on the pianoforte. The four chosen hearers expressed themselves as follows:

(1.) 'Just a sound. It does not mean anything. Not pretty, not ugly.' (2.) 'Ugh! I hate it! Sounds all wrong!' (3.) 'Not specially nice. Could perhaps be used better with other chords.' (4.) 'I love it! It reminds me of the 31st of December, when all the whistles are blowing at midnight!' This last is an example of the sensorial-imaginal response.

Try it yourself, and see how *you* respond. Probably most musicians would agree with No. 3, for there are few conglomerations of notes that cannot be justified by their context.

It is inevitable that a book of this kind should contain much that is inconclusive. There are also some unconsciously amusing passages. Frequently one sees unsatisfactory methods in classification, and other details that would have been avoided had competent musical advice been sought. One feels that the competence is all on the scientific side, the musical parts of the book showing the hand of the dabbling amateur. Nevertheless it is a welcome first step in a branch of study that may some day yield valuable results. And if the reader is moved to irreverent levity here and there, he has only to follow the advice quoted above, and subdue his hilarity by turning on a record of the 'Pathetic' Symphony, or some other work calculated to lead to 'a decrease in function of the cardio-vascular system.' He can find out when to stop the Symphony by taking note of his pulse-rate and systolic and diastolic blood pressure. He has only to refer to his Tykos sphygmomanometer.

Music in the Foreign Press

DREAM AND REALITY IN TONE

In the June *Pult und Taktstock*, Hans F. Redlich writes:

It is commonly imagined that the revolutionary tendencies of to-day are exemplified chiefly in their effect upon musical structure, rhythm, and melody. But far more significant is the change that has taken

place in our conception of tone. The overwhelming fact is that our ear hears other things, and hears things otherwise, than ever before. How many sounds crop up to-day that were unknown a hundred years ago (those produced by machinery, &c.)! These sounds induce new reflexes which affect our attitude towards music. For us tone has become something elastic and tensile. Our conception of tone is similar to that which prevailed in the Middle Ages. But of the 'reality' of tone in the Middle Ages we know nothing: all we have to go by is our dream-conception of it. The greatest similarity between the Middle Ages and to-day lies in the fact that music of the Middle Ages had not yet a bass, and the music of our younger and most 'advanced' composer has no longer a bass. And if we are attracted towards early music, it is because this music, however purely 'linear' and lacking in tonal definition it may be, is certainly characterised by a positive conception of tone which we no longer can achieve. The change in our sense of hearing originates, paradoxically enough, in Beethoven's deafness. The 'dream tones' of the late Quartets and Sonatas and of the Ninth Symphony influenced Wagner more than Beethoven's efforts towards new architecture. It is Beethoven's groping attempts to create, on the basis of a new tone-conception, an architecture uniting full definition of form with boundless scope for the imagination that gave Schönberg the first impulse to write his great chamber works. Beethoven's longing for a greater compass of all instruments is likewise symptomatic. (The introduction of new instruments, the decay of the clavicord and organ, completed the 'atonalisation' of the ear.) Beethoven's conception of tone was, towards the end, purely ideal; and this may account for the fact that in his later works there is much that does not 'come off.'

HÁBA'S QUARTER-TONE COMPOSITION CLASS

In the July-August *Der Auftakt*, Alois Hába describes his composition class at the Prag Conservatorium and the results obtained by him:

When the State Minister appointed me, he said: 'Technically, I understand nothing of what you are driving at. But I feel that you are driving at something definite. Here is your chance. Go ahead and show us what you can do.' The class started with three pupils, one of whom was Hába's own brother, Karl. At the time of writing it comprised twenty-seven, including six from other countries. The tuition, founded on Hába's 'Treatise of Harmony,' was illustrated by phonographic records of Slovak folk-tunes; and pupils belonging to other Slav races were further helped by recollections of their native folk-tunes, in which are many intervals impossible to express in semitones. At the end of three years, the first three pupils (Karl Hába, Miroslav Ponc, and Rud. Kubin) were able to stand on their own feet as composers of quarter-tone music. Works of theirs have been performed by Erwin Schulhoff in Czecho-Slovakia, in Germany, at Paris, and at Geneva, the special instrument constructed by Aug. Förster being used on all these occasions.

The same issue contains articles on Hába by Fidelio F. Finke; on Finke by Erwin Felber; and on Hindemith by H. Strobel.

NEW MUSIC FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES

In the July *Melos*, Marie-Therese Schmücker offers suggestions as to the use of contemporary music in the early stages of musical education. She specially recommends Stravinsky's 'Les Cinq Doigts,' Bartók's Easy Pieces, Casella's 'Pezzi Infantili,' Petyrek's 'Kleine Kinderstücke,' and Krenek's '5 Kleine Klavierstücke.' I note with regret the omission of equally useful easy pieces by Koehlin and Caplet.

RAVEL'S STYLE

In the August *Revue Pleyel* (which in October will become a bigger periodical, entitled *Musique*, under the editorship of Robert Lyon, with Marc Pincherle as assistant editor), Roland Manuel writes:

Both Debussy and Ravel are enchanters. But Debussy is more of a poet, and Ravel more of a conjurer. Applied to either of them, the epithet 'impressionist' proves vain. In point of fact, impressionism can exist in painting only, not in music. And Ravel is the very reverse of an impressionist.

JOHANN CHRISTIAN BACH AS A SYMPHONIST

In *Die Musik* (July), Fritz Tutenberg writes:

Riemann places Johann Sebastian Bach's younger son with the Mannheim symphonists, but to-day we have learnt to consider this classification as arbitrary, not to say entirely false. He really derives from the Italians, whose influence on his work was decisive. They helped to form two types of first movement: the *opera seria* led to what we might call the Suite-Symphony (a *b a b* form, with a transition section, containing several soli between exposition and recapitulation) and the *opera buffa* to the Lied-Symphony (which, instead of a working-out section, has an independent middle section). All this is far different from the Mannheim types. Christian Bach's early works contain the germ of neo-classicism. He expanded the Italian opera-symphony by altering the usual Minuet into a Minuet-Rondo—as was Wagenseil's practice. He was a composer of great talent, though not of actual genius; a direct fore-runner of Mozart, one who should be gratefully remembered.

A RENAISSANCE FOR HANDEL'S OPERAS?

In the *Signale* (June), Rudolf Hartmann writes:

There is a growing tendency to revive old, often long-forgotten operas. Considering the weakness of to-day's operas, circumstances may be described as most favourable to this practice. But it is to be doubted whether Handel's operas are in for a new lease of life. It is not a question of mere music, but one of music associated with drama. And in this respect, Handel's works are deficient: their effect is that of a concert performance with costume. Efforts to recall them to life will soon prove futile. Handel's fame is great enough to need no reinforcement from such a revival.

SUITES IN MOSLEM MUSIC

In the July *Revue Musicale*, Jules Rouanet concludes his essay on the primitive type of instrumental suite to be found in Moslem music of the Middle Ages, with the suggestion that this Moslem form may have been the origin of the European suite. It is in Spain, as early as during the 13th century, that this Moslem type of suite became known to European musicians.

LEMMENS AND J. S. BACH

The monthly *L'Orgue et les Organistes* is now incorporated with *Le Monde Musical*. In the June, July, and August issues, Jean Huré protests against 'the excess of articulation and lack of phrasing' which characterise the Lemmens method of interpreting Bach's music.

THE ORIGINS OF MOZART'S STYLE

An interesting essay on this topic by F. Torrefranca is appearing in the *Rivista Musicale Italiana* (January-July). The writer considers in turn Rutini, Boccherini, Borghi, Mattia Vento. Further instalments are due.

AN ITALIAN PRECURSOR OF GLUCK

In *Il Pianoforte* (July 15), A. Damerini calls attention to the important part played by Tommaso Traetta (1727-79) in the evolution of opera:

Traetta was essentially concerned with dramatic expression, and not at all with the orchestra. He cropped up shortly after Pergolesi's 'Serva Padrona' had started (1752) the famous 'Querelle des Bouffons' in France. Following the lead of Hasse, he contributed to pave the way for Gluck's reforms. His first characteristic work was 'Ippolito e Aricia' (Parma, 1759). About eighteen other operas and comic-operas were composed by Traetta during his stay at Parma. But during the latter part of his life he wrote no important works.

AN APPEAL

The *Drei Eulen Verlag*, Munich, Öttinger Strasse 2, asks all composers of operas, &c., or their heirs, to communicate their addresses, in view of the preparation of a new book, 'Die Oper,' by A. Reifenberg.

M.-D. CALVOCORESSI.

PRÆTORIUS AND MERSENNE

By GERALD R. HAYES

After the publication of the books by Virdung and Agricola early in the 16th century, nearly a hundred years had to elapse before the subject of musical instruments was again treated from a general standpoint with a similar effort at thoroughness. The intervening years saw the appearance of important works on individual instruments, in addition to that of a vast number of musical treatises in which the theoretical side was examined with varying degrees of completeness and speculation. In only a few of the latter do we find instruments dealt with, and then the treatment is brief, confining itself principally to matters of tuning and tablature. Such passages as the Libro Quarto of Cerreto's 'Della Pratica Musica' (1601) and the twenty-first book of Cerone's 'Melopeo' (1613) are of great value to the student, and occasionally a controversial book like Bottrigari's 'Il Desiderio' (1594) turns out to contain matter of importance on this subject, but until the monumental works of Praetorius (1618) and Mersenne (1636) we have no complete and connected account of the construction, technique, and use of musical instruments; nor do we find another comparable treatise before Mattheson wrote nearly a century later. If we are grateful to Virdung and Agricola for their efforts to guide us in the obscure beginnings of the preceding century, our debt is a thousand times greater to the two men who wrote with scientific precision, observation, and thoroughness, at a period when instrumental music, particularly in England, was rising to one of its highest pinnacles of achievement.

It is curious that while a book like Kircher's 'Musurgia Universalis' (1650) was quickly accepted in England as a standard work, as Simpson's 'Compendium' (1667) witnesses, Praetorius seems to have been almost unknown outside his own country; and although Mersenne was to become one of the accepted landmarks in musical theory, it is not until the end of the 17th century that we find him referred to in English treatises, such as Holder's 'Natural Grounds of Harmony' (1694), as an authority. The works of both authors are now exceedingly difficult to acquire in their original forms, but they are luckily to be found in the principal libraries, and Praetorius has been republished under the scholarly hand of Robert Eitner. A faithful reprint of Mersenne is badly needed, but its great bulk will probably render this impossible except to some such body as the Carnegie Institute.

'Syntagmatis Musici Michaelis Praetorii C.,' commonly known as the 'Syntagma Musicum,' was published in three volumes at Wolfenbüttel, the first two in 1618 and the third in 1619. A supplementary volume of illustrations entitled 'Theatrum Instrumentorum seu Sciagraphia' was issued from the same town with the date 1620. These parts are sometimes found separately, as in the British Museum copy, but are more usually bound together to form a fat quarto volume, as in the case of a copy in contemporary binding belonging to a friend of the writer. The date of the 'Sciagraphia' is rather puzzling, as in the preface to vol. 2 it is classed as the 'VI. Theil' of that volume, and is constantly referred to in the text; it must at all events have been ready for the press in 1618. Although the sections of the 'Syntagma' dealing with harmony and composition are very important, we shall confine our attention here, as in the parallel case of Mersenne, to the instrumental books.

The second volume, with the supplement of illustrations, presents in a concise and very well classified form a complete survey of all known instruments, each of which is dealt with in a separate chapter with details of history, structure, and musical use. This portion is prefaced with a 'Tabella Universalis' giving the pitch, range, and (for strings) varieties of tunings of each member of all the various families of instruments, a table which is particularly useful to us to-day because of its inclusiveness and eclectic nature; the information is not limited, as in the tables of writers like Zacconi and Cerone, to local practice. Thus for the cithren eleven varieties of tunings are given, showing the usage in England, Germany, France, and Italy. To this breadth of outlook we also owe the elaborate treatment of the reed instruments, giving an idea of the difference between those apparently similar members of the shawm and fagotto classes whose 16th-century references are often so puzzling—the pommers, schallmeys, fagotti, dolcains, sordoni, doppioni, bassanelli, schriari, corthols, &c. Here, too, we have information of the complete family of the rackets (Cervale), those queer reed instruments wherein, by recurring the tube eight times, the equivalent of a bassoon could be carried in one's pocket.

The student of the organ will always be under a special debt to Praetorius, for he devotes nearly two-thirds of the entire volume to an account of this instrument, with particulars of historical and current usage that have proved a mine of information for all writers on the subject; and his illustrations of organs and their details add to the value of this section.

Space compels me to pass over the numerous interesting matters that might be described from this volume; it has been used often enough for its gleanings to be found elsewhere. The third volume, however, does not seem to have received the attention it merits, and to the student of orchestral history its 'Dritter Theil' is especially recommended. Herein Praetorius makes an elaborate study of the combinations of instruments and their use in different types of music. In this investigation he is distinctly in advance of his time; I have not found a similar treatment of the subject until the 18th century. A reprint of this volume, excellently edited by Dr. Eduard Bernoulli, was published at Leipsic in 1916. Without Praetorius, our knowledge of the musical life of his day would be incomparably poorer, for even Mersenne, with all his care, lacks completeness, and

omits some instruments that were not in general use in his own country; nor would the Frenchman's elaborate engraved illustrations compensate for the loss of the 'Sciagraphia,' where everything is drawn proportionately to a scale of feet and inches shown on each of the forty plates.

In Marin Mersenne we have to deal with a unique personality amongst musical writers. Although a Franciscan monk, he enjoyed something of a European reputation as a mathematician and natural philosopher, and he had a curious position as a sort of clearing house for correspondence between the leading scientists of his day. It is said that des Cartes always consulted his friend Mersenne before he published any of his work, so highly did he value his opinion. Music was then, of course, a standard part of a philosopher's studies, and many of them, like Kepler, Robert Fludd (Mersenne's arch-opponent), Vincente Galilei, and des Cartes wrote musical treatises. But Mersenne's work is of a different order, not only because of its volume and of the proportion assigned to instruments, but because his restless and inquisitive outlook is allied to a truly scientific spirit of treatment and expression. In his experimental suggestions one is frequently reminded of the manner of Bacon's 'Silva Sylvarum.'

His great folio, 'L'Harmonie Universelle,' did not appear until 1636, but its inception is really nearer to the date of Praetorius, for it had certainly been fully schemed in 1627, when a small octavo volume bearing the same title was published under the pseudonym of 'le sieur des Sermes.' This work was to be in sixteen books, of which a list is given; but only two of these, both theoretical, were included in this first volume, and no more are known to have been issued. Another preliminary work, 'Les Préludes de l'Harmonie Universelle,' appeared in 1634, also a small octavo. At the same time as the great French work appeared, a Latin précis of its principal contents was published in a similar format entitled 'F. Marini Mersenni Ordinis Minim: Harmonicorum Libri.' This is in two volumes, one instrumental and the other theoretical, with separate title-pages, pagination, and signatures; but as the title-pages are identical, and the only dedication (to 'Carolo de Cavendysse, Equiti Anglo') is in the first volume, they must be considered as forming one book. This Latin work was republished in 1648, shortly before the author's death; the rare copies that turn up are often imperfect, but it has not become so totally unobtainable as its French original.

The work was known in England, in 1653, as is shown by the 'Stationer's Preface' to the English version of des Cartes's book on music; but a few years later Mr. Pepys was unable to obtain it, and had to send abroad. When it came, it cost him £3 2s., 'but is a very fine book'—a different opinion from his view of des Cartes's book, which Mr. Pepys could not understand, 'nor think he did well that wrote it'! 'L'Harmonie Universelle' is really a collection of a number of separate volumes with their own half-titles, paginations, signatures, and (sometimes) prefaces and dedications. There is a general title-page and a general half-title, with the large engraving of Orpheus. The collation of the work is a bibliographical puzzle; the gatherings are irregular, the signatures and pagination often repeated or misplaced, and extra unpaginated leaves are inserted; and it is only by a comparison of various copies that a maximum of possible contents is found. In passing it may be noted that an

examination of Mersenne's harmonic theories was recently published in the somewhat improbable city of Calcutta.

The section on instruments is divided into seven books—the first general; the second, third, and fourth on 'Instruments à cordes'; the fifth on 'Instruments à Vent'; the sixth on organs; and the seventh on percussion instruments, wherein our old friend the jews' harp is honoured with a lengthy investigation. The portions on stringed instruments contain some valuable researches on the weight and length of strings that offer interesting evidence of the usage of his day, a matter of considerable importance with the modern revival of viols, virginals, and clavichord. Mersenne will probably also be remembered as one of the first writers to give strong support to the violin, at that time barely finding a place in respectable musical company, and his descriptions are of the greatest interest. The true tenor violin was of course in full use, but there appears to have been in addition a 'haute-contre' between the alto and the tenor at this period. Modern chamber and orchestral music has lost much by the disappearance of all the voices between the alto and the bass. The author's admiration for the instrument may be gauged from the following passage:

A quoy l'on peut adiouster que les sons ont plus d'effet sur l'esprit des auditeurs que ceux du Luth ou des autres instruments à corde, parce qu'ils sont plus vigoureux & percent davantage, à raison de la grande tension de leur cordes & de leur sons aigus. Et ceux qui ont entendu les 24. Violons du Roy, aduoient qu'ils n'ont iamais rien ouy de plus rauissant ou de plus puissant: de là vient que cet instrument est le plus propre de tous pour faire danser, comme l'on experimente dans les ballets, & par tout ailleurs. Or les beautez & les gentillesces que l'on pratique dessus sont en si grand nombre, que l'on le peut preferer à tous les autres instruments, car les coups de son archet sont par fois si rauissans, que l'on n'a point de plus grand mescontentement que d'en entendre la fin, particulièrement lors qu'ils sont meslez des tremblemens & des flattemens de la main gauche, qui contraignent les Auditeurs de confesser que le Violon est le Roy des instrumens.

From this and similar remarks we gather that violin playing was just being studied seriously in France by men like Bocan and Lezarin, and that its extraordinary possibilities of a facile appeal to the more superficial emotions were being exploited with results that were soon to prove fatal to the deeper and more spiritual music of the viols. But Mersenne was too good a musician to abandon the older instrument, and, despite his enthusiasm for the violins, he awards the prize to the viols for concerted music where a number of parts, like human voices, interweave in contrapuntal patterning:

Car le Violon a trop de rudesse, d'autant que l'on est contraint de le monter de trop grosses cordes pour esclater dans le suiets, ausquels il est naturellement propre.

It is a compliment to the pre-eminence of English viol music of the day that his piece to illustrate a full consort of six viols is an English fantasy; all his other illustrations are taken from French sources. Like Praetorius, he is quite clear about the fundamental difference between these two families of

apparently similar instruments, each so well suited to its own type of music but in no way interchangeable.

There is one striking contrast, however, between the two writers which goes deeper than the more generous treatment by Mersenne and his more elaborate technical directions for playing and constructing. Where Praetorius is content to state, analyse, and tabulate, Mersenne is concerned in addition with possibilities and inquiries; such a matter as the use of harmonics on bowed instruments like the Tromba Marina interests him profoundly, and the various arrangements of keyboards to give exact intervals on the organ and harpsichord lead him into curious bypaths. In some of the books outside our present scope, such as that on the 'Nature of Sounds,' he shows himself an original physicist of a high order, and I do not think that Rouse Ball, dealing in his 'Mathematical Recreations' with the famous problem of 'Mersenne's Numbers,' quite does justice to his achievements. The works of both Praetorius and Mersenne suffer from casual reading in Museums, and the full measure of either is not to be appreciated without that familiarity with their contents that comes of constant association, as the present writer, having them in his own library, can testify. With the practical revival in the instrumental music of this period that is now advancing so rapidly, a careful reprint of the seven books of 'L'Harmonie Universelle,' treating of instruments, is a crying need. Were they more readily accessible there would be less misunderstanding, on so many important points, by people who now write and talk upon the subject without adequate knowledge.

BUSENELLO'S LIBRETTO TO MONTEVERDE'S 'L'INCORONAZIONE DI POPPÆA': ITS PLACE IN THE HISTORY OF THE DRAMA AND OF THE OPERA

BY ROBERT LOUIS STUART

In December, 1925, Monteverde's celebrated 'Favola in Musica,' the 'Orfeo,' was given for the first time in this country by members of the University of Oxford at the Oxford Playhouse. As a result of this successful experiment, and after much negotiation with the University authorities, I was given permission to form the promoters and cast of that opera into the Oxford University Opera Club (April, 1926). By the kind invitation of Sir Hugh Allen, who had greatly assisted us in our attempts to gain the status of a University Club, we gave two performances of 'Orfeo' at the Royal College of Music, in June, 1926. In February of the present year 'Orfeo' was repeated by the Liverpool Repertory Opera Company, with the Oxford edition of the score prepared by Mr. J. A. Westrup, Dr. William Harris, and myself, from the 1615 edition in the Bodleian Library. We may therefore claim to have done something towards bringing Monteverde into his own once more, and to have proved to the British public that his name is not merely of academical interest. During the week beginning December 5, 1927, we are following up our productions of Monteverde's 'Orfeo' and Gluck's 'Alceste' with that of Monteverde's final dramatic masterpiece,

'L'Incoronazione di Poppæa,' first produced at Venice, in 1642.

In the issue of the *Sunday Times* of December 13, 1925, Mr. Ernest Newman concluded a review of our original production of 'Orfeo' with the words:

That he [Monteverde] grew with the years is evident from the 'Poppæa' of thirty-five years later—a work written by him when he was about seventy-four, which in ease and clarity bears much the same relation to 'Orfeo' that Verdi's 'Falstaff' does to 'Rigoletto.' We shall now look to the Oxford people to give us this.

I took the first opportunity of getting into communication with Mr. Newman, and he was so kind as to tell me where I could obtain printed editions of the work. The first, a meagre selection of some eight fragments, not too wisely chosen, edited by M. Vincent d'Indy, need not long detain us.* It must suffice to say that the realisation of the *basso continuo* is certainly not Monteverde, and that one is sorry that it should be M. d'Indy. The second, a rescript of the only extant MS. of the opera (the Marciana MS.), is printed in the second volume of Hugo Goldschmidt's 'Geschichte der italienischen Oper im 17. Jahrhundert' (Leipzig, 1904).† It is the only adequate printed edition of the work, although it is not without serious drawbacks. The principal of these are the frequent lacunæ. The editor dogmatically asserts:

Diese Ausgabe hat einige Auslassungen zu verzeichnen. Stellen, die weder dramatisch noch musikalisch interessieren, durfte ich beseitigen.

It would have been preferable had Goldschmidt printed the score in its entirety and left the student to determine what passages, if any, are bereft of dramatic and musical interest. His *Auslassungen* are not always fortunate. Published in the same volume is a reprint of Busenello's libretto, issued in book form in 1656. In many respects it differs from the libretto of the Venetian MS. In addition to the inevitable slight verbal variations between the version produced by any librettist and that finally selected by the composer, there are whole scenes and several parts of scenes in the printed libretto to which no music was composed, and there are a few instances in which the composer inserted passages into the libretto for which Busenello does not appear to have been responsible. The most striking instance of this is the beautiful duet between Nero and Poppæa with which the opera closes, and which, I am astonished to note, d'Indy does not include in his edition. With the strong support of such eminent authorities as Mr. Ernest Newman, Prof. E. J. Dent, and Mr. Ferruccio Bonavia, who considered that 'Poppæa' was not merely eminently worthy of production but also that it was especially suited to the circumstances of a largely amateur club, the committee of the O.U.O.C. decided in favour of its production next December at the Oxford New Theatre. Mr. J. A. Westrup agreed to undertake the herculean task of preparing an edition of the score with his own realisation of the *basso continuo* and orchestration, and also to conduct and take entire charge of the musical side of the

production if I would provide him with an English version of the libretto. An article on Monteverde's music to 'Poppæa,' from his extremely able and versatile pen, will appear in the November issue of the *Musical Times*. In the present article I shall content myself with tendering some theories as to the threefold position of Busenello's libretto in the historical drama of the Shakespearean school, in the *baroque* opera of the 17th and early 18th century, and as the ancestor of the fully developed grand opera which reached its culminating point on the lighter side in Mozart's 'Nozze di Figaro.'

Busenello's poem would act well even without the assistance of the music, a compliment which can be paid to few other libretti. The plot is extremely involved, and I have no space here in which to give more than the barest outline, neglecting altogether the sub-plots.* Otho, who is in love with Poppæa, has been sent on a mission to Lusitania by the Emperor Nero. On his return he hastens to her house, only to discover—from the presence of two of Nero's soldiers who are posted outside the house in order to keep strangers at a distance whilst the Emperor disports himself within—that Poppæa has betrayed him. Otho now transfers, or affects to transfer, his affections to Drusilla, who is in love with him. Two things alone prevent Nero from divorcing his Empress, Octavia, and marrying Poppæa, viz., the disapproval of so base an action by the philosopher Seneca, and the lack of any suitable pretext to colour the repudiation of Octavia. Seneca is forced to commit suicide, Poppæa having alleged that he had been indulging in seditious utterances, and Octavia signs her own warrant of banishment by forcing Otho to attempt the assassination of Poppæa. The God of Love intervenes, and Otho is unable to strike the fatal blow. Poppæa awakens as he is slinking away, and mistakes him for Drusilla, in whose garments he has disguised himself. Drusilla is arrested on the charge of attempted murder, when Otho confesses the whole plot, including the sinister rôle played by Octavia. Nero, overjoyed at having at last discovered a good excuse for ridding himself of Octavia, commutes the capital sentence to one of banishment. Drusilla follows Otho into exile, Octavia is committed to the mercy of the winds and the waves of the Tyrrhenian sea, and Poppæa is crowned Empress amidst universal rejoicing.

'L'Incoronazione' might be styled alternatively 'The Triumph of Amor' or 'The Triumph of Vice,' for it outrages all canons of morality. The wicked are rewarded and the (comparatively) virtuous punished by the sinister influences of fortune and of love. In this respect the drama is almost unique, for even the tragedies of the age demand that the wicked shall be punished.

Henry Prunièrest compares the drama to a play of Shakespeare. The comparison is inevitable. The whole technique is Shakespearean—the magnificent characterisation, the rapid succession of scenes, the gradual evolution of the plot at the beginning and the swiftness of the *dénouement*. Typical of 16th- and 17th-century drama is the interspersing of comparatively irrelevant comic scenes, to relieve the tenseness of the audience's emotion or to give time to the scene-shifters to set

* 'Le Couronnement de Poppée.' Rouart, Lerolle et Cie, 1922.

† Vol. II., which provides the necessary groundwork for studying the music of 'Poppæa' in its historical context, was published in 1904.

* A detailed analysis of the 1656 edition is given in the introduction to the English translation to be used at Oxford, published by the Holywell Press, price 2s., in aid of the O.U.O.C.

† 'Monteverdi' (Paris, 1924).

the stage for the more imposing scenes behind the curtain. Such are the scenes in which Octavia's Nurse and the Page (the Shakespearean clown) figure. Such also is Arnalta's solo before the final scene. I refuse to agree that the scene between the two soldiers was intended to provide comic relief. The language is restrained and poetic, and I have declined to translate it in a manner befitting comedy, in spite of the pronouncements of Kretschmar, Goldschmidt, and many of my Oxford friends. Prunières writes:

Seule une pièce de Shakespear comme 'Jules César' peut être comparée à 'L'Incoronazione' pour l'impression de réalité qui se dégage de l'action. Monteverdi [Why not Busenello?] a vu Rome impériale avec les yeux du génie et su la recréer pour nous. Aucun livre, aucune chronique ne saurait nous évoquer Néron et Poppée aussi vigoureusement que cet opéra.

'Julius Caesar' is perhaps an unfortunate choice. With the fact that 'L'Incoronazione' purports also to be about Rome the similarity ends. Even Shakespeare never played so fast-and-loose a game with his history. In search of a better parallel I sought refuge in 'Anthony and Cleopatra.' A strong, common vein of voluptuous sentiment is to be detected running through both the play and the opera, but in the play the unrighteous are visited with the wrath of the gods. Suddenly the perfect parallel in Shakespearean drama flashed into my mind. It is, of course, 'Henry VIII.' Here we have precisely the same characters and almost identical situations. It is true that in 'Henry VIII.' we have no Otho. Such a one certainly existed, but Shakespeare wisely refused to draw upon any sources which might cast aspersions on the character of Elizabeth's mother. In Henry and Anne Boleyn we have the perfect counterparts of Nero and Poppæa. Catherine of Aragon is a high-minded and scrupulous edition of Octavia. Cardinal Wolsey re-plays the rôle of Seneca. We even have our Arnalta (Poppæa's old nurse) in the lady of the court who is the confidante of Anne Boleyn. If the royal conscience serves the same purpose as the attempt upon Poppæa's life in ridding Henry of an unwelcome spouse, the whole trend of the play is the same, and both play and opera end upon precisely the same note of joy at the triumph of wantonness over chastity, although Shakespeare for obvious reasons did not make the point too prominent.

Was Busenello a student of Shakespeare? At all events 'L'Incoronazione' is brought into a definite line with the historical drama of the period, a form of theatrical display which had passed its zenith and was shortly afterwards to degenerate entirely.

Again, 'L'Incoronazione' occupies a striking position in the school which Prof. Edward J. Dent has dubbed 'Baroque Opera.' This school bears the same relation to musical drama as the *baroque* style to architecture in general. The essence of *baroque* opera is to be sought in an ever present element of non-conformity to old-established conventions of morality, in intriguing situations sharpened by a flavour of wickedness, in the employment of weird, wonderful, fantastic, and elaborate scenic effects, and in florid and unconventional music. In a lecture given recently to members of the O.U.O.C. on the subject of *baroque* opera, Prof. Dent cited 'L'Incoronazione' as one of the finest representatives of this extremely fascinating, but little known period

of opera. It is to be noted, however, that Monteverde is far less *baroque* than his librettist. This fact becomes evident when we consider that Monteverde never wrote music to some of the most *baroque* passages in the opera. For example, Amor's questionable address to the ladies and gentlemen of the audience before finally returning to heaven after saving Poppæa's life. Twice again he leaves Busenello's *dei ex machina* completely in the cold by refusing to write any music for their scenes at all.

Mr. Arundel del Re has suggested that 'L'Incoronazione' owes its origin to the desire to confer special honour upon some popular Venetian prima donna, for whom and round whom the opera may have been composed with a main view to her coronation at the end. This, again, is a feature typical of *baroque* opera, and of an age when the player was infinitely more important than the play.

Again, 'L'Incoronazione,' although developing logically from the Roman school of early 17th-century composers (notably Landi, Mazzocchi, and Vittoria), and owing not a little to the earlier efforts of the *opera buffa* school, definitely inaugurates a new era in the history of the opera.

The 'Orfeo' was an isolated experiment which Monteverde did not follow up. It is one of the last, and certainly the greatest, of the works of the Florentine-Hellenist school (Peri, Caccini, &c.). In its straightforward simplicity and grandeur it may be styled the first great music-drama ever written.

'L'Incoronazione,' on the other hand, is the first 'grand opera' of the new school of artificial but delightful composers who lead up to and culminate in Mozart.

In dramatic construction 'L'Incoronazione' may be compared with the 'Nozze di Figaro.' Analogous situations and characters abound, although the plot and the moral are different. Nero corresponds closely to Count Almaviva, Octavia even more closely to Rosina (*cf.* 'Poppæa,' Act 1, scene 5, with the opening aria in 'Figaro,' Act 2), although Rosina does not stoop to commit crimes. The Page fits the rôle of Cherubino exactly. Indeed, Octavia's Page is the type of all Cherubinos of the future (*cf.* the Page's song, Act 2, scene 5, with 'Voi che sapete'). Arnalta is not difficult to place as Marcellina; Susanna is a virtuous and faithful Poppæa; Seneca a tragic Bartolo. Otho clearly will not fit into the scheme of things, but then 'Figaro' is a comedy, and 'L'Incoronazione' is really a tragedy.

During the age of Mozart the *baroque* influence has not died out, although it is suddenly extinguished by the consequences of the French Revolution and the much-to-be-regretted industrialisation of Europe. In 'Figaro' we have the same love of mistaken identity caused by the employment of disguises in which the *baroque* generation took so great and almost childish a delight, that stage device which was almost the only stock-in-trade of Molière.

It is impossible to press the comparison more closely. It is sufficient for my purpose if I have been able to indicate a definite nexus between 'L'Incoronazione,' the historical drama of the past, and the 'grand opera' of a later date.

The Premier Prize at the London Violoncello School has been awarded to John Moore, of London. Mr. W. E. Whitehouse adjudicated. A scholarship for children under fifteen years of age is now open. Particulars from the Secretary of the School, 10, Nottingham Place, W.1.

FACSIMILE LETTERS, No. 9.

Facsimile letter from E. Ysaÿe in Brussels, to Francesco Berger, in London.

Bruxelles 21 Mai
1893

Cher Monsieur Berger

Je prends la respectueuse
liberté de vous présenter
et de vous recommander
d'une façon toute spéciale
un Violoniste Allemand
d'un incontestable talent.
Si vous pouvez l'entendre
et lui donner, comme
à moi, les précieux conseils
sans lesquels un artiste
ne peut se guider à l'étranger,

vous me ferez une énorme
plaisir et vous ferez
en même temps une
œuvre dont l'Allemagne
vous tiendra compte,
car je pense que Mr
Franz Schörg est appelé
à un très bel avenir.

Je vous remercie en tout
cas pour ce que vous avez
et vous prie de recevoir
mes meilleurs salutations.

E. Ysaÿe

[Translation.]

BRUSSELS,

21 May, 1893.

DEAR MR. BERGER,

I take the respectful liberty of presenting to you, and specially recommending, a German violinist of indisputable talent. If you can hear him, and give him, as you did me, the precious advice without which an artist cannot guide himself in London, you will be giving me enormous pleasure, and at the same time be doing what in Germany will be much valued, for I consider Mr. FRANZ SCHÖRG destined to a very fine career.

I thank you in any case for what you will do, and I beg you to accept my best remembrances.

E. YSAÿE.

NEW LIGHT ON LATE TUDOR COMPOSERS

BY W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD

XXIX.—THOMAS CAMPION

Among the late Tudor composers of the first rank it is strange, but true, that Thomas Campion was grossly neglected from 1625 to 1880. Arber (1880) and A. H. Bullen (1881-1909), and, more recently, Mr. Percival Vivian (1910-12), have given us most of the facts of Campion's career. Yet a few crumbs have fallen to my grubbing, and it was my privilege, in 1900, to have been the first to claim him as of Irish ancestry. At the time, such a claim was not admitted, and indeed was more or less scoffed at—even as there are some musicologists who are still sceptical of John Dowland's Irish birth—but Thomas MacDonagh, lecturer in University College, Dublin (who met with such a tragic end on May 3, 1916), took up the matter in 1910, and vindicated my views, after which date Vivian, the Rev. Dr. Fellowes, and Peter Warlock have admitted that Campion was the son and grandson of an Irish father and grandfather respectively. In the Middle Temple records is the convincing entry, dated July 26, 1565, of the admission of John Campion, 'son and heir of John Campion, late of Dublin.' This John Campion had married in June, 1564, a wealthy widow, Lucy Trigg, *née* Searle, and on February 12, 1567, was born their son, Thomas Campion, the subject of our present article. Mr. Vivian adds:

The fact that the poet was descended from a Dublin family explains to some extent the difficulty met in connecting the poet with any of the known pedigrees or descents.

Campion's father died in the summer of the year 1576, whereupon Mrs. Campion took for her third husband Augustine Steward, in 1577, and died three years later, at the close of the year 1580. At the age of fifteen young Campion was sent to be educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, and on April 27, 1586, was admitted to Gray's Inn: previous to which, on March 3, 1585, one of his songs, 'Of Neptune's empire let us sing,' was sung in the Gray's Inn Mask. It is also worthy of note that in the record of admission to Gray's Inn he is described as 'son and heir of John Campion, of Dublin, Ireland.'

Just after the publication of five of his poems, in 1591, he set out as a 'Gentleman Adventurer' in the train of the Earl of Essex to help Henry IV. to resist the Spaniards, but soon returned, and took up the study of music, probably under his countryman, Dowland. As early as 1593 his literary powers are referred to by George Peele, and in 1595 a marginal note in Clerke's 'Polimanteia' calls him 'Sweet Master Campion.' In the latter year appeared his book of Latin epigrams (entered in the Stationers' Register on December 2, 1594), of which a second edition appeared in 1619. His friendship for Dowland is evidenced by two Latin epigrams, one published in 1595 and the other in Dowland's 'First Book of Songs or Aires' (1597).

As a Roman Catholic, Campion was in the circle of the Percys, Mychilburnes, and Monsons; and unable as such to take out a medical degree in England, he graduated on the Continent, probably at Douai, or Louvain, in 1596. A remarkable tribute to his musical powers is the fact that one of his airs, 'What if a day,' composed before the year 1600—published anony-

mously in 1603—was adopted as a National Anthem by the Dutch, under the title 'Bergen op Zoom,' in 1622, and printed at Amsterdam in 1634. Dr. van den Borren, in his article on 'Belgian Music and French Music,' in the *Musical Quarterly* (July, 1923), tells us of this adaptation of Campion's air under the title of 'Merck toch hoc sterck,' and describes it as 'probably one of the finest popular airs known to the world,' but adds:

How great was our surprise on the day when we learned that this admirable music was a simple adaptation of the English air 'What if a day or a month or a year.'

Meres, in his 'Palladis Thamia' (1598), includes Campion among the immortals. In 1601 appeared 'A Book of Aires,' the conjoint production of Campion (who supplied the words and music of twenty-one lyrics) and his countryman, Philip Rosseter, dedicated to Sir Thomas Monson. The words of all the songs—forty-two in number—are by Campion, ample proof of his powers as a lyricist, compelling the admiration of Camden, who, in 1605, describes him as 'one of the pregnant wits of the time'—the others being Sir Philip Sidney, Edmund Spenser, Samuel Daniel, Hugh Holland, Ben Jonson, Michael Drayton, George Chapman, John Marston, and William Shakespeare.

Campion's 'Two Books of Aires' (including an Elegy on the death of Prince Henry) appeared in 1613. In the course of an address to the reader he says: 'I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together.'

Ample accounts of Campion are furnished by Bullen, Vivian, Fellowes, and Warlock. In addition to his 'Lyrics and Masks,' his treatise on 'Composition: A new way of making fower parts in Counterpoint, by a most familiar and infallible Rule,' ran through several editions since its publication in 1617.

Campion's death occurred on March 1, 1620, and in his will (dated the same day) he left to his countryman, Rosseter, 'all that he had, and wished that his estate had been far more.' His estate was valued at £32. He was buried on the day of his death, at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, London.

Throughout this article I have adopted the spelling of the name as 'Campion,' and not 'Campian.' Campion himself almost invariably spelled it so in his various works from 1601 to 1614, and it is written with an *o*, not an *a*, by the Ven. Henry Walpole, S.J. (martyred in 1595), Barnaby Barnes, and Richard Alison, in 1606. Richard Simpson writes:

Campian is only a spelling derived from the Latinised name; and there is no more reason for following it in his case than in Dr. Allen's, who was always called Alanus, but not Alan. As Allen is English for Alanus, so Campion is English for Campianus.

Vivian well describes Campion as

... a master of subtle cadences, a lord of haunting rhythms and delicate measures, whom in his kingdom few have approached, and certainly none have excelled.

A handy little work of reference, especially for Northerners, is Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper's 'Concert Calendar, Music and Dramatic Year-Book and Directory, 1927-28,' now in its twenty-seventh year of publication.

Gramophone Notes

By 'DISCUS'

COLUMBIA

This month's output contains several first-rate orchestral records. Those of the Venusberg Music, played by the Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter, leave nothing to be desired in the matter of vividness, and are, in fact, among the best of recent recording feats (L1982-83).

Hardly less good in its very different way is that of Saint-Saëns's 'Danse Macabre.' Sir Henry Wood conducts the Queen's Hall Orchestra in this (L1987).

It is likely, however, that the largest measure of popularity will go to the record of Purcell's 'Trumpet Voluntary' (arranged by Sir Henry Wood) and Walford Davies's 'Solemn Melody.' In both the organ, played by Harold Dawber, is used with great effect. Alexander Harris is the trumpet soloist in the 'Voluntary,' and the cello solo in the 'Solemn Melody' is played by Clyde Twelvetees. The orchestra is the Hallé, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty. The various constituents—orchestra, soloists, and organ—are blended, balanced, and reproduced with unusual success. The organ, for once in a way, sounds really like an organ; and (in the Purcell piece especially) the result is a glorious welter of sound (L1986).

Not every orchestral work bears transference to the military band, and the 'Fidelio' Overture suffers in parts. The playing of La Garde Républicaine Band is of course all we expect from the medium, but not quite what is wanted for Beethoven (9208).

A cinema organ record of more than average merit is that of Quentin Maclean playing, on the fine instrument at Shepherd's Bush Pavilion, a series of extracts called 'Classica,' arranged by Montague Ewing. The title is flattering to some of the material, which ranges from the Toreador's Song to Handel's Largo. Mr. Maclean's playing is first-rate (9225).

The best of the vocal records is that of a couple of extracts from 'Un Ballo in Maschera'—the duet, 'Di tu se fidele,' sung by Bonci and Rettore; and the quintet and chorus, 'E scherzo od e follia,' by a good set of voices. In both pieces fine work is done by the chorus (L1960).

The 'Flower Song' from 'Carmen' and the Cavatina from 'Romeo and Juliet' are sung by M. G. Thill, of the Paris Opéra. A very attractive voice, this, in the 'Carmen' number; in the Cavatina his production of loud high notes is faulty, and there is also a loss of pitch. The orchestral part, by the way, is too much in the background at times (L1985). Eva Turner, in 'Ritorna Vincitor,' from 'Aida,' is heard to far greater advantage than in the previous records of her singing. This record is good enough to explain her success in Italy; its predecessors merely made us wonder (D1578).

More follow-my-leader! Or is it coincidence? Anyway, before we have finished eulogising the Temple Church record of Mendelssohn's 'Hear my prayer,' here comes another of the same work, this time sung by the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Comparison being challenged, it must be made: this is a long way below its predecessor, in all respects—boy soloist, choir, and organ (9233).

A record well adapted for converting Philistines to chamber music is that of the Catterall Quartet's performance of the Andante Cantabile from

Tchaikovsky's D major Quartet. Playing and recording alike could hardly be bettered (9203).

The only pianoforte record is of Evelyn Howard-Jones in Brahms's Capriccio in B minor and a very un-Scottish Ecossaise of Beethoven's: crisp playing in the latter, and the Brahms is a model of clearness. Pedal-muddlers and rubato-eccentrics could get a valuable lesson from the playing of the Capriccio (the tone is not good, but that is at the door of the recorder, not the player) (4429).

The faults in Dame Clara Butt's performance of 'Land of Hope and Glory' and 'Rule, Britannia' are not such as we look for in so famous a singer. The voice is uneven, and the phrasing much broken. Clearly it is a case of 'bellows to mend,' e.g., 'wider—still and wider,' 'make thee—mightier,' 'manly—hearts—to guard the fair,' &c. Such faults would be pointed out at once in a beginner, and I see no reason why they should be winked at because the culprit is a celebrity. These songs were recorded at the Empire Day concert in Hyde Park, and an immense crowd sings the chorus far more musically than usual, though without sounding a bit like an immense crowd (7383).

'Potted' grand opera is good, but it inevitably lacks cohesion. It seems odd that operatic recording on a large scale began thus, rather than with short operas which could be dealt with in practically complete form. 'Cav.' and 'Pag.' were simply crying out to be recorded, and the latter has now been done by Columbia. The records were made in the Scala Theatre, with the principals, chorus, and orchestra of the B.N.O.C., conducted by Eugène Goossens, senr. An excellent standard is reached throughout. The soloists include Harold Williams (who is to be thanked for giving us the Prologue minus the usual exaggerations and vulgarities), Frank Mullings, Miriam Licette, &c. There are twelve 10-in. records (4347-58). It is a pity 12-in. were not used; the record-changing becomes more than usually vexatious. Only the most industrious of gramophonists will not feel that this is a blemish on a very notable piece of work.

Finally, a capital humorous disc—'Two black crows' (Moran and Mack). The richly unctuous voice of Moran—or is it Mack?—is a joy (4441).

H.M.V.

Some recent records of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra disappointed me, but this month's example makes full amends. The 'Rienzi' Overture contains some poor stuff, but it is saved by its climaxes, and especially by the passages for the brass, which have a touch of the heroic that looks forward to such magical things as the Siegfried theme. The playing and recording do full justice to this side of the work. The Overture fills three sides, the remaining space being given to the Finale of 'The Dusk of the Gods.' Something seems to have gone wrong with the particular disc sent for review, for midway cacophony occurs (D1226-27).

The 'Lohengrin' Prelude has been recorded so many times that even the chance of reproducing a performance conducted by the composer's son hardly justifies a further issue (D1258). Nevertheless, the personal touch counts for a good deal, and no doubt the firm of Messrs. Wagner & Son will attract many to whom Messrs. Wagner & Wood would make less appeal. The fitting—even poetic—thing, however, would be to record the Son's interpretation

of the 'Siegfried Idyll.' It might be a less good performance than that of some other conductors, but the historic and domestic interest would cover a good many faults.

Probably most of us prefer the harpsichord in homœopathic doses. For such, Bach's 'Italian' Concerto is pianoforte music, and we make no bones about liking it best on the modern instrument. For the purist there is an excellent record of Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse playing it on the harpsichord. The odd side of four is filled with three little pieces from the Anna Magdalena Clavier Büchlein—Polonaise, March, and Minuet. These delightful things are better on the harpsichord than on the pianoforte, so the records contain something for both purist and Philistine (D1281-82).

Casals makes a good choice of graceful trifles in Debussy's 'Menuet' and a 'Gavotte Tendre' by Hillemacher. The Debussy is from the early 'Suite de Pièces' for pianoforte duet (DA862).

A second record of the Temple Church Choir keeps up the very high standard reached in 'Hear my prayer.' True, there is no boy soloist to take us captive, but there is remarkably good singing by the boys in chorus. The music is Thalben Ball's arrangement of the old Easter hymn, 'O sons and daughters,' and Walford Davies's 'King of Glory.' Evidently the Temple Church is particularly well adapted for recording purposes, for both organ and voices are reproduced with a fidelity that is almost startling. The treble tone is delightfully fresh (B2493).

Gigli is recorded in airs from 'Tosca' and 'Manon'; much of it is shouting rather than singing. Why do these Italian tenors seem to imagine we are all a bit hard of hearing? (DA856).

The Bach Cantata Club Choir, conducted by Charles Kennedy Scott, is recorded in Bach's 'Jesu, Joy and Treasure' (D1256-57 and E458-59). I wish it were possible to give unreserved praise to what is an obviously fine performance of this noble work; but, frankly, the frequent lack of clarity is an obstacle. Apparently the studio is less good than the church for recording of this kind. The difficulties, of course, are greater than usual. Most of the writing is in five parts, and a good deal of the music moves quickly. In order to make the most of this reproduction one should know the work well or follow it in the vocal score. The edition used is that of the Oxford University Press, with a translation by Sanford Terry that is found in no other edition.

The other choral record received is of the New College Chapel Choir, Oxford, and is more successful. The works are Byrd's 'Justorum Anime' and Stanford's 'Beati quorum via integra est,' both sung in Latin (B2447).

Cortot plays brilliantly in Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody, and is very successfully recorded (DB1042).

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Hertz, is well recorded in a couple of movements from Delibes's 'Coppélia' Ballet and Kreisler's 'Caprice Viennois' (D1272).

Siegfried Wagner conducts his father's 'Huldigungs' March, played by the London Symphony Orchestra—a sonorous record of a work which is, I think, unduly depreciated by musicians as a rule (D1271).

The Musician's Bookshelf

'Grieg.' By Paul de Stœcklin.

[Paris: Felix Alcan, 15 fr.]

The admirable series, 'Les Maîtres de la Musique,' has had a worthy addition in this biography. It is a well-planned book, though it might have been improved by giving even more space to the works. A most interesting passage in the biographical portion is that concerning Grieg's ancestor on the maternal side, Kjeld Stub (*d.* 1663), an adventurous, gifted rascal—gambler, drinker, rover, swashbuckler, gallant, and preacher—whose life in full would put many a novel in the shade. We wish the author had spared him a few more pages. Stub, rather than the Scottish merchant Grieg, we have to thank for one of the most picturesque of composers. Had the Grieg side been in the ascendant, we should have had respectable symphonies, no doubt; but hardly the wealth of colour and romance that reflected, a generation later, the character of one who, as M. de Stœcklin says, was himself a kind of Peer Gynt.

We are glad to see Grieg's latest biographer standing up for the songs. Why are they so rarely heard? They number over a hundred, and a large proportion show the composer at his best. M. de Stœcklin holds that, original as the pianoforte pieces are, the songs are even more so; it seems as if this most lyrical of composers needed the stimulus of poetry in order to express himself fully. As his texts are invariably well chosen, and in most cases are done into sensible English, their neglect by singers is difficult to understand. One would have thought that the immense popularity of the pianoforte pieces would have ensured a vogue for songs possessing the same attractive qualities in an even greater degree. Perhaps their emotional character is against them just now, when emotion in art is out of fashion.

Grieg's success began with his first published work. In his maturity he decried his Opus 1—four pianoforte pieces:

I blush to think they were published [he said], though it is a fact that they were a great success when I played them at a concert at Leipsic Conservatoire in 1862, and gained me many recalls.

M. de Stœcklin says that Grieg's opinion of these pieces is not unjust, but most pianists will probably disagree. The writing is rather thick in places but there is all the Grieg fancy and colour, and they still make better hearing than some of the best-known of the 'Lyrical Pieces.'

M. de Stœcklin seems to subscribe to the customary view of Grieg as a composer who could work only in miniature (a defect which matters little, or is indeed no defect at all provided the miniatures be good: criticism by foot-rule would yield some curious results!). Speaking of the two Symphonic Pieces for pianoforte duet, he says they are of astonishing mediocrity, and show that Grieg was not cut out for the symphonic style. Yet in the very next sentence he has high praise for the Pianoforte Concerto, which, though slender and elegant rather than big, is a long flight for a mere writer of bagatelles. And there are many oft-played pianoforte sonatas that are a good way below Grieg's Op. 7 in interest and effect. The two Violin Sonatas, the Ballade, and the Holberg Suite are also evidence that Grieg was something more than an unusually

successful miniaturist. No doubt failing health, rather than lack of ability, led him to work mainly in small forms.

However that may be, there are few composers of the second rank more secure in the affections of musicians as a body. His charming intimacy and very reasonable technical demands are all in his favour from the point of view of the domestic music-maker, though probably the latter quality has caused his music to disappear largely from the concert repertory.

Somewhere in his 'Essays,' Lamb remarks that, at the risk of being thought fantastical, he has to confess that certain minor poets sound sweeter and have a finer relish to his ear than Milton or Shakespeare. He mentions Kit Marlowe, Cowley, and Drummond of Hawthornden as 'names which carry a perfume in the mention.' Isn't this true of composers also? And if so, are there many more engaging talents than that of Edvard Grieg?

H. G.

'Fiodor Chaliapine: Pages de Ma Vie.'
[Paris: Plon, 12 frs.]

Nothing could be farther from the average singer's reminiscences. But then, who is farther from being an average singer?

These astonishing pages take us from Chaliapin's perilous and sordid infancy, through the period of his adventures as a stage-crazy youth, to the beginning of his unparalleled success when he was still in his early twenties.

The matchless artist we all know might have been a disappointment when he came to put pen to paper. But he turns out to be nothing of the sort. His book is enthralling—'better than a novel.' The excellence of it—the frankness and freedom and vital humanity—is part of a great nature, of a man of genius so rich and hearty that nothing he does in life is without a tinge of the rare flame.

To have survived at all! That has perhaps been Chaliapin's greatest triumph. The miseries and squalid perils that beset the first twenty years of his life were such a network that we gasp at his escape. Starvation, the rage of a drunken father, sickness, and a multitude of adventures one after the other failed only by a hairbreadth to cheat the world of the greatest of operatic artists.

Chaliapin was born at Kazan, in 1873. His father drank, as did nearly every one else in their unlovely slum. Pay-day, the 20th of the month, was always a crisis. Before Chaliapin was ten, his father drank not only on the 20th, but every day. He beat his wife sometimes to unconsciousness. ('One day I felt sure she was dead, and I howled with despair. As soon as she recovered she caressed me, and said calmly, "Don't cry, it is nothing!"') The boy was beaten too—thrashed normally when the father was sober, and murderously attacked when he was drunk.

Of course he was a handful, and thrashings came his way long after he lost sight of his father. Not far from the end of the book, in the account of his one and only singing teacher, Ussatov, of Tiflis, he still gets drubbings. He dodges behind the pianoforte to avoid the master's whirling cane, but he has to come out and take his punishment before the lesson can go on.

At Kazan, when he was six and seven, the family lived in one room. The mother went out to work, and locked the three small children within all day. Feodor remembers his young terrors vividly.

A neighbour taught him to read, and then the family won a harpsichord in a raffle, to the delight of the music-loving boy, who had already been entranced by the sound of a neighbour's pianoforte. But it was too precious to be touched. It was used only for sleeping upon. Later on the father bought him a violin for two roubles (Chaliapin was eleven), and the boy started composing. He wrote, in violet ink, a Trio in three parts, called 'Christ is risen.' Before this he had been singing in a church choir, thereby earning a rouble and a half a month. But the choirmaster was a drunkard, and the choir was disbanded.

Chaliapin seems to have been barely ten when he was set to work at a shoemaker's. He had already been to two schools, from one of which he was expelled on being caught kissing. His first serious love-affair happened when he was thirteen. The book is not at all reserved on this score.

At his second shoemaking job, under a brute named Andreev, the lad was bullied and nearly starved to death. Between-whiles he had been at death's door in hospital with scarlet fever, and had been employed (aged ten) at a turner's.

P. 51 gives us his age as seventeen when he first fell in love with the theatre. This must be a misprint for thirteen. At seventeen Chaliapin had adopted the theatre, and was in the chorus of a travelling company, earning ten shillings a week and, though bootless, enjoying life enormously.

He had appeared on the stage years before. Having given up shoemaking, he had been back to school, learnt to write a copperplate hand, and obtained a clerical job. This he lost through his craze for the stage. He played truant from the office to act in an alfresco company, and disaster caught him both ways, for he was struck with stage-fright, could not utter a word, and was bundled out of the place. The story is vividly told on pp. 90-93:

My heart was as though gripped and rent. I remember being pushed on to the stage. I knew quite well that I had to move and speak, but I was utterly incapable of any such thing. My feet were nailed to the boards, my arms were glued to my sides, my tongue swelled till it filled my mouth and was like wood. Impossible to say a word or move a finger. A voice from the wings cried, 'Say something, you great blockhead!' Everything whirled before my eyes. A roar of laughter came as it were from one vast mouth. Then they brought the curtain down.

A second clerical job ended in such disaster that the miserable family moved away down the Volga to Astrakhan, where they all came near dying of starvation. Here we see the last of Chaliapin's mother:

Her silent endurance and her dogged struggle never ceased to astonish me. There are women in Russia like that: fighting all their lives without truce against want and distress. Without hope of conquering, without complaining, they support the blows of fate with the courage of martyrs. My mother began to make and sell patties of fish and berries. She did washing on board the boats. And still hunger gripped our entrails.

Chaliapin worked his way up the Volga, back to Kazan, as stevedore:

We unloaded flour. The five-pood (180-lb.) sacks wore me out till I almost lost consciousness. At night I felt stinging pains in the neck; and in legs and loins the bones might have been broken. The stevedores got four copecks per thousand poods.

Then at Kazan he got his engagement in the chorus of Samarski's operetta company. He had no overcoat or linen, and his boots were in pieces. He earned only ten shillings a week, but for seven shillings he got lodging and board. Within a month he overcame his stage-fright. He was a gawky, uncouth, ignorant lad, but his singing already pleased. It was a happy time, full of adventure, amorous and other.

Worse was to come. The next opera company he joined (or the next but one) was a failure, and he was left stranded at Baku. How he was reduced to join a band of thieves is a long story for which the reader must go to the book. The pages teem with vivid details and character sketches. Having no taste for assassination he left his bandits, and went off to starve at Tiflis:

I was used to going two days without food, but now I had to fast for three and four at a time. I was in rags. Starving is particularly disagreeable at Tiflis, where folk do their cooking in the streets.

He was rescued when on the point of suicide by an Italian acquaintance named Ponte, and the dish of macaroni with which he fed the starving youth was the turning point. An attack of diphtheria was a set-back, but before long Chaliapin was in touch with the singing teacher Ussatov, whom the world ought to remember with gratitude:

At that time I was ragged and filthy. I had only one shirt, which I washed in the Koura, and dried by the lamp, to try and rid myself of vermin. One day, Ussatov said, 'Chaliapin, you smell. I am sorry, but you must be told. My wife will give you some linen and socks. Do look after yourself better.' I shed tears of confusion. I did not know then that it is usual to be blunt when doing good deeds.

Ussatov taught his pupil something about table manners as well as singing. Chaliapin had success in local musical circles. He sang Varlaam in the tavern scene from 'Boris Godunov,' and

... suddenly felt that something extraordinary had happened. I discovered in that strange music something familiar and oddly near. I felt that it had been accompanying me through the ups and downs of my life—that it lived in me. Only now can I express the feeling, I wanted then simply to laugh and cry. For the first time I felt music to be the voice of the universal soul.

The ups and downs were not all over. It is clear from the last part of the book that Chaliapin only gradually discovered the artist that was in him. At the same time that discovery was wholly his. No one helped him towards his ideal of vital drama in song.

At the Imperial (Marie) Theatre at Petersburg he sang for a season (when he was, it seems, about twenty-one) without hitting the mark. He appears to have been thought promising, if bumptious and uncouth. The conductor, Napravnik, gave him no help or encouragement, but his voice was admired at private parties.

The real Chaliapin began to appear in the course of the next season, in the performances of Mamontov's company at Moscow. Mamontov was an impresario out of the ordinary. He spotted the genius of the singer, encouraged his departures from the conventions, gave him a free hand. There never, of course, had been a singer with such a gift for acting. In 1898 he studied 'Boris Godunov' with Rachmaninov:

I loved 'Boris' so much that I learnt the score from end to end. I sang all the parts, men's and women's, from the first note to the last. . . . The deeper I went into Moussorgsky the clearer it came to be that Shakespearean opera was possible. It all depends on the composer. . . . The school of singing in which I had been trained paid no attention to the psychology of the characters. One's teachers used obscure expressions such as 'Lean on the breath,' 'Produce the voice in the mask,' 'Place it on the diaphragm,' 'Enlarge the thoracic respiration,' and so on. All that may be necessary, but it is certainly not the essential. It is a small thing to teach a man to sing a cavatina or a ballad. What is indispensable is to understand the sense of the words one utters and the feelings which dictated the choice of those words and not others.

And in other scattered sentences one finds hints of the great man's artistic theory:

In opera one should sing as one speaks.

He records with glee a compliment from one of his painter friends (he had more friends among the painters than the musicians) after a performance of 'Mozart and Salieri':

Splendid, by Jove! In a whole Act we got nothing but wonderful words!

During this first Moscow period, Chaliapin married the Italian ballerina Tornagi. The tale of his wooing exemplifies his humour and high spirits:

She danced wonderfully, methought, and better than any of the dancers at the Imperial Theatres—but she was always sad. She evidently did not feel at home in Russia. I understood her home-sickness. Had not I, too, been a stranger in far-off cities? So, during rehearsals, I went up to her and uttered all the Italian words I knew—'Allegro, andante, religioso, moderato.'

The book ends with the dawn of fame, and the winning of Stassov's friendship, which Chaliapin (and this is the sort of thing that endears him to us) knew instinctively how to appreciate. C.

'Clara Schumann-Johannes Brahms: Briefe, 1853-96. Edited by Berthold Litzmann. Two vols.

[Breitkopf & Härtel.]

These two stout volumes contain (so we are told in the Introduction by Frau Marie Schumann) all that remains of the correspondence between Clara Schumann and Brahms: seven hundred and fifty-nine letters. The number would have been far greater but for the fact that in 1886 the two friends returned to one another the letters that had passed between them. Clara Schumann started destroying her letters, but was stopped by her daughter Marie. Brahms destroyed most of his letters, keeping back, by Clara Schumann's request, a number of those which she considered most important.

The collection is, of course, of great interest to investigators of Brahms's biography—a topic upon which no adequate book exists so far. Apart from biographical information, it contains a wealth of confidential, critical remarks on other composers, on performers, and on musical events of the time, some of which are singularly instructive. M.-D. C.

W. G. Foyle is the English publisher of 'The Magic Flute: Marginal Sketches to Mozart's Manuscript,' by Max Slevogt (one guinea). The volume consists of fragments of the original manuscript in facsimile, with about fifty sketches, all vigorous, some very striking, and a few repellent.

'Art, Religion, and Clothes.' By Herbert Antcliffe.
[Ten Hague, Ltd., The Hague.]

This well-produced volume consists of twenty-three essays reprinted from various journals. Mr. Antcliffe makes no daring flights, and touches-off no fireworks. He is above all a commonsense writer, with a plain style, as readers of this journal have known for years past. His interest in religion and clothes may be profound, but we think it is all to the good that most of the chapters deal with the art in which he has long been known as a reliable critic. The book makes pleasant and profitable reading.

'Methodist Music of the 18th Century.' By James T. Lightwood.

[Epworth Press, 1s.]

'England's Book of Praise.' By John Telford.

[Epworth Press, 2s. 6d.]

Mr. Lightwood has long been known as an authoritative and pleasant writer on all that concerns hymns and hymn-tunes, their authors and composers. In this little book he writes on John Wesley at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Foundery Tune Book, Handel's Tunes, the Wesley concerts, 'Sacred Harmony,' organs, &c. In a very interesting chapter on the collection known as 'Sacred Harmony' or 'Select Hymns with Tunes Annexed,' he quotes a curious verse written in defence of the practice of adapting secular tunes for Church purposes. This metrical version of Luther's 'Why should the Devil have all the good tunes?' is worth quoting:

Who on the part of God will rise,
Innocent Sound recover,
Fly on the Prey and take the Prize,
Plunder the carnal Lover;
Strip him of every moving Strain,
Every melting Measure;
Music in Virtue's Cause retain,
Rescue the holy Pleasure?

Mr. Telford's book gives a sketch (necessarily somewhat slight) of the growth of hymnody from the hymns of the Jewish Church down to recent collections. There are chapters on Charles Wesley, Doddridge and Newton, American Hymns, Children's Hymns, &c.

'Meine Sämtlichen Werke.' By Leo Slezak.

[Berlin: Rowohlt, 7 marks.]

Slezak's reminiscences make a book that causes many a smile. He has not told us much about the serious side of his brilliant career. He is needlessly afraid of being a bore. We could have done with more about Toscanini and about Mahler. Are there still conductors who can cow great singers as Mahler did? Mahler made even Slezak shiver in his shoes.

As a young man he was given a trial hearing one morning at the Vienna Opera. Richter was conducting. He was about to begin, when a voice, Mahler's, from the darkness of the stalls, cried, 'You there! I warn you. You had better not drag, or I'll have you pitched out of the house.'

For a slip made by Slezak in 'Die Meistersinger,' Toscanini would not look at him for the rest of the evening, and went about saying, 'Questo tenore è una bestia.' Slezak is the heartiest admirer of these two great men.

Our author was born in Moravia, in 1875. He knew hard times in childhood and youth. The cupboard was often bare. He worked as a gardener's boy and as a locksmith before, aged seventeen,

'overgrown and underfed,' he enlisted in the army. His voice was discovered by Adolf Robinson, a singer at the Brünn Opera, who gave him lessons and whose wife taught him 'Freischütz,' 'Magic Flute,' and 'Lohengrin' by playing the phrases over and over again on the pianoforte, for Slezak could not read. He can now—can read all but the bass clef, so he tells us, 'and that I am afraid I shall never learn.'

At twenty-one he came out as Lohengrin at the Brünn Opera, became the darling of the town, and was soon engaged at Berlin. Meanwhile he had been to Bayreuth in order to get a hearing at Wahnfried.

The day arrived, and he was ushered into the great Cosima's presence. What would he sing? The giddy youth proposed an excerpt from 'Pagliacci.' Horrors! All present were dumbfounded. Cosima at length found speech, and coldly expressed the opinion that unless 'Pagliacci' were the only music he knew, it would be preferable to sing something by the master. He left, feeling that somehow he had not made the right impression.

Slezak came out at Covent Garden in 1900 as Lohengrin. Rehearsing, he observes, is considered to be of small account in London, and there was no rehearsal at all for 'Lohengrin.' He had never met the Elsa, Ternina, before he arrived on the scene in the first Act where, having warned Elsa against inquiring his name and having received her assurance of discretion, Lohengrin undertakes to be her champion.

Slezak, after his 'Elsa, ich liebe dich!' folded the soprano to his breast, and under cover of the ensuing chorus murmured, 'Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Slezak.' 'Delighted to meet you,' said Elsa. 'My name is Ternina.'

Fun is never far off when Slezak is on the scene. We find him singing 'Otello' in the Wild West, and in Act 4 one night, tired with much travelling, he enjoins the Desdemona, 'I am sorry, but I am quite done up, and you will have to go and die by yourself.'

Jesting is in his blood. He refrains not even when in the woe of sea-sickness—and he admits himself to be a wretchedly bad sailor. On a rough day in mid-Atlantic he is suffering on deck, and his accompanist, Dachs, is below. A seaman passes, and Slezak begs him to take a message to Prof. Dachs, cabin 320. 'Will Prof. Dachs kindly go to the music-room at once, as Mr. Slezak wishes to practise?' The messenger returns to announce that the Professor is lying on the floor, and is incoherent. A second messenger does not return. The deck steward is after a time sent with the same message, and returns with a black eye.

Arriving at New York, Slezak immediately makes his name by promenading on deck with a goat and a tortoise. The reporters flock round, and Slezak explains that these are his mascots, without which it is impossible for him to sing. The next day his name is known throughout the U.S.A. Wherever he goes there are interested inquiries after the goat, which as a matter of fact was the property of a Polish Jew in the steerage.

Singers who would be warned of the risks they run in singing in Hungarian at Budapest without really knowing the language are referred to pp. 156-9, and there is another good story on p. 135, which is perhaps better left in German.

We have to thank Mr. Edward Prime-Stevenson, of Florence, for a copy of his 'Long-Haired Iopas: Old Chapters from Twenty-five Years of Music Criticism' (privately printed by the *Italian Mail Press*, Florence). It runs to four hundred large pages, and consists of some forty-odd lengthy essays, reprinted from various journals. The author covers a wide field, but his pet themes have to do with opera, and he is at his best in such papers as 'The Unfamiliar Trovatore,' 'Verdi: and theme-structure of "Aida,"' 'Italian *Stile Nuovo* in Opera,' and kindred topics. Apropos of 'Trovatore,' he holds that the plot is less ridiculous and complicated than critics say; and shows that bad translations are partly responsible for some absurdities. For example:

In the Italian text of the opera the gipsies in the second Act are described as 'going down the declivity (*china*), while from time to time (*tratto tratto*) is heard their song, ever from farther off.' A certain standard English version of the libretto, hawked about American and British opera-houses for years, made the gipsies 'descend a declivity to the music of the china-tratto-tratto': which the translator evidently supposed to be some sort of barbaric instrument! One is surprised that the translator did not send the gipsies off the stage 'by way of China'!

The author gives other examples. A curious feature about the book is pointed out in an apology for possible misprints:

The entire press-work has been done in a Continental city, by printers wholly unacquainted with the language, sentence-building, orthography, pointing, paragraphing, symbols of proof-correction, and whatever else, of the text in their hands.

Moreover, the proof-reading was done entirely by the author—notoriously the worst man for the job, as he says—and through the post, and four separate stages were needful. No wonder the task occupied over a year beyond the estimated time! No wonder, too, that the Italian compositor sometimes got his own quaint way, after all!

It is a pity this allusive and well-informed book appears in a form ungetatable by the general public. Only a hundred and thirty-three copies were printed. Ours will be treasured accordingly.

The Oxford University Press announces an important work entitled 'Musical Instruments and their Music, 1500-1750,' by Gerald R. Hayes. The work will be in five volumes, the first of which will appear this autumn. Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch has been associated with the production, and will write an introduction for each of the volumes.

Messrs. Augener have issued a second and revised edition of W. C. Berwick-Sayers's 'Samuel Coleridge-Taylor: His Life and Letters.' The book was first published in 1915, and has been out of print for some years (15s.).

BOOKS RECEIVED

[Mention in this list neither implies nor precludes review in a future issue.]

'Leo Ornstein: the Man, his Ideas, his Work.' By Frederick H. Martens. Pp. 89. Birmingham: Edward William Organ, 7s. 6d.

'The Rudiments of Music.' By Orlando A. Mansfield. Pp. 119. Paxton, 2s. 6d.

'Tests and Measurements in Music.' By Jacob Kwalwasser. Pp. 146. Hawkes, 10s.

'The Story of Music.' By Paul Bekker. Pp. 277. Dent, 10s. 6d.

'The Heritage of Music.' A collection of Essays by various writers, edited by Hubert J. Foss. Pp. 265. Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.

'Musical Moments.' By Julian Way. Pp. 36. The Cayme Press, 3s.

'Chopin.' By Henri Bidou. Pp. 267. Alfred A. Knopf, 18s.

'Musical Foundations.' By John E. Borland. Pp. 87. Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d.

New Music

SONGS

Ernest Newman was writing the other day about the self-consciousness of modern composers, contrasting their 'artistic' attitude with the simpler outlook of the old masters, who thought little or nothing about art, and wrote good music. Haydn, Mozart, Bach, and Handel, like Perugino and his school in another art, must have sat day after day turning out works to order; and, being geniuses, they turned out a fair proportion of masterpieces. Nor did they care much what words they set, for, like Dean Swift, they could write well upon a broomstick. Bach made cantatas out of rubbishy texts; Handel's librettos are a byword; Schubert immortalised scores of bad poems. To-day we have changed all that. We will not write to order, we cannot set any but the best poetry, and we do not produce great music. And whereas many a bad poem is tolerated for the sake of good music, a great poem is powerless to lift lifeless and stupid music. Souls of poets dead and gone, if they care now for their earthly works, must often writhe in agony over some treatments of them.

The Countess of Galloway sets Alice Meynell and T. E. Brown. 'The wind is blind' has that concentrated, passionate orderliness that Mrs. Meynell so often achieved. But intense as the poem is, it never makes the dead bones of the music live, nor excites the composer to a gesture of real conviction. 'I bended unto me a bough' is a poem of lighter texture, asking less of the music, yet having a distinction of outlook which the music does not in any way reflect. The music is quite nice, but is in no real way relevant to the poem with which it deals (Murdoch).

It is rather the same with four songs by Muriel Herbert (Elkin). 'Violets' has music that would deal fairly by a light lyric of purely temporary interest: but Meredith's poem is not that, and the setting does no more than play about on the surface of its deep implications. The same is true of 'I cannot lose thee for a day.' The poem is impassioned and warm; the music, instead of soaring with it, only pulls it to the ground. 'Contentment' is better, words and music are better matched; the poem is picturesque, it aims at no high emotion, and the music is apt to it. 'Fountain Court' is more atmospheric and fairly successful in catching the feeling of the hot, still afternoon. One or two harmonic commonplaces rather detract from its effect, but it is on the whole a musical and sincere little work. A more firmly handled song, from the same publishers, is James Lyon's 'Carol.' The consecutive sevenths trick, an effect which soon palls, is somewhat overdone here; but the vocal line is

simple and sensitive, and the song has a welcome restfulness and consistency of style.

Alec Rowley's 'Love's fury' (Winthrop Rogers) is a good piece of work, with rhythmic impulse, and a lot of variety within its short compass. Particularly happy are one or two unexpected touches in the last stanza. The same publishers send Roger Quilter's 'Arab Love Song,' an interesting example of this composer at his best level. Without being in any way academic, the song shows extreme care and thoughtfulness of setting. The accentuation, a difficult question in this case, is cleverly and aptly managed; and the song as a whole has unity and growth of interest. Warmth of performance is needed: given this, the song should be highly effective. Donald Ford, whose 'Nod' is published by Murdoch, might well imitate Quilter's sensitiveness in accentuation. The supple phrases of de la Mare's poem, 'Softly along the road of evening'—'His are the quiet steepes of dream-land'—'His lambs outnumber a noon's roses'—these and others like them have to rest as comfortably as they can on the Procrustean bed of this composer's angular and trivial rhythms. The fragile beauty of the poem is entirely crushed in the process of setting. There must be many lyrics on the market adapted to this style of music: why must the composer lay his heavy hand on de la Mare of all people? Less regrettable is the same composer's 'To Daffodils'; but the song is without distinction of matter or handling, and compares unfavourably with some former settings of the same poem.

It is a relief to turn to Herbert Howells's 'Gavotte' (Oxford University Press), a fastidious little work, simple and unpretentious in aim, but full of distinction. Good breeding is to be felt everywhere: in the concise, firm design of the work as a whole, as well as in the outlines of individual phrases. The song is charming to the hearer, grateful to the performers, and delightful to the man who looks into its technique and 'constructional details.' Good craftsmanship, indeed, is a never-failing source of pleasure. Two numbers by Stanford, published by Cramer, although they cannot claim to stand on a level with the composer's best songs, have something of the cunning that his hand never forgot. 'The merry month of May,' to words by Dekker, in style is curiously like the Elizabethan Pastorals which Stanford wrote for S.A.T.B.; so much so, that one wonders whether it was originally a sketch for that set. The phrases here have that same fresh and generous air, and there is always turning up some attractive and unexpected gesture which one recognises, after it has passed, as typical. This is true, only in a much lesser degree, of 'The Sower's Song,' which, despite its obvious ease of manner, is not representative of Stanford at his best.

From the Oxford University Press come the first fifteen numbers of the 'Oxford Standard Songs.' The best-known songs of all periods are to be issued at a very reasonable price, beautifully printed as these are, on good paper. Stuart Wilson is the editor, so there will be good translations of the foreigners, and musically versions of all. A welcome feature is that the publishers have already issued, along with numbers like 'Adelaide,' 'Caro mio ben,' and 'O ruddier than the cherry,' some of the despised early 19th-century English songs. Two solos and a duet by Horn are published, as well as 'Should he upbraid' and 'Lo, here the gentle lark' of Bishop, and Hatton's splendid 'To Anthea.' It is

extraordinary how fresh and clean the old music sounds, and what a lot of life there still is in it. It was genuine, honest, manly stuff: not often, perhaps, *la poesie pure*, but none the less worth survival on that account.

A number of songs from this house and other publishers are held over for review in a subsequent issue.

T. A.

UNISON SONGS

'As daffodils in May,' by J. B. Rooper, is a song of the Virgin and Child for elder children who can shape the slow phrases beautifully. For Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Song' it is not easy to find a musical counterpart. W. Jackman's is pretty good, though a trifle stiff. It touches high *F*, so should be used with caution where there is any tendency to shout. Alan Burr has set some words by Lord Francis Harvey, 'The Angelic Guides,' quite suitably. They are rather pompous and not very inspiring, though they have an air of 'uplift.' 'Then let the warrior seraph's sword be drawn to rout my fiendish foes in dire array' is a little Elephant-and-Castleish. Harvey Grace, in 'Pioneers' (Whitman's 'All the past we leave behind,' from 'Songs of Praise'), hits the nail on the head. This is the good old rousing type of real heartening stuff, with better words than we used to get twenty years ago, and the touch of freshness in the music lifts the thing out of the ruck. How astonishingly easy it is to get that touch of freshness—so we feel when we hear it; but why don't we get it always? Isn't it largely because many of the people who write songs don't know the folk they are writing for, and, more often, have nothing in particular to say? Winifred Bury's setting of 'It was a lover' is ordinary enough—pleasant and efficient, without making one feel particularly gay. It touches the high *F* several times, and the *G* once. The words, of course, make it suitable for older singers. It is marked 'for boys' voices,' but girls could sing it just as well. I fancy that, so far as the words are concerned, they would like it better than boys. Ernest Walker has edited a song from Tate and Purcell's 'Elegy on the Death of Mr. John Playford.' It is entitled, 'Muses, bring your roses hither,' and is only thirteen bars long—a lovely cantilena, to be sung *pp* and *legatissimo* (Oxford University Press).

E. T. Chapman makes a good thing of Herbert's 'Let all the world in every corner sing.' The power asked for is considerable, but *pp* is also an indication. There is an optional four-part end. This is a good piece for massed singing. J. A. Westrup's 'Prelude' is a setting of R. L. S.'s

By sunny market-place and street,
Wherever I go my drum I beat.

Brisk and hearty, it would suit middle-aged children (Year Book Press).

Dr. Borland's practised hand is shown in 'Down Under,' of which he has written both words and music. It is, presumably, one of the fruits of his recent trip to the Dominions. For school celebrations of the appropriate kind it is just right. The last few bars have an *ad lib.* second treble addition. His 'Song of the River' (Kingsley) needs imagination and flexibility. It is suitable for older children. Again an optional second part is added near the end. 'When all the world is young' (from 'The Water Babies') is easy and spirited. Children may not care much for its pious, grown-up reflection at the

end; but probably, wisely deciding that 'the music's the thing,' they will take the tune and let the triteness go. All will enjoy Dr. Sweeting's 'The Blackbird,' a cheery ditty. Those who have no objection to the type of bellicose verses that infallibly bring in 'merry good ale' will encourage the piping of Percy Judd's music to 'A while ago it came to pass,' which makes a gay, inconsequent piece, with the compass of only D to E. Gerrard Williams touches lightly the anonymous 'Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home.' The three verses are all alike, which seems almost a pity. The music is happy and quiet, and gives practice in the six-eight rhythm of dotted quaver, semiquaver, quaver (Elkin). W. R. A.

PART-SONGS FOR BOYS' AND FEMALE VOICES

Gerrard Williams's arrangement of the folk-song 'Sweet Kitty,' for S.S.A., is resourceful. It has some pleasant counterpoint. The lower part goes down to the low G. The late Ernest Farrar had a charming fancy. His setting of Christina Rossetti's 'Summer' will give pleasure to any fairly capable women's choir, by its flowing lines and lightness (Oxford University Press).

In 'The Old Masters' series, there is first Dr. Whittaker's arrangement of a piece from Purcell's 'Elegy upon the Death of Queen Mary.' This, entitled 'Rivulets flowing,' is for two trebles, and needs smooth, long phrasing. It is pure, quietly affecting music. The other Oxford items are part of a small collection of pieces by Thomas Whythorne, one of the scarcely known 16th-century writers that Peter Warlock is now editing. One, a canon for two trebles, is entitled 'What make young folks simple in show,' though the original edition had no words to the air. Here it is set to 'Ah' at the start, with a long frolic of 'fa-la-las' following. This is but of moderate interest, though useful for practice. 'Who that will weigh of ages all,' for S.S.A.A. (S.S.T.T. *ad lib.*), is plain writing, mostly note-against-note. I find it only mildly interesting. The lowest part goes down to low F, and is several times rather growly (Oxford University Press).

Felix White sets Swinburne's 'Fly, white butterflies,' for S.S.A., in a way that will please ladies by its prettiness and variety. It is moderately easy. The proper aeration and pace are the things that need work (Arthur P. Schmidt).

Walthew's 'Evening,' S.S., is imaginative and musicianly. It is slowish and a trifle sombre, and well worth tasting (Year Book Press).

Eric Fogg's 'Spring' has grace and pace, and a fairly conventional air. It is a setting, for S.S., of Blake's 'Sound the flute.' There is agreeable practice in shading (Elkin).

Bessie M. Whiteley's idea in setting parts of 'Hiawatha' as an operetta for 'unchanged voices' was a bright one, and she has carried it out capably. The title is 'Hiawatha's Childhood.' In the three scenes are all sorts of delights for kiddies, not least being the dressing-up and the dances, for which suggestions are given. Indian melodies have been used, in part, and recitations are introduced. The choruses are for S.S.A., a few being in unison. A soprano part is taken down to the low A, but the lie of the parts is otherwise quite normal, the alto's B flat being the normal limit. There are three solo parts, and seven other chief characters, besides the chorus. The piece may be done in one scene, if desired. Flute and violin join the pianoforte in one

chorus, but the pianoforte alone can support the voices, as it often has to do in school. There are of course orchestral parts (on hire). The vocal score is 2s. 6d. (Rogers).

W. R. A.

MALE-VOICE

'What shall he have that killed the deer?' set by Malcolm Davidson, is bright and straightforward. T.T.B.B. singers of no great skill can manage it. Bainton's 'Matin Song' (T.B.B.) has much more in it. This setting of 'Pack, clouds, away!' has gusto and grace, and is worth working at. Percy Judd's 'Mamble,' for T.T.B.B. (Drinkwater's words), is mildly pleasing, but does not over-stimulate. The 'closed lips' device has been rather over-worked, but it is reasonably effective here (Oxford University Press).

Three of the late Charles Wood's arrangements of Scots melodies appear under one cover—'Hey! the dusty miller,' 'There's none to soothe,' and 'O spring's a pleasant time.' Two are lively, and the middle one is sad. All are simply done, and are good value for money (T.T.B.B.). The same composer's 'There be none of Beauty's daughters' has all his quiet refinement and unaffected feeling. It is fairly easy, and most effective (A.T.T.B.) (Year Book Press).

What would you expect Mr. William Miller, of Wootton Fitzpaine, to do but sing a sheep-shearing song? Here it is, as collected by Hammond and arranged by Moeran for baritone solo and chorus (A.T.T.B. or T.T.B.A.R.B.). It is only a middling tune, having more family likeness than striking individuality, but Mr. Moeran gives us a good half-dozen pages of harmony (Rogers).

W. R. A.

MIXED-VOICE

A. Brent-Smith's S.A.T.B. setting of 'I am the reaper' (Henley) gets the flavour of the words. Its chromatics are applied with effect. If one does not find the verses as full of meaning as Henley wished them to be, perhaps it is because the end reminds one too much of that parody of Emerson's 'Brahma,' by Andrew Lang, that babbles 'I am the batsman and the bat . . .'. G. Heath Gracie's 'I sing of a maiden' is thoughtful, if a little finicky in its bar-lengths. Its *ppp* work is well drawn. The top part of the four is a little divided (Oxford University Press).

Another batch of Whythorne's works, transcribed and edited by Warlock, gives a fuller view of him. Of the S.A.T.B. songs the best are 'It doth me good when Zeph'rus reigns' and 'Since I embrace the heavenly grace.' (The former can be sung by S.A.A.T. also.) 'I have ere this time heard many one say' is not distinctive, and 'Though choler cleapt the heart about' and 'The doubtful state that I possess' are rather dull also. Indeed, there is nothing at all striking in this rather square-toed music, which imparts little freshness to its technique. Of the five-part pieces, 'It doth belong more of good right' is amiable music, and 'Give not thy mind to heaviness' runs with a nice motion, but 'As thy shadow itself apply'th' is dull again. As a devout lover of the best music of the age to which these pieces belong (they are dated 1571), I feel that it is scarcely worth while to work at them. It seems better to keep the way clear for the study of the best, and that only. Some may find a mi'd charm in Whythorne, but these pieces seem very tame. I am sorry if my words disappoint those who have spent time in

producing the music, but it must be judged just as music of to-day is judged—no more and no less severely (bearing in mind, of course, the outlook, imagination, and technique of the time from which it comes) (Oxford University Press).

Lilian Robinson's 'Welcome, Yule' is a modest setting of the 15th-century words, that makes no great demand on the singers. There is a solo bit, which can, if desired, be taken by the united trebles and altos. A. Brent-Smith's 'Jack and Joan' and his 'Invincible Armada' (both S.A.T.B.) are fluent and spirited, and not at all difficult. His set of 'Six Choral Dances,' with pianoforte or orchestral accompaniment, shows a graceful talent working on familiar lines. Choirs with a taste for something light and sentimental might look at the set. E. Beck-Slinn's 'Song of Spring' is a bright and tuneful but conventional setting of Nash's 'Spring, the sweet Spring.' All these are for S.A.T.B. (Elkin).

'The Blackbird' has an air by Battishill, arranged by H. S. Middleton, who has maintained in his parts its sweet flow. This is easy and graceful S.A.T.B. work. The Welsh air which Charles Wood arranged for S.A.T.B. is one of the best. The words, from Talhaiarn, begin 'Life and its follies are fading away.' The tune is admirably framed, in the simplest way (Year Book Press).

Joseph Holbrooke's 'I will woo the rose' is styled a madrigal (for S.A.T.B.). It is a setting of a poem by Hood, a pleasant production of no great originality or difficulty. It contains a somewhat over-ripe cadence that would, I fear, make any of the original tribe of madrigalists shudder; but that will be the best plum in the cake, to some singers (Joseph Williams).

W. R. A.

PIANOFORTE

The biggest pianoforte work this month is 'In the Quiet County,' by Thomas Wood, whose 'Seaman's Overture' is being played at the Promenade concerts almost as I write. It is a Suite of four movements, soliloquies suggested by various features of the Essex countryside, and knit together not only by general unity of style, and a rise and fall of contrasting moods similar to that of a sonata, but also by constant allusion, often veiled and remote, to a sequence of notes which seems to have for the composer a symbolic force. It would be easy perhaps to discover references to this motto in places where no such thing is meant, but suggestions of it occur so frequently that importance is bound to be attached to them. The fanciful might easily associate them with church bells. The composer's style is rigidly diatonic and a good deal modal; there is rhythmic vitality, and a lot of tightly-woven contrapuntal writing, which shows perhaps to best advantage in 'The Wych Field.' Here the possibilities of the motto theme are fully explored with a great deal of quiet and reminiscent beauty, and some extremely effective pianoforte writing.

While there are, as has been suggested, the broad contrasts of mood between one movement and another, there is in the music little emotionalism. It is cool, of the open air rather than the studio, and in this respect reaches out to Vaughan Williams's 'Pastoral' Symphony. Dr. Wood's music has a similar even flow of melodic and contrapuntal interest, a similar lack of sensation, a similar English outlook on the world. The composer's style, however, is in no way a derived one. It has its origins, like every style,

but as one sees it in this Suite it is thoroughly individual. 'In the Quiet County' is an extremely interesting work (Oxford University Press).

From the same Press is Ralph Downes's 'Toccata, Sarabande, and Passepied,' less consistent in style and treatment than Dr. Wood's Suite, but nevertheless of considerable interest. There is real breadth and sweep in the phrases of 'Sarabande,' with its charming cadence-gesture; this movement as a whole is probably the best of the set. 'Passepied,' after a good beginning, somewhat hangs fire. These two movements, however, show less individuality than 'Toccata,' with its confident beginning and general air of determination. The movement is perhaps too short for the amount of material it contains, and is different in style from the subsequent movements, to which it is presumably an introduction, but it has real vitality, works to a good climax, and never allows the interest to flag. It is here, certainly, that one feels the composer to be most truly himself.

Widely different in outlook from either of the foregoing Suites are Frank Bridge's three pieces, published separately by Winthrop Rogers. One notices at once this composer's fine certainty of touch. In 'Hidden Fires' and 'Graziella,' especially the latter, he seems to be looking back to the aims and methods of Scriabin; in 'Canzonetta' he is less ambitious, less elusive, and more immediately attractive. But the first-named pieces have a great deal of meaning to yield to those who have the necessary technique and musical insight. Very striking indeed in 'Hidden Fires' is the atmosphere of energy, restrained but ready to flame out at any moment. 'Graziella' has a charming opening theme and is a finely developed piece of music: but it suffers by its dependence for effect on various shifting combinations of ninths and thirteenth— a salt that has lost its savour. 'Canzonetta' is in every way the simplest of the three, and is a most attractive little work. All the pieces require good technique and musicianship, and it is not unfair to call 'Hidden Fires' and 'Graziella' very difficult.

'Catawba' (an American word meaning a mixture of wine and water—presumably a little wine and a lot of water) is the title of a Suite of four pieces by Leigh Henry, published by Curwen. The titles speak for themselves—'Negro Serenade,' 'Comedienne,' 'Tired Old Boy's Tango,' 'Indiarubber Rhapsody.' More indiarubber all round would have been a good thing. What little spirit the pieces have is got from the use of jazz methods, but even they are powerless to enliven music so intrinsically dull. One sees from the dates at the bottom that the pieces were written in 1910, and that is what one would have guessed. They probably sounded daring and clever in the far-off pre-war days. It was a great mistake, after seventeen years, to drag out the poor little things with the tinsel all faded. It makes them look silly.

Among less pretentious issues may be mentioned 'Joy' and 'Eventide,' by H. W. Chuter (Collard Moutrie), 'Erica, Stately Dance,' by Robert Bullock (Dix), and 'Clematis,' a graceful and tuneful little piece, by W. L. Twining (Weekes).

T. A.

EASY PIANOFORTE MUSIC

Music for teaching purposes is being issued in such quantities that brief notice only is possible. Some new numbers of the Oxford Pianoforte Series (Oxford University Press) may be recommended. Eva Pain's arrangements of a selection of nursery

rhymes under the title 'Favourite Tunes' are admirably suited to the needs of beginners. For those a little more advanced, excellent fare is provided in 'Harvest Time'—six little pieces by Thomas F. Dunhill. F. Percival Driver's 'Three Dance Rhythms' make good studies in two-part playing. No. 3, in particular, will be found excellent for developing fluency and hand independence (Elementary to Lower Division). Rather more difficult are 'Ten Inventions,' by Arthur Somervell. These are well varied, and provide interesting practice in part-playing. The set concludes with a little three-part Fugue. Arnold Foster's 'Three Moods' call for some imagination on the part of the player. 'Serenity' is an expressive little piece of about Higher Division standard. More difficult are 'Pensive Mood'—a Nocturne (*Andante, molto tranquillo, dolente*) with a well-contrasted middle section—and 'Whimsical Mood,' a pleasantly-flowing piece which, however, scarcely justifies its title. The pieces are issued separately. Colin Taylor's 'Little Moon Man' comprises five pieces which are attractive, and excellent for technical purposes, particularly for phrasing and *staccato* (Higher Division).

Of similar grade, and also likely to please, is an album of five pieces by Cecil Baumer entitled 'Country Sketches' (Elkin). The same publishers send two albums suitable for elementary pupils—'In Cynthia's Garden,' by Nicolas d'Averil (twelve skilfully devised five-finger pieces in various keys), and Arthur Baynon's tuneful suite 'Village Silhouettes.' A delightful album for elementary pupils comes from Murdoch. Under the title, 'The Song Master,' are ten songs from Schubert, easily arranged by E. Markham Lee. Edwin Benbow's 'Suite Mignonne' (Cramer) contains five pieces of considerable interest and charm which might usefully be given to Lower Division pupils.

From a number of pieces sent by Joseph Williams can be recommended Ivy Herbert's 'The Snake Charmer' and 'The North Country'; 'Humoreske' and two pieces under one cover entitled, 'Two Villages in a Valley,' by Hubert Hales; and 'A Woodland Dance,' by Frank Jephson (Elementary to Lower Grade). Of the same grade are two gracefully-written pieces under one cover by Clara Osmond, 'When stars are peeping' and 'An Idyll' (Weekes).

G. G.

CHAMBER MUSIC

Harry Farjeon's Quartet No. 4, in C (Paxton), suggests an attitude of mind which to-day is rather rare. The majority of modern quartet writers strain every resource, legitimate and illegitimate, to secure novel effects, and indeed go so far at times as to suggest that the means justify the end. Harry Farjeon, on the other hand, goes to the other extreme, and appears all but unconscious of the fact that there is something to be said for originality of presentation. The critic will be inclined to praise such austerity and reticence, and to express his gratitude to a composer who does not evolve a musical counterpoint of cross-word puzzles and similar urgent problems of the hour. But the general public would probably take more readily to a dish more generously seasoned. It is right to be sparing with the cayenne, but we should not forget a just dose of salt. To some extent this applies also to the Sonata for violin and pianoforte of T. Haigh (Paxton), whose lyrical vein has much to commend

it. Its four movements flow evenly and pleasantly; just a little touch of adventure, however, adds considerably to the attraction of the work.

B. V.

VIOLIN

Two arrangements of exceptional interest have been published during the summer—Adagio Espressivo, from Cantata No. 156, of J. S. Bach, arranged for violin and pianoforte by Harvey Grace (Oxford University Press), and 'Saraband,' by Domenico Zipoli, arranged by Percival Garratt (*Strad* Edition). If the time should ever come when audiences will have had enough of waltzes and the too popular Viennese confectioneries which delight them at present, they will then turn to such pieces as this Bach Adagio for a joy which can never surfeit the appetite and a charm that can never fade. Short pieces of real musical worth are badly wanted if the violinist's repertoire is not to be at the mercy of the virtuoso. In our own lifetime we have seen waves of fashion imposing upon the public and the less gifted performers various compositions not one of which has survived. One may well ask where are the Wieniawski Mazurkas or the Sarasate Spanish dances to-day? They may still fulfil a useful purpose in the school-room; they are never heard at a public concert. It is, then, not pessimism but experience which prompts the thought that many of the fashionable short pieces of the present day must follow in their wake. Both the arrangements under review show conspicuous thought and care, but the Bach Adagio is a nobler piece than the Zipoli Saraband. Moreover, the fingering of the violin part of the latter suggests the editor's bias rather than a desire to be of help to the performer. Not that such help is needed, for any violinist capable of doing justice to the technical difficulties of the Saraband could be trusted to discover for himself the right fingering. It must be admitted, however, that the editor of the Saraband is only following the general tendency of the day, which is all for numerous expression marks and detailed fingering instructions. In our opinion it would be a gain if fingering were to be marked by the editor only when he has in his mind a special effect. Teachers may then give it greater consideration than they are apt to do at present.

The 'Rowlands Salon Series' (Rowlands, London) has been added to, and now encloses a number of slight but not unpleasing compositions by Gordon Ferris, a 'Valse Souvenir' by Helen T. Hurrell, and 'Twilight Musings,' by Walter L. Twinning. The special purpose of the series is to provide music which, while complete in the pianoforte score, will also sound well with the addition of a violin or a cello part, or both. The composers have met these somewhat unusual requirements with distinct ability.

B. V.

Three volumes of the Musicians' Library have been received for review (Oliver Ditson). Two are concerned with Brahms, one containing Forty Songs for high voice, the other a fine choice from the pianoforte works—F minor Sonata, four Ballades, Waltzes, two Rhapsodies, four Capriccios, four Intermezzi, and the Scherzo in E flat minor. The songs have German and English texts, the latter by divers hands. The print is large and bold. A capital feature in both volumes is the introduction by the Editor, James Huneker. The third volume

contains seventy Negro Spirituals, for high voice, edited by William Arnes Fisher, who contributes a long preface. The arrangers are Burleigh, Gaines, Harvey Gaul, Grant-Schaefer, &c. The accompaniments as a whole strike us as being over-sophisticated. There are some deeply touching things in this volume, but they lose rather than gain from the elaborate pianoforte parts and chromatic harmonies. Moreover, singers who know how to handle these artless songs need no such directions as 'Yearningly,' 'Impressively,' 'Wailing,' 'Intensely,' &c.

Messrs. Curwen have issued the full score of Arthur Bliss's Introduction and Allegro for full orchestra (one guinea). The composer is surely one of the most genuinely original and vital of the young English school, and it is a matter for surprise and regret that so little of his music is heard in public. This Introduction and Allegro, for example, is streets ahead of most of the orchestral novelties heard during the past year.

Walter L. Twinning's 'Four Short Duets' may be recommended to pianists of fair ability. Primo and secondo parts are of the same grade, and are fully fingered; the pieces are all well-written and attractive (Collard Moutrie).

Amongst the most interesting and useful contributions to the problem of Anglican Chanting was 'The Responsive Psalter,' by the late Rev. James Eckersley. At the time of his death he had in hand a revision; this has now been completed by Dr. George Oldroyd and Mr. John Brook (Novello).

Messrs. Walsh Holmes have issued an Album of Ten Songs by Purcell. Interesting features are facsimile reproductions of the title-page of 'Orpheus Britannicus,' the Dedicatory Letter of the composer's widow, and the original setting of each song. The songs are mainly familiar—'I attempt from love's sickness,' 'Nymphs and Shepherds,' 'Hark! the echoing air,' 'Mad Bess,' &c. It seems a pity a more adventurous selection was not made. The chosen songs are always welcome, but most of us would have liked a few unfamiliar examples as well, instead of so many facsimiles. One of the latter would have served. The accompaniments are by Ernest Reeves, and the only adverse criticism we have to make concerns his over-liberal use of the dominant seventh, especially in the second inversion. For example, in 'I attempt from love's sickness to fly,' in bars 7 and 8 are two $\frac{7}{4}$ chords, where it is pretty certain, judging from the original bass, that Purcell intended a plain triad and a chord of the sixth respectively. The very sparing use of the $\frac{7}{4}$ by Purcell and Handel makes its presence in modern editions of their works seem almost anachronistic. No doubt composers of that period felt its weakness—just as we do now, owing to composers of the past generation plastering their scores with it and that other overdone dissonance, the diminished seventh. The album under notice is attractively produced, and contains a portrait of Purcell.

The Committee of Editors responsible for 'The Scottish Students' Song-Book' has now put forth a volume wider in scope: 'The British Students' Song-Book.' There is no overlapping in the selections. The new volume is of three hundred and fifty pages. The arrangements have been done by Mr. J. Purcell Mansfield. The various sections are: Songs of the

Gown; Soldier Songs and Sea Songs; Songs of Love; Songs of Revelry; Divers Ditties; Songs of Sport; Songs of the Nations; and Songs of the Colleges. A capital, well-edited selection in every way.

Player-Piano Notes

Duo-Art.—The label on the first movement of the 'From the New World' Symphony leads one to expect a two-handed arrangement, but a hearing leaves one in no doubt as to its being a good four-hand version, either played by Rudolph Ganz and a nameless partner, or very ingeniously faked. As a transcription it is successful, apart from an inevitably dull opening where the touch of mystery and expectancy produced by the orchestra is beyond the pianoforte (526).

Josef Hofmann gives a delightful performance of Chopin's Nocturne in F minor, Op. 55, No. 1 (7108)—sympathetic without being sentimental.

Like so much of Schubert's music, his 'Moment Musical' in A flat fails to hold the listener's interest after a very short while. There is too much repetition and too little development. Oliver Denton plays well, and does for it all that is possible (6233).

Bach's beautiful Sarabande from the 'French' Suite in E is played by Harold Samuel. One need only say that the result comes up to expectations (7081).

There is a pleasant selection from 'The Pirates of Penzance' (7095), given by Robert Armbruster. We are still waiting for a 'worth-while' roll from this capable artist.

Hand-played.—Here again is Josef Hofmann in another Chopin roll—a brilliant performance of the Scherzo in B flat minor. The descending arpeggi are particularly delightful (A1005f).

Some very clear and rippling scale-passages too, are the feature of Harold Bauer's playing of the 'Harmonious Blacksmith' Variations (A1001c).

Eustace Horodyski's time is so erratic in Grünfeld's pleasant but commonplace 'Valse de Ballet' that the rhythm is frequently lost (A1003d).

There is an adequate pianoforte arrangement of 'The Lost Chord' played by Erno Rapee (A1007d).

Metrostyle.—It is interesting to have two rolls of Josef Holbrooke's tone-poem 'The Viking' (T30330c-01c). Most of the thunder and lightning is on the first roll, and is quite thrilling, but the Finale is disappointing, with its patches of rather ordinary sentimental material. Both rolls, however, are effective and not difficult to manage.

Gerald Phillips's 'Seguidillas' is of the light type, quite attractive, though with over-much repetition (T30325d).

Of the same kind is Schütt's dainty 'Marionette Sentimentale' (T30326b). Both these give the minimum of trouble.

In the well-known Pavane, 'The Earl of Salisbury,' by Byrd, the pedal-marking is unsatisfactory. Most of it (there is a good deal) is superfluous. Correct management of the pedal is of greater difficulty on the player-piano than in ordinary pianoforte-playing, even supposing the markings to be satisfactory. It needs much time and patience before one can work the lever so that the effect may be heard at the required fraction of the second. This Pavane is

most effective without pedalling, as it is exceptionally well cut and all the notes are given their full time-values (T30327a).

Song-Rolls.—These are 'In Springtime' (Newton), played by Charles Blackmore (26785); 'A Bowl of Roses' (Clarke), played by Albert Fream (26783); 'Paddy's Choice' (Bullock), played by Cyril Westerby (26782); and 'Captain Mac' (Sanderson), played by Albert Fream. D. G.

THE AMATEUR STRING QUARTET

BY JAMES BROWN

V.

(Continued from September number, p. 800.)

For the realisation of any value that it may possess, all that I have written so far about toning, tuning, timing, and such-like matters relating to the art of string quartet playing depends entirely on certain antecedent conditions. You can't take a child from the streets and proceed straight away to teach him how to read and enjoy Sophocles in the original Greek. Similarly, it would be futile to take young players who, however musical they may be by nature, have had no previous training in real music-making as distinct from the mere turning out of notes and time-values, and expect them either to start off at once on their careers as lovers and players of chamber music or to undergo the somewhat severe discipline that is essential to the art of S.Q. playing even in its simplest form. Among the 'antecedent conditions' to be taken into account in the case of young S.Q. players, certain requirements are obvious. These include technical skill on the chosen instrument, a good theoretical knowledge of music, and the steady intention to be constantly 'at it' which marks the born player. But there are several other requirements which are not obvious at all but which are nevertheless essential. The chief of these are (a) a sensitive and delicate nature; (b) much nervous force and impulse; (c) a fine feeling for rightness, order, and balance; and, above all, (d) an intuitive sense of what *other people*, all the time are doing, thinking, and feeling. (Memorise these desiderata. I don't suggest that you should acquire the specified qualities, still less that you should assume them if you have them not, but my observation tells me that most people who take kindly to chamber music have them already as a congenial gift, which, however, still requires lifelong cultivation.)

Such a list of 'antecedent conditions' should give us plenty to think about. Requirement (d), for instance, *i.e.*, the 'intuitive sense of what other people are doing, thinking, and feeling,' &c., is, I believe, the basis of all good S.Q. work, and I intend to make it the subject of my final article, next month, on Style and Quality in S.Q. playing. Meanwhile the immediate point in the argument is that before we can be quite sure of the value and effect of any such devices as I have already suggested, in previous articles, for improving the standard of our S.Q. performances, it is necessary to take into consideration all sorts of questions concerning, for example, individual disposition, previous (mental and moral as well as musical) culture and experience, and even such things as family history, &c.

In biology, the science of growth and development, it is necessary to study, in mutual relation, (1) the 'organism' and (2) the 'environment.' In order to

get good bread, we must have good seed corn; that is the organism, the thing that lives and grows. Again, if we want our seed corn to grow properly we must find the right kind of soil, cultivate it in the right way and, having sown the corn, hope for the right sort of weather. All these things together make up the environment. Now, our particular 'organism' is of course the S.Q. group. But what is the 'environment' or set of conditions which encourages and limits the growth and development of the group? It consists of quite a lot of interesting 'given' circumstances, such as (a) the state of society, either civilized or savage, &c., either in peace or at war, and so on; (b) the general level of culture, learning, and manners; (c) the current standard of musical education; (d) economic conditions, &c. Each of these things plays some part in determining the extent to which our aspirant S.Q. groups can carry out their desires. I think that those groups that most clearly understand what they are 'up to,' and also what they are 'up against,' will stand a much better chance of success than those that are less distinctly aware of their own aims and prospects, and that is my reason for treating the subject in this somewhat dry and scientific manner.

There is something peculiar and special about the String Quartet considered as a mode of concerted music making. Think of all the choirs and bands that have ever been, and think especially of those that are composed mainly or entirely of amateurs. Is it not broadly true that for centuries most people have been fairly happy and contented—that, indeed, they are only just beginning to be a little unhappy and discontented—with a somewhat rough and ready standard of choral and orchestral tuning, toning, timing, phrasing, &c., and that nearly everybody is willing to put up with a good deal of musical deficiency for the sake of the exhilaration that can be got out of heartiness, good feeling, and the joy of being all together? Please do not misunderstand me. I am not going to take up a 'superior' attitude. I have a warm place in my heart for all combined doings of a musical or semi-musical character. I have listened with delight for hours to the worst brass band I ever heard in my life, and afterwards begged, and was allowed by the bandmaster, to take part with the rest of the band by playing in the village street on the B flat baritone. The singing of 'What shall we do with the drunken sailor?' by thousands of unrehearsed singers, mostly 'untrained,' is a perfectly wonderful affair. Still, there is, as I have said before, something peculiar and 'different' about the String Quartet. What is it?

I find one word which to me seems to sum up the essential character of the String Quartet as a mode of concerted music-making. The word is 'aristocratic.' I can of course see that this word, so applied, will need a lot of explaining and qualifying. By 'aristocracy,' for example, I do *not* mean social prominence, or land-owning, or titles; these things are extraneous to our present purpose. I mean the mental and spiritual quality that results from the intensive culture of courtesy and fine taste. It is very significant to me that the String Quartet was born and grew to maturity in aristocratic surroundings. In the 17th century every prince, grand duke, &c., had in his own home a permanent string quartet in which he himself and his family took part as performers. Just think how entirely natural and appropriate this is. It takes several

generations to make either a first-rate nobleman or a first-rate string quartet player. String quartet playing demands the devotion of countless hours of leisure (=time not reckoned in terms of money), and such unlimited time could be, and was, found by the amateurs of the early S.Q. period. Then string quartet playing is perhaps the most perfect expression, in terms of music, of that precious human quality which we call courtesy, and it so happens that the earliest (Western and secular) development of this quality into a settled and traditional custom was achieved by the aristocrats—that is to say, by those specially fortunate people who, in advance of all other classes, acquired the means and leisure necessary for the cultivation of courtly behaviour.

I think that is enough to explain how the two ideas, of the string quartet and of 'aristocracy,' came to be associated together in my mind. But there is yet another connecting link between the two things. We all know the phrase 'an aristocracy of talent,' and I think we may, without impropriety, speak of the most eminent authorities in any art or science as a sort of aristocracy. Now, it so happens that the early patrons of chamber music had the wisdom to engage the permanent services, as musical directors, composers, performers, and teachers, of the greatest string musicians of their time. Thus it seems quite reasonable to speak of string quartet playing, in that early period, as, in a double sense, an aristocratic art because its history was shaped by the influences of *two* 'aristocracies'—the aristocracy of birth and fortune and the aristocracy of string musicianship. I feel much tempted, indeed, to point to yet a *third* aristocracy which flourished in that wonderful period—I mean the aristocracy of stringed instrument makers, as represented by the Amati, the Stradivari, and the Guarneri. These great craftsmen, by providing the players with instruments of perfect tone, contributed incalculably to the quality both of S.Q. composition and S.Q. performance. Anyhow, I think you really do know now what I mean by speaking of early S.Q. playing as an aristocratic art.

I will now go one step further. I declare my belief that the art of S.Q. playing still is, and always will be, in character essentially aristocratic. This opinion, like the preceding one, demands careful explanation. We have already got rid of some unnecessary and irrelevant associations, such as secular rank and titles, which have nothing to do with the case. Let us get rid of a few more. Grandeur does not interest us; in fact, it is a bit of a bore to all sensible people, including princes. Wealth is a little more exciting, but only up to the point at which it yields us sufficient leisure for string quartet playing. Courtesy still remains as a sort of fundamental principle of S.Q. playing, but then this quality is now no longer recognised as an attribute of any social class. In fact, the idea of connecting the string quartet with any material circumstance, or with any actually existing body of persons, may now be definitely excluded from our thoughts. What, then, remains, and why should I go on saying that the art of S.Q. playing is, and always will be, essentially aristocratic in character? Well, simply because I want to make quite clear in my own mind and in yours the immense difference that exists between the string quartet player's way of approaching music on the one hand, and, on the other, the manner of approach adopted by the majority of quite good people who have a sort of liking for music.

Perhaps instead of 'music' I should say 'social music'; that is to say, music performed by several people together. Think of the convivial singing of a 'chorus' at a club supper. Here the total of enjoyment is prodigious, but the question for us is, How much of the joy is *musical*: that is to say, how much of it is due to the just appreciation of the pitches, time-values, intensities, tone-qualities, &c., all in due relation and as part of a musical design?

Probably quite a good deal, otherwise people would not need the musical element at all, but would be content with a cheerful but formless noise. Now, however, think of a fine string quartet, well played by good artists. Here again the total of enjoyment is entirely beyond calculation, but once more the question, for us, is, How much of the 'joy' is musical, *i.e.*, due to the just appreciation of the pitches, &c. (see above), as part of a musical design? Practically all of it; indeed it is impossible to extricate the 'social' joy from the 'musical' joy, because they are actually the same thing. The whole question turns on the kind and quality of the joy. There is no need to condemn convivial singing or any other combined music making. That would be a silly, supercilious, 'highbrow' sort of thing to do. All the same, I am firmly convinced of the superiority of string quartet playing as a form of musical recreation for a certain kind of amateur. I think that into each generation is born a certain very small minority of musically inclined children who are destined, under favourable conditions, to become players of chamber music. I think that these children are, in a real sense, the 'elect,' speaking musically, and that it is the duty and privilege of us older understanding musicians to afford the gifted youngsters every opportunity of developing their special musical faculties early in life. I *don't* think the best early training for a young person of this kind is to 'examine' him, or to send him to an academy where they specialise in the training of professionals, though no doubt a year at one of our best schools of music at about twenty or twenty-one would do him a world of good. It is better to see that he has a really fine master for the first three years, and meanwhile to provide him with plenty of chances of playing with others, starting with the violin duet or duet for violin and cello, &c. Musical Competition Festival committees can do invaluable service by starting classes for chamber music of all sorts, with reasonable tests especially designed to let in the younger players. Prizes could take the form of scores and parts of string quartets, or of books like Dunhill's 'Chamber Music' (Macmillan), or Herter Norton's 'String Quartet Playing' (American, order through Novello); both fine books—the first for students and composers, the second for somewhat advanced players. Rich amateurs of string music could give or lend good instruments to promising young players.

There is one obstacle which confronts alike the committees of selection and our junior S.Q. teams, and that is the difficulty of finding quartets that are not too hard for young teams to play properly. Apart from certain isolated movements by Haydn, I know only one obtainable quartet that fulfils this condition, *viz.*, Lachner's Op. 104, in G (Augener), and that one, except for the last movement, is none too good, musically speaking. In order partly to supply this deficiency, I am now editing, and shall shortly publish, an old and very charming Quartet by Vachon. It is not 'easy'—I never saw a quartet that was—

but players who have been learning for about three or four years ought to be able to play it. Five other quartets of a similar kind will follow the Vachon in due course.

Once more returning to our main theme, and speaking more directly to my chosen readers, the youngest generation of S.Q. players and teams, I would say: Study the little historical sketch of early string quartet playing, which I have given above, and try to reproduce all that you find good in it. The most fortunate among you have probably had the good sense to hit upon grandfathers who have bequeathed to you certain excellent old instruments, preferably Italian. Others have wisely chosen parents who love and play chamber music, and who are bringing up their musical children to do likewise. The luckiest of you will find yourselves, at the age of fourteen perhaps, taking part in a grown-up string quartet, but I hope that a few years after that you will be playing with people of your own age, and that you and your contemporary companions will be largely left to look after yourselves. Then, as you come to know more or less what the string quartet means to you, I hope you will boldly make up your own minds as to what kind of work you really want to do. There is a lot of dull, humdrum quartet playing still going on among amateurs of all ages, and it is the business of *your* generation to wake things up a bit, and to establish a fine tradition for the future. Start with the idea that there must not be a single dull moment or uninteresting bar in anything you play.

How to make your playing interesting is another matter. In previous articles I have tried to give you a few useful hints on this subject, but in the last resort you must find it, and everything else, out for yourselves. If you can find a good string musician to coach your team, get him to help, advise, and criticise your work, but also you should still rehearse a great deal without such supervision. Study your scores. Find out what everybody else is supposed to be doing. Base all your work on actual Hearing. I wonder if you have any idea how very little everybody (including yourselves) actually *hears* of any composition. Start now your elementary training in the art of hearing. Take any quartet. Learn from the score, or parts, exactly what notes go to make up the first chord. Don't try the notes on the pianoforte. Play the chord many times, first piecemeal, then whole. Can you really *hear* all the notes in combination? If not, practise for weeks until you can. Then add, bit by bit. Go very slowly. Remember that the whole quality of your life-work as S.Q. players, and the degree of your joy in it, depends on real hearing. Not all the sentiment in the world, nor any romantic and poetical *talk* about music, will ever satisfy you in the long run; the only way to be a musician is to develop, early in life, this simple power of *hearing* what notes are being sounded instead of being luxuriously passive while the sounds fall on your sense of hearing without any genuine mental reception on your part.

Then there is your life-training in pulsation to be attended to. Manage this in much the same way, only even more creatively. *Think* pulsation, time-spots, bar-structure, and patterns or designs in time-values, at odd times daily and all day. Invent—I mean, make up—amusing patterns of your own. This is a kind of spontaneous composition, quite easy to do, and good for your mental health; and it is also, I believe, the foundation of all our skill and readiness in the delivery of time-values when we are

performing real music. Finally, do all these things only because you love doing them, and for no other reason. Stick to your ideal of what S.Q. playing ought to be, and keep the team together.

(To be concluded.)

Occasional Notes

The association of music and politics tends to become closer. The Conservative Party recently organized a competitive Festival on party lines, and a prize has been awarded for a song for use at Liberal meetings. It has been left to the Labour Party to read into well-known works the principles of Trades Unionism. Thus, in connection with the Trades Union Congress held at Edinburgh in September, a concert was given in Usher Hall, the items of which were 'interpreted' in the programme-notes as follows:

A march, 'Sounds of Peace,' by Franz von Blon: 'Ushering in 100 per cent. of Trades Unionism.'

Overture to German's 'Much Ado about Nothing': 'Illustrative of Baldwin's anti-Trades Union or Blacklegs' Charter Act, if the workers act together.'

Overture to 'Rienzi': typifies 'the revolt of the people against oppression, just as the Trades Union Congress has to do now.'

The 'Hebrides' Overture: 'In this piece you can almost hear the waves dashing on the rocks and being broken up, as you will shortly see in the case of the attackers of Trades Unionism, with the resulting calm.'

Overture, 'Merchant of Venice': 'Just as Shylock over-reached himself, so will the greedy hordes of Capitalism in face of the Workers' Advocate.'

We read that the 'programme was enthusiastically received,' but how much of the enthusiasm was due to the music and how much to the 'interpretations' we can only guess.

A Chicago correspondent, in the course of a letter concerning Bach matters recently discussed in this journal, tells us that Haupt, the famous old German organist, regularly began the day by playing the whole of Bach's Six Trio-Sonatas from memory before breakfast. This information our correspondent had from a celebrated organist who was a pupil of Haupt's. It is true that the old gentleman had a sort of double breakfast—coffee and rolls very early, then the Sonatas, followed by a real breakfast. Even so, it was a feat. We commend this practice to organist readers as a bit of stern self-discipline for the coming winter.

For twenty years Mr. Harry Marshall Pitt was bandmaster of the Hull Seamen's and General Orphanage; for nine years he filled a similar post on board H.M. Training Ship at Southampton; and for twenty-seven years he was band-sergeant of the 1st Battalion E.Y.R. Many hundreds of excellent musicians scattered throughout the world owe much to the splendid training they received from him during boyhood. Mr. Pitt has now been ill for several years, and is unable to follow his professional work. As a means of expressing public appreciation of his fine record of service, and in order to provide him with the help he urgently needs, the Hull Branch of the Musicians' Union has opened a Testimonial Fund. The appeal is addressed

to his old pupils at home and abroad; to musicians in general; and to all who desire to recognise valuable public service. We warmly commend the Fund to our readers' notice. The hon. secretary and treasurer is Mr. H. Dover, 14, Hinderwell Street, Hull.

The Sunday Evening Concert Society, now in its eighth year, announces a series of chamber concerts of great interest. On October 2 the performers will be the Kutcher Quartet, Harriet Cohen, and John Goss (Franck's Quintet, String Quartets by Beethoven and Dvorák); on the 9th, Pianoforte and Violin Sonatas by Mozart and Brahms, and violin and pianoforte solos by Bach and Brahms, are the fare, the players being William Primrose and Solomon. Isobel Maclaren will sing songs by Brahms. The Wood Smith Quartet will play Quartets by Mozart, on the 16th; Sextets by Brahms and Schönberg will also be given. These specimen programmes will serve to whet the appetite of chamber music enthusiasts. The concerts will take place at the Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, N.W. Full programmes and other particulars from the hon. secretary, Miss Mabel Fletcher, 26, Uplands Road, N.8.

Our correspondence columns have lately shown the need of some regulation in the use of the initials L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M. Many of our readers complain that the public is often deceived by the diplomée's silence concerning the subject for which the distinction was granted. A reader sends us from a provincial paper, an advertisement announcing that 'Mr. —, Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music, Associate of the Royal College of Music, has a few vacancies in the following subjects: piano, organ, violin, singing, and in all theoretical subjects.' Reference to the official lists shows that the advertiser's L.R.A.M. diploma was for Theatrical Conductorship, the A.R.C.M. being for Military Bandmastership! Our correspondent says that, discussing the teacher and his qualifications with local parents and others interested, he finds them under the impression that Mr. — has passed examinations in *all* the subjects he teaches. They are surprised to find that the diplomas were gained for proficiency in subjects not mentioned in his advertisement. It is certainly high time something was done to check so glaring an abuse. The advertisement also makes a parade of the fact that Mr. — is a teacher registered by the Teachers' Registration Council. But does the Council register him as a teacher of singing, organ, violin, &c., on the strength of military bandmastership and theatrical conducting diplomas?

St. Martin-in-the-Fields being one of the most easily-accessible of London churches, its musical activities should be of interest to a great many readers. We draw attention, therefore, to the admirable music-makings that take place there on Saturday afternoons (3.15). The new series begins on October 1, with a recital for two pianofortes by Jean Hamilton and Arnold Goldsbrough. The weekly programmes till December to include a pianoforte and violin recital by Kathleen Long and Seymour Whingates, motets and madrigals by the St. George's Singers, a recital by Reginald Paul, the B minor Mass (the St. Michael's Singers), 'Sleepers, wake,' and the 'Christmas' Oratorio, &c. The

St. Martin's Choral Society rehearses on Thursdays at 8.0, and the orchestra on Tuesdays, at 6.0. There are vacancies in both. Apply to the secretary, 6, St. Martin's Place.

An interesting letter from Dr. G. J. Bennett, headed 'The Savoy Operas in Germany,' appeared in *The Times* of September 5. Dr. Bennett showed that German musicians from the first regarded comic opera as Sullivan's strong side. Speaking of a semi-private performance of 'The Mikado' forty years ago, at Munich, Dr. Bennett (who was then studying there under Rheinberger) says:

The work was received with delight by the audience, musicians of such different schools as Hermann Levi (conductor at Munich and Bayreuth, including the first performance of 'Parsifal') and Josef Rheinberger speaking of it with the greatest enthusiasm, and this at a time when our leading English musicians considered that Sullivan was debasing his art by composing such things, and looked upon him as a sort of renegade.

Rheinberger became so interested in Sullivan that he asked Dr. Bennett to obtain for him a copy of 'The Golden Legend,' which had just been produced at Leeds. English critics hailed this as a masterpiece, and a sign of grace in Sullivan, but, says Dr. Bennett:

Rheinberger was disappointed with the work, and he considered that Sullivan's gifts were best displayed in such works as 'The Mikado.'

As Dr. Bennett says, times have changed:

Sullivan's more serious works are now neglected, whilst the popularity of his Savoy operas seems to be ever on the increase, and they are now accepted even by our most exclusive musicians. It would seem that this neglect of his more serious works is overdone, and may possibly before long be followed by some degree of reaction, especially in view of the difficulty that choral societies experience in finding new works interesting both to chorus and audience, and of not excessive difficulty. At the same time one cannot but feel that the German musicians of forty years ago showed more discernment in their judgment of Sullivan's music than our own professors of that time.

Points from Lectures

Summer-time brings not only the longer day but the longer lecture—indeed, whole courses of them. Both are beneficial: daylight brings health, and lecture courses avoid winter snippets. Unfortunately musical journals do not put the clock either backward or forward; the editorial powers have laws of polar regularity. Thus it is decreed that lecture notices shall be short even as night succeeds day.

A great deal of lecturing goes on at the Summer Course in Music Teaching at Oxford, and meets the needs of budding conductors and nascent teachers, where numbers increase, which is a hopeful sign. Good, too, is the advice they receive. A straight tip, however, may hit too hard. Of that description was the dictum of the Rector of Exeter (Pro-Vice-Chancellor of Oxford), who said that 'vulgar music may be more degrading than murder. Don't take your music from America, or from niggers,' said Dr. Farnell, 'take it mainly from God, Who is the source of all good music. Nigger music comes from the devil.' Whereupon Sir Hugh Allen reminded the speaker that 'God made the nigger.'

In an introductory address, Sir Hugh Allen said :

I am one of those cranks who think that you cannot learn music unless you use your voice. Will you let that be the best advice I can give, as an Oxford musician, to you who have come to Oxford for music? Learn your music, not by hitting something, not by plucking something like a ukulele, but with the voice that God gave you.

The carol was traced by Mr. Geoffrey Shaw from pagan origin, even earlier than the first Christmas carol sung by the angelic choir to the shepherds. By the 16th century the carol came to be not only definitely associated with Christmas, but with all the festivals of the Church. In pre-Reformation days the carol had always been strongly corporate and objective, but at the Reformation the emphasis of doctrine was shifted somewhat from the Incarnation to the Atonement, and this change was reflected in the song, which became very strongly subjective, and refused to recognise Christmas Day. In his second lecture, the speaker said :

Singers, of all folk in the world, were the class of people who least understood music, and they were the people who wanted training in the understanding of music.

Yet Sir Hugh Allen advised everybody to sing ! In a third lecture, Mr. Shaw said :

... it is not necessary that a child should understand every word of the song he sang. I rather feel there ought to be some little thing left to the imagination, and we must get away from the 'little drops of water, little grains of sand' type of hymn. Second thoughts are best.

Dr. George Dyson's vacation course on the romantic movement in music had a focal point in the talk on Schumann and the relation between music and literature, more particularly poetry. The man who, above all others, made men lean towards this view of literature in its intimate connection with music was Robert Schumann. His work fell curiously into many quite different categories. Up till 1840 he wrote hardly anything except pianoforte music, but in 1840 the romantic experience of his marriage turned him into a song-writer, and in this year alone he wrote a hundred and thirty songs. Then came a year when he turned to the orchestra, and wrote symphonies. Finally, in 1843, he became a professor in the Conservatorium at Leipzig. One of the great things that Schumann did was to discover the music of Schubert, and his acumen as a critic was almost without equal.

Community singing, Major J. T. Bavin finds, is doing a big social work. It could lead from the roughest sort of sing-song up to a real choir. In one place he had in four nights lifted a village community to the point of reading in parts a simple sight-test. But in starting with a given community, a beginning should be made with songs they already knew, however poor these might be ; by choice of contrasting types an elementary idea of interpretation could soon be introduced. Technical exercises should only be given after the practical need for them had been encountered in actual performance. People wanted to learn, but they would not stand anything like singing lessons, and leaders should be content to get one thing right at a time, and never let them think that an attempt was being made to improve them. Here end the references to the Oxford Course, leaving many subjects and lectures unnamed.

But Oxford is not done with. A conference of the Industrial Welfare Society was held, at which

Sir Richard Terry, in his racy way, trounced the British Broadcasting Corporation :

The music which comes over the wireless is for the most part on the same intellectual level as the old penny dreadful. . . . What would you say of an institution which gave out literature as the B.B.C. gives out music, which gave you bits of Shakespeare now and then, but fed you for the most part on extracts from the penny dreadfuls. It is the populace which makes great music popular. It is the slack, middle-class people who prefer the worst—not the multitude !

As if to drive home this wedge, the *Morning Post* asked Sir Thomas Beecham about it, and he said :

I have no quarrel with the B.B.C. ; my contention is that all music sounds bad by wireless. Listeners-in are at the mercy of atmospherics and bad receivers.

Seldom is a Rotary Club address so fruitful in musical thought as that which was given at Ripon by Dr. C. H. Moody :

Prof. Burkett [he said] has laid it down that not more than five per cent. of the British people are definitely musical—by which he is understood to mean capable of enjoying music in its higher forms. Prof. Buck estimates the number of potential music-lovers as high as fifty per cent. I crave leave to raise the percentage to seventy-five. The vast majority will become musical when they have learnt the importance of the gulf between hearing music and listening to it. The musical life of any country depends not so much on the work of the trained professional musicians as on the earnest, whole-hearted efforts of the people themselves. It is to the cultivated amateur that we must look for a great renaissance.

Of wireless transmission, Dr. Moody said that if we listened to a distant organ the actual tone rarely attained to a higher level than that of a first-class harmonium. Concert promoters reported an alarming falling off in the attendances at concerts. The very existence of our choral and smaller orchestral societies was threatened. Many societies were endeavouring to carry on by sacrificing their old ideals. It would be better to submit to honourable dissolution than to pander to a degenerate taste. There was no need to broadcast bad music. Listeners-in were not fools, and could be trusted to recognise and enjoy good fare when it was put before them in a really attractive manner. The general adoption of wireless installations might postpone a dream musicians had hoped soon to see realised, viz., the provision of municipal orchestras. The orchestra was the greatest of all musical educators, and the gramophone and the organ were the only possible substitutes for it. The competition festival movement, in Dr. Moody's view, augured well for the future of native musicians, but the revival of community singing had not the unqualified approval of musicians. In view of the 'influence of music,' not merely educational and recreative, but spiritual and physical, those who retarded this movement ranged themselves of deliberate choice among the antagonists of progress.

'Don'ts' save a lot of space, and at this point a few for conductors may be given. Dr. F. J. Staton, lecturing at the Summer School of Music, at St. Andrews, said : Don't beat six or four in a bar if two will do. Don't omit to give a clear first beat—think of the agony of mind of the drummer who has to play one solitary *fortissimo* note after a forty bar rest. Don't stamp, or make weird noises. Don't move your feet—if you have a strong sense of rhythm it will not be in your feet. Don't make long speeches at rehearsal. Don't go to rehearsal unprepared. Don't imagine that all eyes are on you. Don't let

your left hand do the same thing as your right hand. Don't stick slavishly to the metronome speed—if we have any blood at all we must at times exceed the speed limit.

The British Association Congress allotted a small place to music. Introducing children who demonstrated the work of the Leeds School of Music and Drama League, Sir Henry Hadow pointed out how great had been the progress made within living memory. He went on to say that all the great periods in our modern civilisation were distinguished by the reverence paid to music and the drama. After the apex of such periods deterioration in music and the drama began to show itself. Right from the beginning of history the dramatic instinct of children had always been marked. In training and developing this instinct they were doing a great deal for the cultural side of children's education. Children had no doubt certain disadvantages. They had not the same strength of voice, or the same experience, but they were less self-conscious than actors and actresses of a later stage of life. They had much more sense of the team spirit, and they were much less inclined to take the footlights to themselves.

Lecture prospects are bright for the winter. One has only to look through the syllabus of the London County Council Lectures for Teachers (which every musical reader should see) to feel proud of 'dear old London.' Numerous societies also have monthly lectures—e.g., the Musical Association, the Tonic Sol-fa Association, the Training School for Music Teachers, and other teaching institutions, the term course in music at Gresham College, and many others. Provincial towns are advancing in lecture-catering. There are musicians, too, whose lives are almost wholly spent on lecture tours. I notice, for instance, that during the present term Dr. E. Markham Lee is lecturing on 'Some Makers of Modern Music' at Tottenham (Mondays), Westcliff (alternate Tuesdays), Preston, Lancs (alternate Tuesdays); also on 'Great Master Musicians' at St. Anne's-on-Sea on alternate Wednesdays; and in addition he will lecture on 'British Music' at Reading on October 19, and on November 28, at Kew, on 'Music and Nationality.'

J. G.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL

By CYRIL BRADLEY ROTHAM

I spent a week of my summer holiday in the charming town of Salzburg, partly because it was on the way to the Austrian Tyrol, but especially since I wished to hear as much as I could of the much-advertised musical Festival, which went on through the whole of August. I was able to see and hear 'Everyman'; Beethoven's Mass in D, and 'Fidelio'; Mozart's 'Don Juan'; 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' with the whole of Mendelssohn's music, and two orchestral concerts. The programmes of the latter included Haydn's well-known Symphony in D, Beethoven's fifth Symphony, and three works by Mozart—a March in D, a Serenade, also in D, and a work which I had never heard before, a Concerto for four solo instruments and orchestra. Austria evidently was doing its musical best. Vienna contributed its Philharmonic Orchestra for the Mass and for the orchestral concerts, and its Opera Orchestra for the operas. The choir for the Mass, and most of the solo singers, also came from Vienna:

a few came from Germany. For 'Everyman' the actors and actresses came from Vienna, Berlin, Salzburg, and other Austrian and German towns.

The performances varied in merit and achievement. Some were very fine; others disappointed me. It may not be uninteresting, therefore, if I record my impressions.

'Everyman' I had seen in English several times, so naturally I was anxious to know what Hugo von Hofmannsthal would make of it in his own German version, staged by Reinhardt. Salzburg is notoriously a wet place. The rain, which had rather damped my old admiration for Innsbruck in that delightful town on August 15-16, and still continued on my arrival at Salzburg on the 16th, fortunately cleared away by the morning of the 17th. So the performance of 'Everyman' took place in the open, as advertised, on that day. The stage was placed in front of the west door of the Cathedral, and the audience occupied part of the fine square which acts both as a delightful setting and an effective sounding-box for the actors. The performance was most impressive. Although I had the German text in my hand, the acting and elocution of nearly all the cast made it to a large extent superfluous. Everyman himself (Alexander Moissi, of Berlin) was admirable. Frieda Richard, also of Berlin, Everyman's Mother, made a small part memorable by her wonderful presence and beautiful voice. The part of Death was taken by Luis Rainer, of Vienna, with impressive significance. The smaller parts were adequately portrayed by women and men alike, though Faith sounded rather monotonous by contrast with the rest. I suppose that the Devil in mediæval plays should always be comic, but Wladimir Sokoloff, of Vienna, admirable comedian as he was, brought us down to earth with an unnecessarily heavy bump, so several of us thought. The climax in the scene of the feast was Reinhardt's chief triumph. It was skilfully built up by the aid of music and dancing, and every one of the many actors and actresses on the stage contributed to the excitement. The wild hilarity was suddenly broken by the uneasy rising of Everyman, the hushing of revelry, and the solemn calling of 'Jedermann' by hidden voices, in turn coming from inside the Cathedral, from the top of a house at the side of the square, from the tower of the Franciscan Church behind us, and finally from the heights of the fortress of the Hohensalzburg, far away on the hill above. Fanfares on brass instruments in unison, accompanied by drums, and one single loud minor chord held on the organ within the Cathedral, recurred again and again during the action of the play with great effect.

By 8 p.m. on the same day we were in the Cathedral to hear the Mass in D. The choir was good: so were the soloists, though the tenor was inclined to *portamento*, and the bass was swamped occasionally by the orchestra—not really his or Beethoven's fault. In fact, Joseph Messner, the conductor, hardly realised the acoustics of the lofty and spacious Cathedral. The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra was obviously good, but its playing did not always sound well, owing to the erratic *tempi* of the conductor. The Gloria and other fast movements were taken too fast for that echoing place; the result was often a muddle. On the other hand, some of the slower movements were dragged. I have never heard the Kyrie taken so slowly. The rhythm was almost lost at times, owing to the undue lengthening of the notes. It was one more illustration of

(Continued on page 918.)

God sends the night

ANTHEM

Words by SHAPCOTT WENSLEY

Music by GEORGE RATHBONE

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Moderato, broad and dignified *mf*

SOPRANO God sends the night to bid us

ALTO God sends the night to bid us

TENOR God sends the night to bid us

BASS God sends the night to bid us

ORGAN *mf* *Gt.* *Sw.* *ad lib.*

pp *poco rit.* *a tempo* *mf*

rest From all our cares, in slum - bers blest, The tur - moil and the

pp *poco rit.* *a tempo* *mf*

rest From all our cares, in slum - bers blest, The tur - moil and the

pp *poco rit.* *a tempo* *mf*

rest From all our cares, in slum - bers blest, The turmoil and the

pp *poco rit.* *a tempo* *mf*

rest From all our cares, in slum - bers blest, The

pp *poco rit.* *mf* *a tempo* *Ch.*

Ped.

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toil are past, the tur-moil and the toil are past, and
 toil are past, the tur-moil and the toil are past, and
 toil are past, the tur-moil and the toil are past, and
 toil and tur-moil past, the toil and tur-moil past, .

pp Peace o'er the earth des-cends at last;
pp Peace o'er the earth des-cends at last;
pp Peace o'er the earth des-cends at last; *mf* Then ach-ing
pp Peace des-cends at last;
pp Sw. *mf* *Ped.*

mf Then ach-ing hearts may rest a-while, And sad-den'd lips in dreams may
 Then ach-ing hearts may rest a-while, And lips may
 hearts may rest a-while, And sad-den'd lips in dreams may smile, may
 And sad-den'd lips may

GOD SENDS THE NIGHT

October 1, 1927

smile. . . God sends the night, at His be - hest The wea - - ry

smile. . . God sends the night, at His be - hest The wea - - ry

smile. . . God sends the night, at His be - hest The wea - - ry

smile. . . God sends the night, at His be - hest The wea - - ry

f *Gt.* *p* *Su.* *espress.*

pp *Più mosso*

world is hushed to rest.

world is hushed to rest.

world is hushed to rest.

world is hushed to rest.

pp *Più mosso*

pp *f* *Gt.*

Brightly

God sends the day to bid us wake, Fresh glo - ries at each morn - ing

God sends the day to bid us wake, Fresh glo - ries each morn - ing

God sends the day to bid us wake, Fresh glo - ries at each morning

God sends the day to bid us wake, Fresh glo - ries at each morning

Brightly

ad lib. *Ped.*

mf

break, The world lies glitt'ring in the dew, Each

mf

break, The world lies glitt'ring in the dew, lies glitt'ring in the dew, Each

mf

break, The world lies glitt'ring in the

mf

break, Each day a - - new, each day a

mf *Sus.*

cres. *f*

day a world be - gun a - new, In wa - king hearts the mes - sage rings,

cres. *f*

day a world be - gun a - new, In .. wa - king hearts the mes - sage rings,

cres. *f*

dew, Each day . . . a - new, In wa - king hearts the mes - sage rings,

cres. *f*

world be - gun a - new, In wa - king hearts the mes - sage rings,

cres. *f* *Gt.*

Maestoso

ff

"On to no - bler, bet-ter things, on to no - bler, bet-ter things, on!

ff

"On to no - bler, bet-ter things, on to no - bler, bet-ter things, on!

ff

"On! on to no - bler, bet-ter things, on! on to no - bler, bet-ter things,

ff

"On! on to no - bler, bet-ter things, on! on to no - bler, bet-ter things,

Maestoso

poco rit. , *Allargando* *cres.*

on to no - bler, bet-ter things," God sends the day— the shad - ows break, And

on to no - bler, bet-ter things," God sends the day— the shad - ows break, And

on to no - bler, bet - ter things," God sends the day— the shad - ows break, And

on to no - bler, bet - ter things," God sends the day— the shad - ows break, And

poco rit. , *Allargando* *cres.*

poco rit. *a tempo*

His cre - a - tion is . . . a - wake.

poco rit. *a tempo*

His cre - a - tion is . . . a - wake.

poco rit. *a tempo*

His cre - a - tion is . . . a - wake.

poco rit. *a tempo*

His cre - a - tion is . . . a - wake.

poco rit. *a tempo*

(Continued from page 912.)

the necessity, at rehearsal, for placing one or two reliable people in different parts of a large building, such as this Cathedral, with instructions to report at intervals to the conductor the effects which he is producing. Few conductors will take such precautions, but they are always worth while.

On Thursday morning I visited the Mozarteum, a fine building founded in Mozart's memory. It is a Conservatoire, with about six hundred students. I had a pleasant talk with Dr. Bernhard Paumgartner, the director, a charming, witty, and hard-worked man, a composer and conductor, as well as director. At 12.30, on payment of a small fee, we were shown round the building by an official. One large room is devoted solely to Mozart. There were manuscripts, all his published works, portraits, and the literature relating to him and his works from all countries. Finally we assembled in the large and ornate concert hall, and heard the well-known Pianoforte Quartet in G, admirably played by four students. This was followed by the appearance of an older man (one of the professors?), who undertook to 'show off the grand organ.' He did. I endured twenty minutes of it, and then left an admiring audience, mostly Americans, listening to one of the dreariest and most inept exhibitions of left-foot-on-one-note, right-foot-on-swell-pedal vapourizings I have ever heard. But, the pity of it! However, the performance of 'Fidelio' in the evening, at the Festspielhaus, was a magnificent antidote. Franz Schalk conducted, and the orchestra and chief soloists came from the Vienna Opera House. That Marcelline and Pizarro were occasionally drowned by the orchestra, that Pizarro (Alfred Jerger) was somewhat throaty, and that Florestan (Alfred Piccaver) sang with rather monotonous tone, were blemishes that count for little when one remembers how splendid was the rest of the performance. Richard Mayr as Rocco, Adele Kern as Marcelline, and particularly Lotte Lehmann as Leonore, were brilliant both in acting and in singing. 'Fidelio' was the outstanding feature of my week at Salzburg, though the setting of 'Everyman' was perhaps even more memorable.

The late evening of Friday was devoted to two orchestral works by Mozart. The concert was to have taken place in the ancient Riding School, which is cut out of the cliff and is open to the sky. But the weather was doubtful, so the Director of the Mozarteum fitly conducted the concert in the hall of his own Conservatoire. The programme, which began at 10.30 p.m., consisted of a March in D (K. 249), and the Serenade No. 7 (K. 250), also in D, called the 'Haffner' Serenade, which was composed at Salzburg in 1776. These two charming works made one of the pleasantest short concerts that I have ever attended.

'A Midsummer Night's Dream' was the event of Saturday evening, in the Festspielhaus. The stage setting was brilliant, and, of course, original. Reinhardt's mark was upon it all. The fairies were bewitching; their costumes and their dancing were perhaps the most fascinating, and certainly the most convincing, feature of the performance. Oberon (Luis Rainer) was particularly effective. Puck was taken by a girl on August 20 (on some nights a boy took the part). She danced and gambolled with extraordinary agility; but it was more an exhibition of physical prowess than anything else. When she spoke, her words were badly over- or under-emphasised. The clowns were all very amusing,

though Bottom's part, taken by Hans Moser, was rather overdone. Also he seemed to me completely to misunderstand the wonderful lines which Shakespeare, at any rate, gives to Bottom when the latter wakes from sleep at the end of the first scene, Act 4, and tries to recall his dream. Herr Moser made them comic; but there is surely a touch of wistful tragedy in these amazing, halting words which the disillusioned village clown delivers, when the fairies have vanished, leaving him on the stage alone! Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia, made the audience laugh a great deal: all of them, however, badly over-acted. In fact, the whole trouble was that I was watching a clever production of Reinhardt's, with German words, surely not Shakespeare. What had become of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' that we know so well? Where was the music of Shakespeare's verse? The spirit and the poetry of the play somehow seemed largely to have gone. Brilliant production, but *not* Shakespeare. Mendelssohn's music, however, sounded pleasant throughout.

On Sunday there was an orchestral concert in the Mozarteum, at 11 a.m. Franz Schalk conducted a programme of three orchestral works, two of them well-known—Haydn's Symphony in D and Beethoven's fifth. The middle work, by Mozart, was described as *Konzertantes Quartet* (K. v. Anh. 9), for four solo instruments and orchestra. In this latter work the hautboy, clarinet, bassoon, and horn soloists played magnificently. One hardly knew whether to admire more the performers or the genius of the composer. All four players were dealing with passages of the utmost virtuosity, apparently with ease; yet the virtuosity was always effective, and always really musical. We have not learnt much about the capacity of those four instruments since Mozart's time. Schalk conducted the Haydn Symphony perfunctorily, and not always with a clear beat: this caused several smudges in the playing, especially at the beginning and end of phrases—all quite unnecessary with so fine an orchestra. In the Beethoven Symphony, however, which came last, the conductor really woke up; and though, I think, several passages were needlessly underlined, and the pace of the Scherzo was too slow, the performance was thoughtful and impressive.

The last musical event in the Festival for me was Mozart's 'Don Juan,' in the Stadttheater, a really good production, well accompanied by the orchestra under Schalk. The performers on the stage were unequal. Outstanding figures were Leporello (R. Mayr), Zerlina (Adele Kern), and Don Juan (Hans Duhan). Adela Kern was as good in 'Don Juan' as she was in 'Fidelio.' She has a charming voice, and is a vivacious actress. Richard Mayr showed his versatility by being equally at home and effective in such different parts as Rocco and Leporello. Hans Duhan has not a very large voice, but he possesses a fine, tall, athletic figure, and he looked and acted his part. The rest of the principals disappointed me. Elvira's and Anna's elaborate *coloratura* parts sounded difficult and laboured. Claire Born's and Maria Nemeth's voices seemed too heavy and cumbersome for a Mozart opera. Alfred Piccaver (clearly a favourite with most of the audience) has a big, but inexpressive voice, and his acting as Ottavio was rather wooden. It is perhaps true that Ottavio does not cut a very fine figure in the opera; but, then, I was not greatly impressed with the same actor and singer in 'Fidelio.' The chorus sang and acted well.

It is interesting to note how the Salzburg Festival has grown. It used to be a much smaller, though important, event, dedicated to Mozart's works. Now, apparently, it can flourish, and draw large audiences, every day for a month. The whole Festival is well managed, though the seats are not exactly cheap. The Festspielhaus has been built, stage and all, for these Festivals; and the old Riding School has been fitted up for performances in a like spirit of enterprise. Audiences are not tired with too many performances: one a day is the rule, and it is a very good rule. Delightful surroundings are, of course, an asset—though it can rain at Salzburg!

One more event (a side-show) I must mention, though it had nothing officially to do with the Festival. On Friday, which was a wet day, an advertisement caught my eye of a marionette performance of Mozart's 'Bastien und Bastienne.' So in the early evening I found myself in a small hall, like a village cinema, in front of a stage and curtain about 5-ft. across. Presently a pianoforte behind the stage started, the curtain went up, and three delightful little figures, say, 9-in. to 12-in. tall, occupied the stage in turn or together, and held me spellbound. Their costumes were charming; moreover, every action and gesture was timed exactly to the singing and talking, which were admirably done by people behind. I could not have believed that figures so small could have so many effective joints, or be manipulated with such consummate skill and true art. The operetta was followed by a bewitching little comedy, involving five puppets, which included Mozart as a child, his father and mother, and an impresario who wished to exploit the precocious genius. The remembrance of this performance, the youngster showing off on the miniature pianoforte, and becoming enraged with the impresario's criticisms, the apparent reality of it all, remains in my mind as one of the delights of Salzburg. Prof. Anton Aicher and his helpers are real artists.

THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL

Threatened institutions, we know, live long—or, at least, linger. The Three Choirs Festival does a great deal more: it justifies itself and confounds its critics by flourishing vigorously at a time when most musical events are preceded—and sometimes accompanied—by signals of distress.

Undoubtedly the best feature at Hereford was the choral singing. This was fitting, for several reasons. First, a fine chorus maintains the tradition of a meeting that in its inception was mainly choral. Second, it provides the best answer to those who contend that the Festival is little more than a week's surfeit of music made by performers imported from London. The admirable choral singing heard at Hereford is a local product, and any event that keeps a large chorus busy for the better part of a year on such works as the B minor Mass, 'The Dream of Gerontius,' 'The Music-Makers,' 'The Hymn of Jesus,' the Handel and Mendelssohn annuals, and a score or so of smaller items of widely-varying types, must exercise an influence on the taste and musicianship of the Festival area that can hardly be over-estimated.

The performances have been so fully reported in the daily Press that a monthly journal need do no more than record some impressions of the chief happenings, together with a few notes concerning some points in which the Festival may be still

further improved. One of the secrets of its vitality is the wise blend of enterprise and conservatism shown by the executive, especially during recent years. With a continuance of this sound policy there need be little anxiety for the future.

The opening service saw the Cathedral crowded, as usual. Sir Herbert Brewer had written for the occasion a setting of the Canticles that was of the right telling quality—it 'sang' well. The anthem was the opening chorus of 'The Apostles,' conducted by the composer. It was finely done, and gave a foretaste of the Elgarian riches of the ensuing week. The orchestra played the 'Coriolanus' Overture, the slow movement from Brahms's fourth Symphony, and the 'Huldigungs' March of Wagner; and Bach's G minor Fantasia and Fugue, excellently played by the Cathedral assistant-organist, Mr. R. H. West, rounded off the service. As usual, the organ masterpiece was a mere accompaniment to the exodus. The old 'middle' voluntary after the Psalms having been revived at this Festival in the shape of an orchestral item, why not make it an even more real revival and assign it to the organ? If the people must be 'played out,' let it be by the orchestra for once in a way. It is time the opening bars of an organ solo ceased to be, like the National Anthem, a mere signal for dismissal.

Only two details in the service were unsatisfactory. In the Psalms neither music nor method was worthy; the former was a frivolous little ditty by Sir R. P. Stewart, and the latter of the conventional Anglican type that did violence to the rhythm of every verse. It is too much to expect the Festival chorus to chant with the finish and freedom of the Cathedral choir, but a better standard than that achieved should be attempted, if only for the sake of the folk from the countryside who come for a model in such things. Plainsong is a long way off yet from these occasions, but the next best thing would be a few fine, dignified chants, mainly in unison, with free organ accompaniment. Such a medium would be far more elastic than florid chants sung in harmony throughout, and would not jar with the prayer-book English.

The other disappointment was the absence of any congregational element. A few people screwed up enough courage to murmur detached phrases of the familiar hymn, but 'Jerusalem' found and left them dumb. One would have thought that the printing of the tune in the service book would have been ample indication that the common voice was to be lifted. To those of us who are every year thrilled up and down the country by competition festival audiences' singing of it, 'Jerusalem' as a purely choir item, however well done, is but a chilling substitute. The Festival service lacked just one or two big things of this kind, done by everybody. There is a danger in some quarters of making a fetish of congregational and other massed singing. An entirely congregational service may, in fact, be as undesirable as a purely choir service, because both lack contrast. The ideal surely is an alternation of the two elements.

At a Three Choirs Festival service the chorus should, of course, provide the bulk, but it will gain in effect by being contrasted with the congregational hymn or song, and the danger of the 'concert' feeling will be reduced.

An effective new feature at this service was the Fanfare for orchestra written by Elgar. It works up stirringly into the National Anthem, and was intended to hail the entry of the Mayor of Hereford.

But the procession of civic dignitaries being very long, and chief magistrates (apparently) pretty much alike, the salute was discharged by mistake at a mere ordinary mayor. The slip was welcome, however, as it gave us an encore of the Fanfare when the Real Mayor appeared. It was a good plan thus to add a touch of circumstance to this procession; the idea should be developed, and some sonorous orchestral or organ piece used as well.

This opening service has been given a good deal of space, because there is a danger of its being regarded as a mere curtain-raiser, so to speak. But it is far more than that. As the one definitely ecclesiastical function on full festival lines, and as the sole event to which the general public has free access, it has an importance of its own.

Every festival performance of 'Elijah' raises the question of the future of this work. Its devotees are still many, but their average age is so high as to indicate that the close of their innings will see 'Elijah' on its last legs. Yet it may be saved by a change of method in its presentation. Now that some of its music is showing signs of wear, we are more and more struck by its dramatic appeal. From Mr. Horace Stevens we received a pointer as to the needs of the work. He sang from memory, and gave a performance that belonged to the stage rather than to the concert platform. A trifle in the way of make-up and costume, a few gestures, and here was a Prophet ready for the opera house. So vivid a performance (not impeccable on the vocal side, especially in 'Is not His word like a fire?') made one wish his methods could have been adopted by the other principals—and among the principals in 'Elijah' are the chorus. Some of his colleagues were painfully 'copy-bound.' Need Ahab, for example, have his head in the score in order to ask 'Art thou Elijah?' It was ludicrous, during some of the dialogue, to turn from a free-singing, copyless, and facially expressive Prophet to (say) Ahab, and see nothing more arresting than the back of a vocal score. Some day an audience will have one of the thrills of its life when this work is given with the right emphasis on its dramatic side—principals singing from memory with varied facial expression and tone-colour, and a chorus representing in turn the chosen race, the worshippers of Baal, and the reflective onlooking crowd. These Hereford singers clearly knew the work too well. They never forgot (or allowed us to forget) that they were merely a highly-trained choral society compounded of a large proportion of the social backbone of the Three Towns. Only here and there did they give us a touch of the right incisive and significant diction, and their tone was always the same. Would a good soloist make no difference between a priest of Baal, a suppliant Hebrew, and a moralising onlooker? Ought not a first-rate choir to characterise as well? 'Elijah' has been staged with success, but its drama is so inherent and so easily 'put across' that it needs no such change. Its future is not as staged oratorio, but as concertised opera.

In the evening Elgar conducted 'The Dream of Gerontius'—as poignant in its appeal as ever—and a first performance was given of Brent-Smith's 'Hymn on the Nativity,' a short work for mezzo-soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra. The text is extracted from Milton's Ode. It is not easy for a composer to go to Milton without going to Parry as well. Mr. Brent-Smith's admiration for Parry is well-known, and it comes out here in the texture of the best passages of the choral writing.

Some passing obeisance is made to Elgar as well. These points are mentioned in no dispraise of the work. On the contrary, the composers who inspire least hope and confidence are those who are patently anxious to show indebtedness to nobody. Mr. Brent-Smith makes no bones about sitting at the feet of the models most likely to help him in the branch of creative work where his talent seems to lie. At present he writes better for chorus than for solo voice, if we may judge from the 'Hymn.' The mezzo-soprano solo was, I thought, rather ordinary in material, and certainly not well designed for its particular voice, lying too low as a whole. The composer conducted a performance that was good, and which would have been first-rate but for a shaky patch where the men's voices had the field. The section for four-part women's voices, on the other hand, was beautifully sung.

Chorally the peak of the week's doings was reached on Thursday, in the B minor Mass. It was a performance of vivid contrasts—too vivid, indeed, for some folk, who complained of 'point-making.' But the points were there to be made. For example, is it possible to exaggerate such contrasts as those between the close of 'Crucifixus' and 'Et resurrexit'? Bach put it all there, and we may be sure he would have been the last to complain if the effect was electrifying, as it certainly was at Hereford. There was, however, a good deal more than obvious merit of this kind. The melting beauty of tone in 'Qui tollis,' the hushed 'et sepultus est'—a kind of audible silence—and the waving, spreading glories of the 'Sanctus' are only a few of the moments that stick in the memory.

The Mass (which was broken by the luncheon interval) was followed by Vaughan Williams's 'Pastoral' Symphony, Bainton's 'Hymn to God the Father' (the composers conducting), and a Parry 'Song of Farewell.' After the Bach, of course, we needed no more music for a while, and the best tribute to these works is to say that they stood up well against the handicap. The mood of the Symphony provided the best of contrasts to the strivings of the Mass, but we all needed to be fresher to take in the more subtle of its beauties. Mr. Bainton's work had a far better performance than at its first hearing at Worcester last year; indeed, it brought forth some of the best playing and singing of the week, and so made its right effect. To capture and express in terms of elaborate orchestral and choral writing so intensely personal and searching a mood as that of Donne's poem was a problem not easy of solution. It may be urged that the text was one for a solo voice; but to argue thus is to overlook the countless examples of similar settings of equally personal and intimate Psalms. The real difficulty lay rather, one imagines, in the aptness with which Donne's curiously involved verses express the sense of spiritual struggle; any kind of musical setting might easily take away from this. From its troubled orchestral opening to its final climax, Mr. Bainton's setting developed the feeling of the poem, the result being a compact and moving work.

A concert, in the Shire Hall, of music by living British composers ended the day. The scheme was over-long—a fault of the Festival as a whole, though it is easy to sympathise with the promoters' tendency to stretch comprehensiveness beyond reasonable limits. The new works were a set of agreeable songs by Sir Herbert Brewer, an orchestral Fantasia on

two Elizabethan Themes by Napier Miles, and a Children's Symphony by Sir Walford Davies. The Fantasia suffered from a dull patch midway, where the idiom was choral rather than orchestral. The Symphony had been under-rehearsed, and some of its attractive qualities were hinted at rather than shown. But the jolly Scherzo made friends at once. No doubt we shall hear the work again under more favourable conditions—including a hall that does not make every climax degenerate into noise.

Chorally the Thursday was bound to be something of a drop, because of the absence of any vocal work that did not seem on the small side after the Mass. The morning opened with Vaughan Williams's Pastoral Episode, 'The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains.' Despite its beauty of music and text, it seemed to suffer from the absence of the stage setting for which it was designed. The lack of any appeal to the eye focusses attention overmuch on the music, wherein the insistence on the archaic idiom tends to monotony. But the church is the right venue for the work, which should take its place among the examples, old and new, of the 'morality' play now increasingly used at certain seasons of the Church's year. The Choral Symphony followed. Dr. Hull's liking for a quick pace is as a rule shared by most of us, but he exceeded the limit here in all but the slow movement. The Scherzo gave us some moments of trepidation! The Finale found the choir with less brilliance and assurance than we had looked for. The pace was a factor, of course, but no doubt the singers were suffering from a slight reaction after the Mass.

In fairness, I admit that I am in the minority, most of my confrères regarding the choral work as first-rate. Probably much depends on one's position in the Cathedral. I can only say that the singing reached me minus some of the ease and confidence shown at rehearsal, when there was a fine sense of plenty to spare, the sopranos especially shining. The rehearsal, in fact, was so astonishingly good that a performance might fall short of it and yet remain excellent. Curiously, the Symphony as a whole seemed less suited to the surroundings than any of the works heard during the week. It belongs to a classical tradition that has the minimum of contact with anything ecclesiastical, and is as much out of place in church as 'Gerontius' and the Mass are in a concert-room. However, this may be a purely personal feeling. Certainly the lady in the chair next to me wouldn't agree, if the tears that streamed down her cheeks at the close may be taken at their face value.

In the afternoon Elgar conducted a fine performance of his second Symphony, the glowing splendours of which seemed to gain from the building. A short double-choir Motet, 'Tis the Day of Resurrection,' by Charles Wood, was heard for the first time. It was not well sung: hence no doubt the impression of dullness. Holst's 'Hymn of Jesus' followed. The work clearly appeals very much to Dr. Hull, and the performance justified its third consecutive appearance at Hereford. The chorus gave us many fine moments, though perhaps a more mettlesome handling of some of the acuter dissonances would have improved it. The semi-chorus boys shone in their management of the difficult 'Amen's.'

The evening was memorable for the exquisite playing of Mr. Albert Sammons in Elgar's Violin Concerto, the composer conducting. 'The Music-Makers,' with Sir Edward again in charge, followed,

and Dr. Hull ended the day well with a good performance of Franck's Symphony.

Blasé folk who took a day off on Friday because 'it's only "The Messiah,"' missed hearing the choir at its best. It sang with fine vitality, and at the end of an arduous week's work had even a thrill left for the 'Amen' Chorus. Indeed, this number developed so finely towards its closing bars that one felt it to be a more fitting occasion for standing than the 'Hallelujah.' Any doubts as to the dropping of 'The Messiah' at the Festival should be solved by such a performance as this—the more notable when one realises that there had been no combined rehearsal. What a cheap sneer is that concerning the local enthusiasts who pervade the town with copies of the work under their arm! Yet nobody scoffs at similar allegiance to the old masterpieces of the other arts. Only in music would it be regarded by some as a sign of 'progress' to carry about a vocal score of (say) Honegger's 'King David' instead of 'The Messiah.'

The only novelty at the chamber concert that closed the Festival was a Pianoforte Quintet by Sir Walford Davies, in which the composer joined the Snow String Quartet. It consists of two movements, an Allegro and a set of Variations on two themes—the two themes of course actually making an effect of a single one in two contrasted sections. The Variations seemed to be the better half of a very agreeable work, the theme being delightful. I was probably only one of many who wished for a second hearing under more comfortable seating and atmospheric conditions.

Of the long array of soloists there is neither need nor space to speak fully. Even a list is unnecessary. Practically all sang up to their reputation, and a few enhanced it. Among the few was certainly Mr. Steuart Wilson, notably by his singing as the Pilgrim in 'The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains.' There was, as we expected, fine Bach work from Miss Dorothy Silk, Miss Margaret Balfour, and again Mr. Wilson; and no doubt there would have been singing of equal quality from Mr. Radford, but for the handicap of a cold. Mr. Tudor Davies, in some beautiful quiet passages at the beginning of Part 2 of 'Gerontius,' made one realise what a singer he might become if he took himself sternly in hand. Save for this glimpse, he gave us no characterisation: whether as Obadiah, Ahab, or Gerontius, he rarely sounded like anything more than a mere tenor enjoying such 'fat' as came his way. Miss Elsie Suddaby again proved a very attractive singer of songs. Many liked her work in 'Elijah,' but to my ears she seemed too unripe in voice and style to suggest a mother in Israel, much less a Widow.

The orchestral playing was patchy—too much work and too little rehearsal. The instrumental soloists were all we look to them to be. In addition to Mr. Sammons there were Miss Beatrice Harrison (the Delius Concerto) and Mr. Lionel Tertis (W. H. Reed's effective Rhapsody for viola and orchestra). Outside the limelight, but backing up Dr. Hull by doing useful things in all sorts of ways, were the two remaining admirable Crichtons of music, Sir Ivor Atkins and Sir Herbert Brewer.

One ends, as one began, with a tribute to the choir. It had much of the brilliance and vitality usually associated with the crack Northern bodies, together with the even greater virtue of beautiful tone for which we usually have to come farther south.

And there can be no better tribute to these singers and their trainer than the fact of their being recruited on the 'let 'em all come' principle; for I am assured on the best of authority that there is practically no voice trial. The singing would have been notable from a stringently chosen choir; from one that was simply collected it was astonishing. H. G.

Church and Organ Music

CONGRESS OF THE NATIONAL UNION OF ORGANISTS' ASSOCIATIONS

By W. A. ROBERTS

This year's Congress at Reading will be pleasantly remembered by the large attendance of members who came from all over the country, from Dan to Beersheba. Those who had viewed the selection of Reading with some misgivings were soon converted to a different frame of mind, and found it hard to say adieu to this pleasant and greatly progressive place, in which the new has not yet quite pushed out the old. The greatest kindness was shown by its people, the atmosphere was charged with friendliness and hospitality, and the weather was on its best behaviour. No doubt 'Sumer is icumen in,' the famous 'Ballade of Reading Abbey,' which was sung on the very spot where it was composed by John of Fornsete, the jolly old monk of Reading, had something to do with it. As the Credo of the Berkshire Association, we also believed in it. Reading is proud of being the birthplace of 'Sumer is icumen in,' and has erected an imposing memorial tablet in the Chapter House, Abbey Ruins, which is an exact replica of the Harleian MS. 978 in the British Museum. It only gradually dawns upon one that Reading may be interesting for other things besides biscuits, breweries, and seeds. Its history starts from the dim days of King Ethelred, when the Danes anchored their war-ships in the Kennet, and here Ethelred and his brother Alfred fought and defeated them, 'Ethelred doing the praying, and Alfred the fighting,' as Jerome K. Jerome has written.

The Congress was preluded on Monday evening, August 29, by a civic reception in the Town Hall. One has never heard a civic welcome more gracefully and heartily worded than that given to this year's Congress by the Mayor of Reading, Councillor W. H. Short, who spoke from personal knowledge of the pains as well as pleasures of an organist's work; for in early life he himself had been an organist. His training as a musician enabled him to use technical language effectively; as, for example, when he spoke of still being able to resolve unprepared discords. One feels sure that he has employed this useful knowledge in other directions in life. He spoke with justifiable pride of the great progress Reading has made in its modernity, while retaining a passionate love of its antiquity. His 'Variations on the theme Reading' were indeed happily conceived and acceptably heard. Mr. P. R. Scrivener, on behalf of the Berkshire Society, also extended a warm welcome, and a delightful social evening was varied by pianoforte solos by Miss Belinda Heather, songs by an excellent baritone, Mr. Owen Bryngwyn, and organ solos by Dr. A. C. P. Embling, the Borough organist, who revived old memories by his skilful playing of Stewart's 'Concert Fantasia' on the fine Father Willis organ. Miss Heather, a Reading pianist, won universal appreciation by her playing of Chopin's 'Polonaise-Fantaisie,' a seldom-heard work, which she invested with more sustained interest than the music intrinsically possesses by the delicate sureness of her technique and poetic introspection of her style. No less artistic was her playing in Brahms's G minor Rhapsody.

The annual general meeting was held the following morning at the University, where the members were welcomed by the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. W. M. Childs, who said that music should be fundamental and essential in any scheme or ideal of a liberal education. Reading

was one of the few University centres which tried to do a little on behalf of the great art which the Congress represented. The difficulty was one of finance. The State did not feel called upon to contribute. Probably what it did for drawing and painting was done because these had a commercial value, if only in the design and execution of bedroom ware. Every University ought to have some kind of instruction in fine art and music.

Sir Hamilton Harty then took the chair, and the Minutes of last year's Manchester Congress were read by Mr. Councillor John Brook (Southport), hon. general secretary, who stated that the Association now included thirty-five centres, with a membership of two thousand six hundred and fifty. New centres had been formed at Peterborough, Dumfries, Lichfield, and, probably, Birmingham. The hon. general treasurer, Mr. John Hodgkinson (Liverpool), reported a credit balance in the bank. On the motion of Mr. G. H. Hirst (a vice-president), seconded by Mr. George Dodds (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Sir Hamilton Harty was proposed as President for the ensuing year, and it is a matter of congratulation to all concerned that he accepted the office for another term. In his presidential speech, Sir Hamilton asked the meeting to adopt the recommendation of the executive as to the formation of a Benevolent Fund on behalf of the National Union, the scheme to be on a voluntary contributory basis. In referring to another Fund, that of the Organists' Benevolent League, Sir Hamilton was decidedly of opinion that the Union's Fund should be distinct and separate from that of the League. There should be no fusion of these Funds. There was a distinction between the two, inasmuch as the Union's Fund would be a contributory one, and that of the League was not. The Union's Fund would be established for the benefit of its own members who might need help. The qualification was twelve months' membership. After discussion—in which Dr. Ross and Mr. Lumsden (Edinburgh), Mr. Purcell Mansfield (Glasgow), Mr. Percy Baker (London), Dr. W. Prendergast (Winchester), and Dr. Reginald Dixon (Lancaster) took part—it was decided to establish the Union's scheme on its own basis, apart from that of the League, which it would appear had disregarded an attempt at *rapprochement* made on the part of the Union. But there is room for both Funds. It was then explained by Mr. Hirst, as the Union's legal adviser, that it would be technically necessary, for the proper administration of the Fund, to apply to the Board of Trade for a licence of incorporation, without the use of the word 'limited.' This was agreed to, *nem. con.*, and a sub-committee was appointed to formulate details.

It was unanimously agreed to reappoint the vice-presidents, Mr. G. H. Hirst, Dr. Prendergast, and Dr. Warriner, and also the two gentlemen who are regarded as indispensable and invaluable in their respective positions, Mr. Councillor John Brook (hon. general secretary) and Mr. John Hodgkinson (hon. general treasurer). It is difficult, indeed, adequately to express in short space what the Association owes to their devoted service during many years. It is the busy men who do the work. Mr. Brook is an example, for not only has he completed fifty years of service as an organist, but his public work includes the chairmanship of the Southport Education Committee, now to be exchanged for the responsible post of vice-chairman of the Finance Committee. The hon. auditors, Mr. Paulden (Southport) and Mr. R. Mason (Liverpool), were also thanked and re-elected, and the opportunity was taken of expressing high appreciation of the way in which Mr. J. Percy Baker is fulfilling his duties as Editor of the *Quarterly Record*.

Altogether this annual meeting was a memorable one, notable for its establishing the Benevolent Fund on a definite basis. The business was got through in record time, for Sir Hamilton has a quiet and effective way of getting things done, instead of merely talking about doing them. The President, of course, did not refer to the splendid start he has given to the Benevolent Fund by a performance of 'The Messiah,' organized and conducted at Manchester, at which everybody concerned—principals, band, and choir—gave their services, so that a sum of four hundred pounds was handed over as a nucleus to the Fund. It may be truly

said that such a result was mainly due to Sir Hamilton's own personal qualities, which in this instance were directed in such a practical way. The esteem in which he is held by all is surely a precious thing for a musician of his eminence to enjoy.

After a 'corporate' and certainly comfortable lunch in the University buttery, a visit was paid to Messrs. Huntley & Palmers' biscuit factory, at which six thousand work-people are employed. Going round in parties of ten, each group, in charge of a lady-guide, was shown the various features of the vast building—a veritable hive of busy workers engaged in orderly processes too numerous to record here. The patient and charming manner in which the varied manipulations were explained by the guides added greatly to the interest of the tour.

After tea, which the directors had bountifully provided, thanks were voiced by Mr. C. J. King, the veteran Northampton musician, both to the great firm of Huntley & Palmers and also to the 'sweet girl guides,' a proposition very heartily carried. Mr. Eric Palmer responded for the directors, and regretted the absence of his father, Sir Ernest Palmer, a gentleman so well known for his generous donations to the R.C.M. and the cause of music generally. Altogether it was a delightful afternoon, which was completed by the singing, in the Abbey ruins, of 'Sumer is iucumen in.' The choir was composed of boys and men, the former from the George Palmer School, trained and conducted by Mr. S. T. Chamberlain, of Reading. Heard in such appropriate surroundings, the singing of the wonderful old six-part round made a deep impression, and no wonder, for we all share with Reading a national pride in this early English masterpiece. The hearing on this occasion gave the intense joy that always comes from a piece of great art as fresh to-day as it was nearly seven hundred years ago. As Mr. Holst has pointed out, it cannot be called epoch-making—for the very good reason that it did not make an epoch. Fifty years after it was written the music of this country was as if it had never been, and afterwards there was a blank period in the history of music in England of about a hundred and fifty to two hundred years. The busy afternoon also included a recital on the four-manual organ in the Minster Church of St. Mary-the-Virgin, by Dr. E. O. Doughty, who had a keenly attentive audience. I have already referred to Reading's renown as an ancient city. By looking for them one can find examples in this old Church which would escape the casual visitor—a Saxon arch, A.D. 979; eight old bells (tenor bell, 28-cwt.), cast round the corner, in Minster Street, by one of the old Reading bell-founders; and an ascent of sixty steps brought one to the old clock, put together with cotter-pins, 'before nuts and bolts were thought of.' It is wound daily. There are also two fine old brasses, 1416 and 1558, which are well cared for.

In the evening, choirmasters had two valuable object-lessons in the choral Evensong at the old Church of St. Giles and the recital of 16th- and 17th-century Church music, conducted by the Rev. Father Macdonald in St. James's R.C. Church. At the former, the Evensong, of Cathedral type, will live long in memory by reason of the beautiful singing and the perfectly blending tone of the large choir of boys and men. The delicacy of the shading was perhaps carried to too fine a point of finish, but choirmasters were especially able to appreciate the admirable way in which not only Noble in B minor and Harwood's anthem, 'O how glorious is the Kingdom,' were sung, but also the Responses and Amens, really the test of a good choir, for which Mr. Scrivener deserves and received congratulations.

At St. James's Church, Father Macdonald's highly-trained, voluntary mixed choir of devoted singers was heard in an interesting choice of unaccompanied choral service-music by Di Lasso, Palestrina, Vittoria, and Viadana, and by our own English masters, Taverner, Tallis (Gloria from Missa 'Sine Titulo'), Byrd (Kyrie, Benedictus, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei, from the four-part Mass), and Tye, whose exultant 'Cibavit Illos' was in jubilant contrast to the mysterious modal atmosphere of Tallis and Byrd, in their contrapuntal undulations, long-drawn-out cadences, and

delicious *pianissimo* endings on a major chord. Immensely difficult to sing, the music was really exquisitely given. And yet there was no sense of its being merely a performance. One had the feeling it was an offering of old Church music of a type to which we must return; for it is certain that true Church music cannot progress on modern lines. But singers and trainers of Father Macdonald's type are rare.

Wednesday morning was devoted to another of Reading's 'sights,' Messrs. Sutton's Seed-Trial grounds; and in the afternoon there was a river-trip to Goring, especially restful after the rather arduous walking tour of the morning.

The annual dinner in the evening was held in the Masonic Hall. Sir Hamilton Harty presided, and the large gathering included the Mayor, Mr. H. G. Williams, M.P., Mr. A. Iggesden (President of the Institute of Journalists, also in Conference at Reading), Canon Gillmor, and Mr. H. Knapman (tutorial secretary of the University).

Mr. Williams, M.P., submitted the toast of 'The National Union,' and congratulated the members on the remarkable development of their Association.

Sir Hamilton Harty, whose uprising was greeted with prolonged cheers and musical honours, said that in his opinion music in England was not in the happy and flourishing state which some would have them believe. The most fragile of all the arts was the one that received least support, both officially and publicly. There were two reasons why music was not in the healthy state it should be: the first was that the advent of the cheap cinema had resulted in a policy of refusing to recognise music as a worthy art which should be supported by the State and other mediums; secondly, the imposition of the entertainment tax had led to the extinction of small orchestral and choral societies, which offered in small towns the chief and best entertainment, provided moreover by the people themselves. Those who represented this young and vigorous Union had a great work to perform, and it would be a thousand pities if such freshness and strength were used for discussing merely parochial matters. Sir Hamilton could not claim that organists were better than other musicians, but he certainly did claim that taken as a class they struck a higher standard of art than any other branch of musicianship. Perhaps there was no one to speak for them, but they could make themselves heard if they stood together. There was only one way of getting what they wanted, and that was to shout for it at the top of their voices. Musicians had a righteous cause, and should not fear to shout, for on the whole music was neglected in this country.

Mr. Brook said that he was proud that so much of the work he had set out to do in forming the Association had been accomplished. In his musical library he had a unique collection of manuscripts by Dr. John Alcock, once the organist of St. Lawrence, Reading, and also an engraving of the famous old musician, which he asked the vicar of St. Lawrence's to accept as a souvenir of the Association's visit to Reading. The vicar, the Rev. J. T. Mumford, in accepting the gift, promised to have it framed and hung in the vestry. The toast of 'Reading Borough' was proposed in felicitous language by Mr. George Dodds and responded to by the Mayor. In proposing the health of the Berkshire Organists' Association, Mr. Percy Baker said that when Reading kindly extended its invitation, many were under the impression that, to use a slang phrase, the town 'had bitten off more than it could chew.' However, he could say that Reading had risen nobly to the occasion. Mr. Scrivener, the local President, returned thanks, and paid a high compliment to his coadjutor, Mr. S. T. Chamberlain. Canon Gillmor, of St. Giles's, in responding for the guests, said that the long and happy relations existing between himself and his organist were due to the fact that he never interfered with Mr. Scrivener in his work, and 'took jolly good care that Mr. Scrivener did not interfere with his.' Other speakers included Mr. F. G. Goodenough (for the Guests), Mr. H. Knapman (for the University), Mr. H. M. Dawber, and Mr. C. Iggesden, for the Press. Some excellent glee-singing was contributed by the Minster Glee-Men.

On Thursday morning, in the University, Mr. B. R. Goddard, history lecturer at Winchester Training College, gave an address on 'The Medieval Craft Guild, its ideals, and duties, with an excursus upon the place which music ought to fill in any scheme of life worth living.' The lecture was highly interesting, perhaps unexpectedly so, and those present felt that their knowledge was increased and vision enlarged about things in history which really mattered.

All good things, however happy, come to an end. In the case of the Congress, it had reserved what was probably its most memorable social function to the last. This comprised a motor excursion to Windsor and Eton College, and in between, a recital by Dr. Embling on the organ in Windsor Parish Church. This accomplished musician played his own interesting Chorale Preludes on 'Veni, Creator' and 'Sneinton,' and John E. West's effective 'Allegro Moderato.'

After viewing the State Apartments in the Castle and St. George's Chapel (choir only), it was a privilege to be conducted round the famous Old School at Eton by Mr. Martin Akerman, who, with Dr. Embling, displayed the qualities of the various organs in the College (with the exception of the noble Hill instrument in the magnificent Chapel), notably the splendid modern Willis-Lewis concert-organ in the Memorial Hall, which incorporates stops from the old Rotterdam organ given to the College some years ago; the Hunter organ in Lower Chapel; and the precious little one-manual Snetzler chamber-organ in the dining-hall, originally built in 1760 for King George III. as a present to Queen Caroline. It has one manual, GG to F (with the lowest G sharp omitted), four octaves and seven notes, no pedals or pedal-pipes, and seven stops, of which the soft ones are very pleasing.

In recording as briefly as may be the proceedings of the enjoyable Congress, thanks are due to three gentlemen largely concerned with the preliminary work—Mr. P. R. Scrivener, Mr. S. H. Collins, and Mr. S. T. Chamberlain. Three things made the Reading Congress noteworthy, viz., the establishment of the Benevolent Fund; the success of the various happenings; and the weather—for the welcome sunshine made us all happy.

Next year's Congress will be held at Lancaster.

BACH IN BAGANDA-LAND: AN IMPRESSION OF THE UGANDA JUBILEE

By J. M. DUNCAN

The Baganda, as the inhabitants of the central part of the Uganda Protectorate are called, are this year keeping the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the white man among them. The writer is one of several English visitors who have come to the country for the occasion, and have had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the people.

It has for some time past been realised by students of African problems that the black races possess a definite aptitude for musical expression. Naturally, this aptitude has been most highly developed where the natives have longest experienced the stimulus of European education—that is, in the Southern States of America and the West Coast of Africa. But in Central Africa, which has been more recently opened up, there is evidence that the same aptitude is not wanting, and the Baganda in particular have shown a remarkable appetite for such European music as has come their way.

From the first it has been the policy of the Church Missionary Society in Uganda to teach its converts English tunes. If folk-song enthusiasts shake their heads, and ask why African native melodies cannot be converted to Christian uses, it may be answered that it would be difficult to dissociate native vocal music from the undesirable words to which it is nearly always set, that such instrumental music as the writer has heard offers no attraction, and finally that, unlike Indian music, the folk-music of Central Africa does not seem capable of evolution. Such of it as I have heard reminds me of what English infant schools sang in the days of one's childhood. Moreover, the natives

themselves so definitely prefer harmoniums, pianofortes, gramophones, and part-songs, to their own traditions, and are so determined to get what they want, that it seems more in accordance with the principles of education to encourage them along the road they wish to pursue than to try to restrict them to a path which they find too narrow.

But if English music is to be taught to the Baganda and is to form the staple food of their musical life, a great responsibility is thrown on the missionaries in the choice of what they teach. Here one is glad to be able to say that the responsibility is on the whole realised by those concerned, and that solid foundations are being laid. The initial difficulties were of course great. The native scale consists of no more than five black notes of our pianoforte. The native's idea of voice production was to scream as loudly as possible through his nose; and the best singer was he who raced through his verse quickest.

It was about the year 1905 that the serious teaching of music was begun by Mr. E. Hattersley, a schoolmaster from the West Riding who had become head of the Mengo High School, the principal boys' school of the capital. He well remembers the day when he first succeeded in inducing his boys to sing semitones in tune. In 1907, he was replaced by the Rev. W. B. Gill, one of those amateur musicians, well-known at competition festivals, who, while claiming little technical knowledge of the art, yet possess an aptitude for class-teaching which amounts to genius. Under Mr. Gill's persevering guidance the High School boys soon learnt to sing in two parts; then as they grew up and their voices broke, the two parts grew into four, and after twenty years' work there is now an efficient cathedral choir. The trebles can produce the ringing high notes of our own cathedral choristers; the altos possess voices mellow and well blended; and the tenors, numerically the strongest, are real tenors. Besides the cathedral choir, the writer has heard promising two-part singing at the Girls' High School, and in four-parts at the two principal boys' schools, besides well-meant but more elementary efforts in other places.

Namirembe Cathedral is an immense and imposing brick building in the Byzantine style, and was finished in 1919. It holds some three thousand five hundred people, and its acoustics are excellent. A single voice, aided by the echo, can easily produce a complete chord, so that vocal music is heard to advantage. There is as yet no organ, only two harmoniums, which on great occasions are played together. But they are only used to accompany the congregational singing, which is incredibly hearty. Anthems are at present all performed *a cappella*.

The actual thanksgiving service took place on June 30, the anniversary day of the missionaries' arrival; but the principal musical service was held on the following Sunday afternoon, and the full programme, representing the results of fifty years' work, deserves to be recorded here. Except for the violinist and the accompanist, all the performers were natives:

Hymn (choir alone)	'Ai Mukama Musumba' (God my King)	arr. Bach
Hymn (congregation)	'O worship the King'	
*Anthem	'O Lord my God'	S. S. Wesley
Hymn (choir alone)	'Rejoice to-day with one accord'	arr. Bach
Violin solo	Minuet in E flat	Handel
*Anthem	'If ye love Me'	Tallis
Hymn (congregation)	'Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation'	
*Anthem	'God so loved the world'	Stainer
Hymn (congregation)	'Ye watchers and ye holy ones'	
Violin solo	Aria on the G string	Bach
Hymn (choir alone)	'Katonda wafe, wakisa, wamanyi'	Russian Hymn
*Anthem	'Hymn to the Trinity'	Tchaikovsky
Hymn (congregation)	'For all the Saints'	Vaughan Williams

* These pieces were sung in English, the others in Luganda.

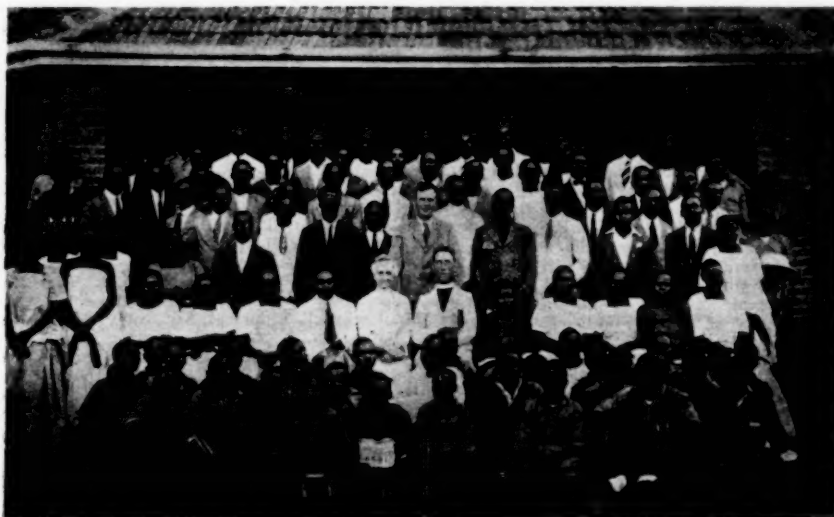
The most effective item was the Tallis anthem, finely sung by ninety voices, illustrating once more the primacy of the polyphonic composers in their own department, and their mastery of a technique which their successors, brought up in an instrumental atmosphere, were never able to acquire.

The writer has had an opportunity of looking through the completed MS. of the native hymn book. The three hundred hymns are nearly all unrhymed translations from the standard English collections, and have probably little literary merit. But of the tunes six are Sarum plain-song, and the same number Genevan; there is a big battalion of English and Scottish psalm-tunes, the usual company of 'A. and M.' pieces, a platoon or two of Moody and Sankey—invariable under the conditions of evangelistic work in Uganda—and finally a score of Bach chorales. One of the women missionaries who was educated in Germany has translated the German hymns into the Luganda language, and the traveller experiences a sensation when, visiting a school in the heart of the Dark Continent,

he is entertained with 'Wachet auf,' 'Aus tiefer Noth,' and 'Christ lag in Todesbänden.'

The competition festival movement reached Central Africa as long as fifteen years ago, and meetings take place every two years. These have proved no less stimulating to African than to English singers.

The natives hope shortly to raise funds to buy a small two-manual organ for the Cathedral. It cannot be more than small, but care will be taken that it is well-made. Then the Mission hopes to add to its staff a full-time musician, so that in the course of a few years the Great Cantor's quieter organ pieces—and these form the majority—will be as familiar to those who inhabit the shores of Lake Victoria as they have become to Europeans.



THE NAMIREMBE CATHEDRAL CHOIR.

The Europeans are : Seated—the Rev. W. B. Gill (director) and Miss G. E. Bird (organist).
Standing—the writer.

LONDON SOCIETY OF ORGANISTS

Sigfrid Karg-Elert and Prof. J. C. Bridge have been made honorary members of this Society. In a letter to the President acknowledging the compliment, Karg-Elert stated his intention of dedicating to the Society a new set of Chorale Improvisations.—The Society offers a prize for an original piece of organ music. This is a welcome recognition of the importance of encouraging British organ composers. We trust it will lead to the production of some excellent examples. The privilege and responsibility of encouragement will then lie with players—who are apt to forget that in the long run they can do more than anybody else in stimulating the output for their instrument.

Apropos of this matter of native organ music, we were glad to see that at the Three Choirs Festival, at Hereford, a new organ work, written for the occasion, was played by its composer at the close of Evensong each day. The works were 'Exeunt,' C. Charlton Palmer; 'Ode Héroïque,' H. Arnold Smith; Impromptu, W. G. Alcock; and Fantasy on 'Aberystwyth,' H. G. Ley. It was good to see that crowded congregations waited till the conclusion of each piece.

Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper have just erected an organ in St. Aldate's Church, Oxford—a three-manual of thirty-three speaking stops and twenty-six pistons.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bennett gave a pianoforte and organ recital in Doncaster Church on September 15, playing Mendelssohn's D minor Concerto, the slow movement from Brahms's Op. 15, &c. The organ solos included Franck's Final in B flat and Wolstenholme's Sonata in the style of Handel. This was the first of a long series of musical events of various kinds to be given in this fine Church during the coming season. On October 6 (8.0) the Parish Church special choir and orchestra will give Bach's Magnificat and Purcell's Te Deum in D; on November 3 (8.0) the choristers will take part in an organ and song recital; Dvorák's 'Stabat Mater' will be performed on December 1 (8.0) by the Doncaster Musical Society; and among the works promised for 1928 are the Christmas Oratorio, (Parts 1 and 2), Dale's 'Before the paling of the stars,' the 'St. Matthew' Passion, Astorga's 'Stabat Mater,' and a Palestrina Mass.

The Banbury Madrigal and Glee Union—now in its thirty-seventh year—has just concluded a very successful summer season, during which concerts were given (free) in a number of churches in the district. This year the chief work was Mendelssohn's 'Athalie,' with miscellaneous items that included Franck's 150th Psalm, and oratorio selections. Mr. O. Sherwin Marshall conducted, and Mr. A. H. Osborn accompanied. This method of keeping a choral society together during the 'off' season and at the same time doing a bit of missionary work is to be commended.

A four-manual organ built by Messrs. Harrison and installed in the residence of Lord Glentanar, at Deeside, was opened on September 3, when Marcel Dupré gave a recital. A choral and orchestral programme was also performed by the Reid Orchestra from Edinburgh and about sixty Aberdeen singers, the conducting being shared by Lord Glentanar and Mr. Ian D. Whyte. A Haydn Symphony, the 'Egmont,' 'Meistersinger,' and 'Hebrides' Overtures, the 'Casse Noisette' and 'Peer Gynt' Suites, 'Sanctus' from the B minor Mass, Parry's 'Blest Pair of Sirens,' and a new work by Mr. Whyte, for choir and orchestra, based on the psalm-tune 'Coleshill,' made up a gargantuan repast.

The City Temple Choral Society (a hundred and fifty voices) will give an oratorio on the third Saturday in each month, at 3.0, during the coming season, except on November 19, when there will be an organ recital by the conductor, Mr. Allan Brown. The works to be sung are, in the order named, 'Elijah,' 'The Messiah,' 'The Creation,' 'Israel in Egypt,' and 'The Dream of Gerontius.' A strong list of soloists is announced, and Mr. G. D. Cunningham will be organist. There are vacancies for all voices; particulars from the hon. secretary, Mr. George Tidy, City Temple, E.C. Rehearsals are on Wednesdays, at 8.

Dr. Harold Darke's annual series of Bach recitals at St. Michael's, Cornhill, are among the events looked forward to in the autumn. This year's series began on September 22, and will continue weekly till October 27. The hour is 6.0 p.m. A book of programmes may be obtained at the Vestry, or by post from Dr. Darke (7d.).

Mr. W. Irwin-Hunt announces a series of recitals at St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church, Abbey Road, N.W., at 3.30, on the second Saturday in each month from October to February inclusive. The programmes are an interesting blend of organ classics and transcriptions from modern orchestral works.

A long series of weekly mid-day recitals by visiting organists has been arranged by Mr. George Pritchard for St. Ann's, Manchester. The dates run from September 16 to February 17. The time is 1.20 to 2.0, except on October 7, when it will be 12.30 to 1.10.

In connection with the recital to be given at Liverpool Cathedral on October 22 (3.0) by Mr. Harry Goss-Custard, a special train will be run, tickets for which (10s.) may be had from the Manager, Rotunda Organ Works, Ferndale Road, Brixton, S.W.9.

The historic organ at St. Anne's, Soho, which still contains work by Renatus Harris and other famous craftsmen, is to be renovated by Messrs. Henry Willis & Sons, the improvements comprising a new console, with electric action, adjustable pistons, &c.

Brahms's 'Requiem' was sung twice recently at St. John's Church, Latrobe Street, Melbourne, by the choir of twenty-two boys and fourteen men, with Mr. Alexander McConachie at the organ. The report in the *Melbourne Age* speaks highly of the performance.

RECITALS

Mr. H. Cyril Robinson, St. John's, Barmouth—Psalms—Prelude No. 2, *Howells*; Lament, *Harvey Grace*; Gothic Suite, *Boëllmann*; Fantasia and Finale (Sonata No. 10), *Rheinberger*; Scherzo (Sonata No. 5), *Guilmant*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Marcia Eroica, *Stanford*; Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*; Maestoso, *MacDowell*; Dithyramb, *Harwood*; Concert Piece, *Guilmant*.

Mr. Pearce Hosken, Copperhouse Wesleyan Church—Introduction and Allegro ('Occasional' Overture); Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Prelude on 'Eventide,' *Purty*; Intermezzo on the 'Londonderry Air,' *Stanford*; Choral No. 3, *Franck*.

Dr. C. H. Moody, Winchester Cathedral—Wedding Piece, *Ernest Farrar*; Fugue in C, *Bach*; Concerto in G minor, *Matthew Camidge*; Cortège, *Vierne*; Finale ('Pastoral' Sonata), *Rheinberger*.

Dr. George Tootell, Parish Church, Lytham—Sonata in C minor, *Reubke*; Four Sketches, *Schumann*; 'Summer Sketches,' *Lemare*; 'The Rhinegold.'

Mr. H. Wilfrid King, Hounslow Wesleyan Church—Choral No. 3, *Franck*; Petite Pastorale, *Ravel*; Sketch in D flat and Canon in B minor, *Schumann*; Introduction and Fugue, *Reubke*.

Mr. Sydney W. Robinson, St. Mary's, Nottingham—'Cuckoo and Nightingale' Concerto, *Handel*; Reverie on 'University,' *Harvey Grace*; Andante Cantabile (Symphony No. 4), *Widor*; Allegro con spirito in B flat, *Frank Bridge*.

Mr. F. J. Livesey, St. Bees Priory Church—Prelude and Fugue in C, *Bach*; Marche Religieuse, *Boëllmann*; Andante in D, *Hollins*; Finale (Symphony No. 4), *Widor*.

Rev. Lancelot G. Bark, Crosthwaite Parish Church—Bourrée and Sarabande ('French' Suite), *Bach*; Pastorale, *Franck*; Sonata No. 16, *Rheinberger*; Petite Prélude *Hillemaier*; 'Marche aux Flambeaux,' *Guilmant*.

Dr. J. C. Bradshaw, Christchurch Cathedral, New Zealand—Prelude and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Prelude on 'Rhosymedre,' *Vaughan Williams*; Dithyramb, *Harwood*; Sonata No. 12, *Rheinberger*; Pièce Héroïque, *Franck*; Legend, 'St. Francis preaching to the birds,' *Liszt*; Air with Variations (Symphony in D), *Haydn*.

Mr. Herbert F. Ellingford, St. George's Hall, Liverpool—Sonata No. 1, *Harwood*; Concert Toccata in B flat, *Hollins*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor and Toccata in F, *Bach*; Finale ('Symphonie Pathétique'), *Tchaikovsky*.

Mr. Arthur E. Watts, St. Margaret Patten's—Pièce Héroïque, *Boss*; Sketch in C, *Schumann*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Preludes on 'Melcombe' and 'Martyrdom,' *Parry*.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. Stephen C. Chantler, organist and master of the chorists, Grahamstown Cathedral, South Africa.

Mr. E. A. Collins, organist of Centenary Church, St. John's, New Brunswick, to be Dean of the Faculty of Music at Acadia University, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Harold Hewitt, choirmaster and organist, Christ Church, Newgate Street.

Mr. J. Eric Hunt, choirmaster and organist, Bickley Parish Church, Kent.

Mr. W. Stamp, choirmaster and organist, Church of the Good Shepherd, Carshalton-on-the-Hill, Surrey.

Letters to the Editor

THE APPOGGIATURA IN RECITATIVE

SIR,—Sir George Henschel, by his article on the treatment of the appoggiatura in the Handel recitatives, may justly claim authority as well as ideas. Could a similar degree of scholarship and artistic discrimination be relied upon on the part of singers generally, the necessity I felt in asking you to lay the matter open to discussion would not have existed. An examination of the Handel recitatives shows that the questionable notes in them fall roughly into three classes: (1) the substitution of a note above for that in the original; (2) the substitution of a passing-note for the second of three notes forming a downward third (e.g., C B A for C A A); (3) the suspension or repetition of the penultimate note of a phrase ending in a downward fourth. The objections I originally raised seem to fall into these three categories. It is a pity that the memory of Mr. Vine Westbrook fails him, or he could, no doubt, have told us something valuable. But Sir George Henschel has disposed of the three classes of questionable note in such a manner that a performance of recitative on his principles would, I think, satisfy

Mr. Westbrook with a sufficiency of appoggiatura without having his taste assailed by their redundancy, as mine has often been. Sir George in his first examples shows a fine feeling for the principles of melodic progression; in the second instances he has treated the introduction of the passing-note in the interval of the descending third in the manner apparently in vogue at the time. Numbers of similar instances occur in Bach's music where the second note is written as an appoggiatura, notably in the well-known Aria for the G string, bar 2; and in class 3, in sanctioning a harmless suspension, he has again been true to a traditional progression of the same period. Here are uses of the appoggiatura which are in each case convincing and based on sound taste and judgment, and to this I am ready to bare my head, for my quarrel is with indiscriminate use. The blame for this, 'Feste' suggests, must be shared by singers and editors. Mr. Munro Davison, one can see, has suffered from a singer's blank amazement at the conductor's 'lack of knowledge' in asking for a closer adhesion to the written note than the singer thought compatible with effect. Mr. Davison has also received the gratuitous information that 'it has always been done so,' though, happily for him, he can cut right through 'that dull excuse' which would defend an irritating 'custom'! But, whereas an instrumentalist would perhaps instinctively feel an alteration in the text of an arrangement of, say, a sonata, and would do his best to verify it by getting access to an old edition, a singer is more prone to accept mannerisms, and even mutilations, and will, indeed, believe readily in their contributing to the public effect he will make. Nor can the singer be blamed entirely for this thoughtlessness. When a singer, on being remonstrated with, shows you his copy and tells you he is only singing what is written, it is a difficult matter for a conductor to tell him, or rather convince him, that an interpolation is indiscriminate or inartistic, or that it may be a mannerism and not tradition. With his copy before him the singer would feel the conductor is still further wrong than he is. This brings us to the real danger—the Editor. Editors have a great responsibility, and a certain amount of blame attaches to those who have allowed an edition of, say, 'The Messiah' to go to print with the Handel text altered, and without a word of justification or explanation as to why it has been altered. Compare, for instance, Vincent Novello's edition of 'The Messiah' with Curwen's. Novello adheres closely to the original; Curwen interpolates numbers of questionable notes in the recits. Randeegger, too, in his edition of 'The Messiah' arias is equally guilty. I say guilty, because of the absence of any commentary as to how these interpolations have been arrived at, what the original is, or of any principle which would lead the singer to adopt or reject one or other according to scholarship or taste. At least some such comment ought, I think, to appear, as it invariably does in German publications of old music. Volbach, in his miniature score, devotes nine pages to prefatory argument, and adhering to the original in vocal text and instrumentation, shows the treatment of the score by Mozart and Chrysander. He even writes a cembalo part, and although, to my mind, certain harmonic progressions may not be quite of a Handelian turn, the whole thing is a thorough and sincere piece of work, and helps one to think for oneself. I submit then, for the sake of nothing less than our national prestige, that any editor who takes a liberty with the Handel text should give his reasons for alteration and the original as well. If not, what will ensue? The next generation (if the present is not already affected) will believe that the interpolations are *actually* Handel. Just imagine it, the pathos of 'Thy rebuke,' for instance, maimed by mawkish sentimentality. My point about national prestige is in no way a stretched one. 'The Messiah' is an English work, written in our language, and, as more than one great German critic has said, suffers from translation into the language of a nation who would only too gladly claim the work as its own. Very well, then. Since it is nothing less to us than a national possession it is the duty of editors to see that it is issued to performers in as well-preserved a state as possible. At present, judging from some of the interpretations one hears, we lay ourselves open to the reproach of any foreign

critic to the effect that we do not know how to interpret our own national treasures. And he would be right. We could not plead thoughtlessness as an excuse, nor could we argue 'custom,' for we could not substantiate a vague and indiscriminating use of the appoggiatura. It would take Sir George Henschel to put matters right, and this would mean condemnation of half the notes which are unthinkingly sung now. The matter has cropped up more than once in the past; could not Sir George organize a Commission of Editors and Professors with similar authority to his own to inquire into, and to standardize, 'The Messiah' recits. once and for all? Our younger composers are making a strong bid for national prestige in music abroad; it rests with us to see that, at home, the treasures of the past are taken care of. Could the Musical Association perhaps take the matter up?—Yours, &c.,

Marlborough College,
Wilts.

FRANCIS J. HILL.

SIR,—The article in the September *Musical Times* by that veteran musician, Sir George Henschel, is very interesting and suggestive; and if carried out would greatly lessen the alterations of Handel's text—but it does not altogether agree with traditional convention. The article in Grove's 'Dictionary' gives a different idea, and shows the appoggiatura to have been used from the earliest times. It was explained to me (about 1860), by two experienced musicians, that the appoggiatura was to be used in the case of all 'feminine endings' in *secco* recitative, but that this rule should not further be followed. They admitted, however, that some singers were breaking it, and were using the appoggiatura in recitatives accompanied by orchestra. Macfarren's edition of 'The Messiah' (1884) gives a large number of appoggiaturas, which he justified at the Musical Association meeting mentioned in Mr. B. Vine Westbrook's letter. When Prof. Prout conducted the performance inaugurating his edition of 'The Messiah,' many appoggiaturas were eliminated, but they were introduced at the word 'sorrow' (twice) by the tenor singer. Personally I should not object to this, as there is no discord sounded. Taste should show what is advisable.—Yours, &c.,

16, Lake Avenue,
Bromley, Kent.

J. ALLANSON BENSON.

'WIND OR WYND?'

SIR,—Up till now, your correspondents (who are almost unanimously supporters of 'wind') evade the specific issue as shown in the title, and go off at a tangent on the merits of assonance over true rhythm; or rather, they maintain that, in verse which is meant to be in rhyme, it is immaterial whether the rhymes are perfect or assonant. As to their contrasted merits there is no room for dispute, and it may safely be said no true poet ever adopted the latter, except as a slipshod expedient, or because he was willing for the nonce to forgo the rhyme for the sake of the word, even at the cost of breaking the rhyme-sequence.

I believe that all this commotion about the vocalisation of the word *wind* in poetry began at Musical Festival competitions, in association with Shakespeare's perfect lyric, 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind,' in 'As you like it.' There was an instance of this at Carlisle two or three years ago, when twenty boys competed, and in announcing his decision the adjudicator said:

'No. 15 boy was the first boy to pronounce the word *wind* as wind, not wind, and wind was correct. Flunket Greene would have sung it as *wind*.'

Writing at the time, I said:

'No one has a higher admiration for Mr. Plunket Greene's singing of songs of this class than I have, and I think that, so far as the singing of Shakespeare's song goes, if the two could be heard in competition, the singer would probably excel the poet. If, however, the test were one of rhyme-values, who would not give preference to the poet?'

I should be sorry for the singer who could hope to give full expression to Shakespeare's—

'Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude,'

by nipping the vowel and killing the rhyme.

I would even go so far as to suggest that when writing that immortal verse Shakespeare may have been moved as much, or more, by the music of the rhyme-words as by the thought they convey; indeed, it would be difficult to apportion in lyric poetry the degrees in which the words suggest the thought and the thought the words. Like twin sisters, the inspiration and the expression trip together hand in hand. It is only by words, and particularly by their vowels, that the poet can achieve his melody; just as it is by his notes that a musician expresses his music.

It is inexplicable how cultured musicians can advocate the muddying of the sacred fount from which they draw the inspiration of their settings of songs; for it will be found that there is not one single English poet, from Chaucer to Matthew Arnold, who has not adopted the open vowel in the word *wind*. Since the out-bubbling of Chaucer's 'well of English undefiled,' all English poets have invariably rhymed *wind* with the open vowel, and to change this would utterly destroy not only the melody of their words but the delicacy of their rhythm.

Among others of the immortals whose works I have diligently searched—not for the open vowel, of which the instances are innumerable, but for one solitary example of the closed vowel in *wind*, and not even that one exception is to be found—are Marlowe, Shakespeare, Donne, Herrick, Carew, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Arnold, 'Sea Songs' by the Earl of Dorset (1634), Gay, Dibdin, and 'Anon.'; besides all the madrigal lyricists.

By way of illustration, for the exigence of space I confine myself to Shakespeare's song. It is of interest to trace how the melody which runs through this is achieved, and how any alteration, like that demanded by his 20th-century instructors in poecraft, would ruin it.

On examination it will be seen that the vowel sounds of the first verse find an echo in the second; and therein lies the inspiration of verbal melody. For the sake of comparison, let us imagine a second verse having rhyme-values corresponding with the modern 'improvement,' and read the result side by side with the original. The alteration—suggested merely to show the effect of quasi-rhymes as now proposed—might read thus:

'Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter air,
Thou dost not bite so near
As benefits forgoit.'

Now mark how the verbal music of the original song is reached by the recurring open-vowel rhymes (*wind*, *unkind*, *sky*, *nigh*):

'Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgoit.'

I have said that the change from *wind* to *wind* also destroys the delicacy of the rhythm. A good illustration of this may be found in the anonymous song (c. 1612) 'Phyllida flouts me':

'It so torments my mind
That my heart filleth:
She wavers in the wind
As a ship saileth.'

Read this aloud, and it will be found that with the open vowel both the rhyme-words (*mind*, *wind*) have the emphasis of a minim, as against crotchets in the other syllables; whereas with the closed vowel the word *wind*

also has the crotchet value, against the minim in its companion rhyme, which latter was doubtless aimed at by the poet.

Finally, Shakespeare himself has left on record that he meant the word *wind* to have the open vowel; for, within two or three pages of 'Blow, blow,' in 'As you like it' (Act 3, Scene ii.), he puts forward a sort of competition in rhymes to *Rosalind*, in which Touchstone matches himself against Orlando's

'From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like *Rosalind*.'

In this contest the word *wind* appears, and its companion rhymes are *lined*, *mind*, *hind*, *kind*, *bind*, *rind*, *find*—all of these having the open vowel.

From the foregoing, it will be seen that the vocalisation of *wind* in poetry is not a mere matter of 'taste and fancy,' as some of your correspondents argue; but that it should agree with the rule followed by the poets who have used the word. Against the 'little day' of these ephemeral quibblers, we have the 'all time' of Shakespeare; and in the end Shakespeare will win.—Yours, &c.,

35, Chiswick Street, JAMES WALTER BROWN.
Carlisle.

STUDENTS' COUNTERPOINT

SIR,—I was much interested in your review of the Strict Counterpoint books this month; and I write, not so much to air my own views, as to hear something more substantial from yourself or others, for I am evidently a hardened case. I not only regret, but am heartily sick when I think of, the time I had to waste on this unpractical folly. The only recollection that consoles me is that I was able to get the one thing that strict counterpoint can give—the right number of marks in examinations.

Dr. Kitson compares this subject with that of scales and arpeggios, but he forgets that whereas every pianist uses scales and arpeggios every day of his life, no composer even thinks of Strict Counterpoint in his compositions. Where would Bach have been if he had been forbidden to use six-fours, or more than three consecutive thirds or sixths in one pair of parts, or any other half-dozen good effects objected to by theorists—who don't even agree with each other about which effects to abolish?

Dr. Kitson also points to the pedal part of Bach's D major 'Valet will ich dir geben' as a *raison d'être* for the average *Canto Fermo*; but he himself would be the first to say that none of his own *Canti* were to be compared with that fine tune; besides which Bach's Prelude has some development of definitely-shaped figures, and a hundred other heresies which I was never expected even to want in my five-part work.

Further, the results of Strict Counterpoint can, I think, be seen in the duller works of Brahms, Parry, Stanford, and Charles Wood. These composers all improve in interest and significance as they get further from old-fashioned ideas on counterpoint. Rheinberger is a far finer fugue-writer than Brahms, technically and from the 'effective' point of view; and in the same way Mendelssohn is only second to Bach as a contrapuntist.

Finally, Strict Counterpoint was in my own case an actually harmful thing; for many a progression which I knew was good had to be sacrificed because I had consecutives on corresponding beats of two bars, or a minim at the end of one bar which was not tied into the next, or an accidental, or a suspicion of a secondary seventh—things I had seen dozens of times in the 'Forty-eight' or the Bach Organ Trios. And so I was forced to put in what I knew to be inferior work because it obeyed the letter, and not the spirit, of the law. But my hypocrisy was successful in getting the pass marks before mentioned! All honour to the Royal College of Organists for its action in the matter of Strict Counterpoint's virtual dismissal from polite society! If we want contrapuntal technique, let us study Palestrina, Bach, Mendelssohn, and Wagner, and their true disciples, for these are the great teachers.—Yours, &c.,

H. V. SPANNER.

79, Crofton Road, S.E.5.

THE COMPOSER AND THE LARYNX

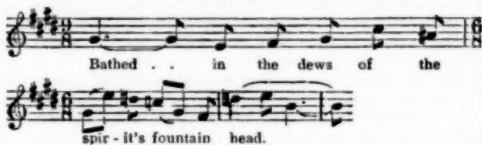
SIR,—I am glad that Mr. Whitehall agrees that the vocal phrases of the great masters tend, in the main, to approach their end by a downward curve. Such phrases are comfortable for the reason that the breath is coming to its end at the finish of a phrase, and low notes do not require much breath for their emission. High notes imply tension on the part of the vocal cords, and after tension there should be relaxation. When a breath is taken the vocal cords completely relax, and after this momentary rest they are ready for another effort.

It is possible that the general trend of musical preference for such phrases is due to the physical sense of comfort which they convey. But whether physical facts explain æsthetic satisfaction cannot be definitely settled by argument. As Robert Louis Stevenson wrote:

'We shall never learn the affinities of beauty, for they lie too deep in nature and too far back in the mysterious history of man. The amateur, in consequence, will always grudgingly receive details of method which can be stated, but never can wholly be explained' ('The Art of Writing').

For the difference between legitimate 'effort' and what is meant by 'strain,' I must refer Mr. Whitehall to the dictionary. Among other definitions Chambers's Dictionary describes 'effort' as 'a putting forth of strength.' 'Strain' is defined as 'to make uneasy.' It is in the sense of these definitions that I intend to convey what I mean by 'effort' and 'strain.'

Here is a phrase from Arnold Bax's 'Lullaby' (presumably intended for mezzo-soprano) that, in my opinion, creates a sensation of strain because it 'makes a definite descent, and then ascends again in the same breath':



There is a world of difference between this awkward passage (even if a breath be taken after 'dews') and the graceful phrases in the same composer's 'I heard a piper piping.'

I do not intend to imply that it is actually a vocal impossibility to sing the awkward passage I have quoted; certain things may be possible, but they are not necessarily expedient. Neither do I suggest that it is the business of singers to shirk legitimate difficulties. The old masters wrote many passages of great, but legitimate, difficulty, and the singer who does not gradually overcome these by easy stages does not develop the full beauty and power of his voice, neither does he acquire the technical equipment necessary for artistic performance.

A difficulty can, however, hardly be described as legitimate when the phrase that engenders it does not seem to be æsthetically inevitable. I would add that the inevitable is not necessarily the banal.

If, after a definite descent, the voice has to ascend, the singer's sense of direction is violated; he has to move his voice in a direction which is contrary to the prompting of his artistic impulse. His will is obliged to act in a manner that is contrary to his sense of the fitness of things, and the opposition thus set up is probably reflected in a contraction of the throat.

The main grievance which I have against the majority of modern art-songs is that so few of them are definitely written for a definite type of voice. When a composer-instrumentalist writes, it is true (as stated by Mr. Whitehall) that he usually composes music of considerable technical difficulty. But the difficulties are suitable for the instrument for which they are composed, and the executant who, by technical study, fits himself for the task has accumulated fresh technical capital rather than frittered away his resources in a needless expenditure of energy.

The full quotation to which Mr. Whitehall refers, regarding Jenny Lind, is as follows:

'On one occasion Madame Birch-Pfeiffer left her, alone, practising the word *zersplitte* ("to shiver to pieces"), on a high B flat, in the opening recitative in "Norma": and, returning several hours afterwards, found her still practising the same word.'

If Jenny Lind continued to practise during the several hours of Madame Birch-Pfeiffer's absence, it would have been entirely contrary to the precept of her master—Manuel Garcia—as laid down in his 'Hints on Singing.' His views therein are stated as follows:

'The practice of singing three or four hours a day will ruin the most robust organ; three half-hours a day at long intervals ought to be the maximum of study.'

One small point further. It is true (as Mr. Whitehall points out) that Dr. Aikin includes a certain position of the tongue for the pronunciation of the vowel sound *oo*. On p. 52 of his book, 'The Voice,' he states:

'The pronunciation of *oo* with the teeth apart necessitates a forward movement of the lips, . . . there appears to be an unconscious rearrangement of the base of the tongue.'

If the latter is *unconscious*, how can Mr. Whitehall substantiate his contention that it antecedes reliance upon the lips? The main difference between Mr. Whitehall and myself seems to be that he regards all other difficulties than those offered by certain consonants to be legitimate problems for the singer to solve, whereas my contention is that many modern songs do not offer sufficient difficulties of the right type, but present many problems of a nature that is at war with the characteristics of the voice.

I referred in my article in last May's issue of the *Musical Times* to what a composer *should* do, and not to what a singer *could* do. Composers should bear in mind that a singer's voice is for *use*, not *misuse*.

Mr. Whitehall and I evidently hold different opinions as to what a singer should be expected to do without running the risk of straining his voice. My views on the subject are unchanged and, as further reiteration of them would be wearisome, I feel that, so far as I am concerned, any further discussion is a sheer waste of time.—Yours, &c.,

Wigmore Hall Studios, W.1.

DAWSON FREER.

DEMANDS ON TECHNIQUE

SIR,—I am greatly obliged to Mr. Davey for quoting a paragraph from a several-years-old article of mine in his letter on Delius. The blithering, dithering nonsense that is squittered about what is vocal and what not, as also about what is or is not playable, is the bane of every composer's life who expands the possibilities of technique and expression. It (the blithering nonsense) is generally accompanied by an imbecile, foolish protest to the effect that if Bach or Mozart could do what they did with the limited means at their command, and well within the powers of the amateur (a most impudent piece of twaddle, for whereas admittedly dozens may be able to play the *notes* of the works of those masters, not one in ten thousand is capable of playing the *music*), why does Mr. Blank or Mr. Dash make such demands—as who should ask, if the Romans could make do with brickwork and stone, why should steel girders and Diespeker spans be wanted now?

The charge of being unvoiced made against Delius is utter nonsense. Have those people who make it no knowledge of the things that have been written for the human voice and were the commonplaces of singing in the *grand siècle* of the art—the 18th century? Do they know nothing of the (to us) terrifying feats of breath control, the alarming precipice-like skips and immense one-breath phrases in the music of Porpora, Broschi, Hasse, Giacometti, and others, the stock repertoire of the *sopranisti*? The limits of what can be sung or played are not to be set by the capacities of refined and ladylike young persons, female or male.—Yours, &c.,

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

175, Clarence Gate Gardens,
N.W.1.

THE AMERICAN CHOIRBOY

SIR,—Mr. Nicholson's commentary on the visit of the Westminster choristers to Canada (*see* May number) interested me very much. This, together with a review of the trip by one of the choristers, attracted the attention of American musicians everywhere, and especially the attention of New York City choirmasters. The boy's article might have been justifiably less academic in phraseology. English boys must, if this be a sample of their work, possess marked potentialities as writers. I prefer, however, the sort of thing that finds its way from the pens of my young relatives—spontaneous, if lacking in form.

The object of this letter is not, however, to find fault with either Mr. Nicholson's story or the story of the boy: both made fine reading. But I am disposed to ask the privilege of a little space to say, in defence of American boy choristers, and more particularly boy choir-singers of the United States generally and New York State especially, that any idea which may be entertained in Great Britain or in England to the effect that American boys cannot sing, are not disposed towards music, and do not make good choirboys is erroneous to a degree. I talked once with a gentleman who had been a member of the Abbey Choir when Sir Frederick Bridge reigned. He was an intelligent man, a good musician, and normally of a sound mind, but he actually laughed at my suggestion that the United States boasted church choirs whose boys sang as beautifully as any set of boys in any part of the world. And, strangely enough, that seems to be the impression generally. English Cathedral singers are quite convinced that the only boy singers extant are in English Cathedrals. May I set your readers on the right tack to some extent? The United States of America boasts a great many boy choirs whose members not alone possess the so-called musical disposition, they also possess fine voices and extreme musical intelligence. New York City, unfortunately, is probably more famous for the number of its very poor choirs than it is for anything else ecclesiastically.

There are many boy choirs in New York City. The great majority of them are so much below standard that it would be waste of time to discuss them. But their lowness of standard is not due to a lack of boys who can sing, or to lack of musically disposed boys, it is entirely due to the inefficiency of the organists and choirmasters. Organists in the United States are mostly choirmasters also, simply because training a choir is the penalty for playing the organ. Young American organists study the organ and do it very thoroughly, but they invariably neglect the study of the voice and the requirements of ensemble training. Hence it is that most of the boy choirs of this country are very poor simply and solely because the choirmasters know nothing at all about choir training or boy voice-production. It is, then, surprising, under such circumstances, to note in American musical journals advertisements which read something like this: 'Mr. So-and-So, special courses in boy voice-production,' 'Specialist in boy voices, &c., &c.' Then, if we are discerning enough to attend the churches where Messrs. So-and-So are choirmasters (for they are all choirmasters somewhere) we hear a boy tone-production which is alarming enough to make us question the intelligence of the men responsible for the choirs and the advertisements. But there are splendid boy choirs here and there in the States—in those churches which are fortunate enough to have as organists men who have taken the trouble to study the art of singing and the art of teaching singing.

If any English musician or lover of music doubt this, we might well suggest that he pay a visit when in the States to Grace Church, at Broadway and Tenth Street, New York City, where, for instance, he will hear a choir of men and boys whose singing is second to none. Here we find a choir trained by a splendid musician—a great organist and a thoroughly trained *choirboy* who took the trouble to become a thoroughly trained singing teacher—Mr. Ernest Mitchell. The choir of Grace Church numbers some twenty-five boys, two counter-tenors, four tenors, and four basses. It is a choir of astonishing beauty, finish, and polish. The adult voices are probably the best in the city—capable and highly trained singers, and not one of them a professional singer

in any other sense, except the solo tenor and the solo bass. But the boys, under Mr. Mitchell, in this fine old Yankee Church, sing with a purity of tone seldom heard even in English Cathedrals, combined with a brilliancy and power which do not in the least make less lovely the mezzo passages, and an artistic treatment which is quite foreign to most American choirs. Of course Grace Church has a choristers' school, and a prestige in music which has spread throughout the world, but, curiously, English people seem to overlook such things when discussing American boy choirs.

I could name several other very fine boy choirs as a substantiation of my claim that American boy choirs compare with, and even excel, the choirs of English Cathedrals. Father William Finn, of Paulist Choir fame, has a choir of little boys recruited from the nearby parochial schools, here in this city, that certainly needs no boosting. Dr. T. Tertius Noble, of St. Thomas's Church, has a choir of great artistic attainments, although one can scarcely say of prodigious vocal accomplishment. Dr. Miles Farrow, at the Cathedral of St. John-the-Divine, finds himself listening each Sunday to a set of choristers whose handicap is a less acceptable set of tenors and basses. Mr. Candlyn, at Albany, has a fine choir of men and boys. And all these choirs handle the most difficult musical works, and sing more at one service than do most English choirs in three.

Grace Church, with its twenty-five boys and ten men, sings a special musical service each Sunday evening, and thinks nothing at all of performing such works as Brahms's 'Requiem,' the 'Stabat Mater' by Dvorák, 'Mors et Vita,' the Bach 'Passion,' &c.

If Mr. Nicholson thinks that America has few fine choirs it would pay him to make a study of the more noted boy-choirs in this country, and it might have been a good thing for everybody concerned if, when he was in Canada, he had brought his choir to New York, and allowed them to hear the singing at Grace Church: singing which Canon Dwelly, of Liverpool, described as the 'finest Church singing' he had ever heard.

The faults of the majority of choirs in the States are chiefly inadequate adult voices and inefficient choirmasters. The boys can sing if they can find the teachers, but the lack of trained teachers of boy voices in the States is deplorable, and is only exceeded indeed by the positively horrible singing 'teaching' which is permitted in the public schools of the country. In these great United States it seems to be assumed that because a teacher can teach arithmetic he can also teach singing, hence more potential choirboys are ruined in the singing classes at the schools than would suffice to supply all the church choirs in the country with good material. But there are the facts, and, snow or no snow, ice or no ice, the States, and Canada too, have plenty of fine boy material, a certain number of fine choirs, a deplorable lack of capable choirmasters, an insufficiency of adult singers, and probably one of the most truly great choirs of all in that at Grace Church. I trust you will pardon me for taking up so much of your space in thus presenting my views.—Yours, &c.,

New York City. AN EX-CATHEDRAL SOPRANO.

THE WORKS OF DELIUS

SIR,—I must thank Mr. Davey for drawing my attention to the authorities mentioned in his letter (September number of the *Musical Times*, p. 838), but it would appear that the principal point of my article has eluded him. My purpose was to indicate that aspect of Delius's art in which 'one finds a crystallisation of the composer's poetry,' and I venture to suggest that even those who, as Mr. Davey points out, 'consider that Delius uses the voice too instrumentally,' will not be found to disparage the substance of the idylls I elected to examine. From a general standpoint, therefore, these works were more appropriate for discussion than others with regard to which critical agreement is not quite so certain. If Mr. Davey considers, as his letter seems to suggest, that my reading of the quintessence of Delius is too one-sided, surely it is open to him or anyone else to repair what he may conceive to be an omission?—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT H. HULL.

Rockfield, Limsfield, Surrey.

DIPLOMAS: ANOTHER ASPECT

SIR,—I wonder if the writer of the letter in your September issue who signs himself 'Pianist' has overlooked the fact that Graduates in music also teach the pianoforte, although they never advertise as Mr. Notes, Mus. Doc. (Theory), as the Degree examination is purely a paper-work one. Will 'Pianist' arrange for this in his scheme? Then, what about the man who teaches more than one subject, and with no qualifications; how are we going to know about his powers? Also, what of the good gentleman with no titles who adds Professor of Music to his name? Am I right in assuming that this title can only be used by Professors of a University, and by such well-known men as Profs. Bridge, Buck, Kitson, &c.? May I also remind 'Pianist' that the L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M. appendages are diplomas, and not degrees. Maybe we are all spending too much time carping at things that have come to stay, and our little fussiness won't alter them.

What we need is some one who can launch a scheme where the professional musician can get recognition, like the doctor and the dentist, and in fact, the labourer also.—

Yours, &c.,

L.R.A.M.

(Registered Teacher, Harmony, &c.).

SIR,—Speaking of worthless 'Diplomas,' I have this week come across the following in a local paper, and fail to have ever seen or heard of such before. 'Pupils prepared by Miss —, G.M.C.T., F.V.C.M.' The latter is Fellow of the Victoria College of Music, but the former diploma I do not know. I certainly agree with 'Pianist's' remarks on p. 837 of your September issue, and think it is high time something was done regarding such diplomas. The ordinary person fails to understand which are genuine credentials.—Yours, &c.,

REGISTERED TEACHER.

Meltham,

Huddersfield.

SIR,—A foot-note in the syllabus of the R.A.M. (1927-28) says: 'Successful candidates are advised that, when using the letters L.R.A.M. after their names, it is necessary to state the subject and class for which this distinction is gained.' Few people seem to realise that the L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M. diplomas may both be conferred for more than twelve different subjects or classes. Therefore, it is essential for a teacher to define the subject to which his diploma refers, especially should he be teaching two or more different subjects—say, pianoforte and singing—and holding a diploma for one only—say, composition.

In your September number, 'Pianist' says that 'those who trade under false pretences are as bad as, if not worse than, those who have obtained a diploma from a college of doubtful repute.' May I not add that the same deception is practised by many (not all) holders of diplomas from colleges of doubtful repute.

Apparently the time has come when the thoughtful parent must, for the musical welfare of his child, make rigid inquiries of a prospective teacher as to the bearing of the diploma held on the subject taught.—Yours, &c.,

L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

(Pianoforte Teaching).

SIR,—In the course of the correspondence on the subject of 'Music Diplomas' much discredit has been cast on a particular institution and its certificates; but I venture to suggest that it would be well to inquire into the general question of the granting of diplomas by the leading institutions to outside candidates. Under existing conditions, are diplomas any guarantee of the ability or musical knowledge of their holders? As the printed regulations show, they are granted to candidates who pass the tests for the particular examination, without any obligation to submit proof of their having been through a comprehensive and thorough course of training. Surely the training is the most essential qualification for a musician, whether teacher or performer.

A further objection is that there is no restriction on the length of time that may be spent on the preparation of the examination test-pieces. The candidate may take a whole year, or more, to the exclusion of all other study.

Would it be too much to ask the examining boards of the leading institutions to revise the conditions relating to the diplomas issued by them to the numerous outside candidates who have not had the advantage of the excellent training given to students of these institutions?

My remarks apply to the whole system of outside examinations, including the 'Local Centre' and the 'School' examinations.

Great service might accrue to musical education if the authorities would extend the scope of their activities, and undertake the actual guidance of the training of the pupils who wish to take their examinations. To ensure this training being on sound lines, no pupil who had not worked through a proper course of study according to a syllabus laid down by the board of examiners should be eligible for the examination. Compulsory periodic inspection would be valuable.

If some such system were to be adopted, the diplomas and certificates would certainly be more difficult to gain, but they would carry far greater weight and be all the more worth having.—Yours, &c.,

SYLVIA M. EVERETT.

Sandridge, Ascot.

HAYDN AND A 'TRISTAN' PROGRESSION

SIR,—Mr. Felix White's witty letter about Debussy's parody of Wagner is full of interest. Going back beyond Wagner, there is a passage in Haydn's Introduction to 'The Creation' which somehow always brings the 'Tristan' Prelude to my mind:



I have no theory to propound. But I suppose that at one time many critics found a good deal of 'chaos' in Wagner's music.—Yours, &c.,

C. H. STEEL.

Egton.

'PEACE, PERFECT PEACE'

SIR,—In the September *Musical Times* I notice a short article on 'A Hymn-Tune Problem.' About fifteen years ago, in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, I heard the hymn 'Peace, perfect peace,' sung to the following tune:



It may not be accurate, but it is as near as I can recall it. Could any reader tell me who composed this tune?

I was much impressed at the time, as it was sung by a very beautiful solo voice. In the verse where the word 'vanquished' occurs on the subdominant and upper tonic, a listener certainly felt that a very definite and comforting answer echoed back through the ancient precincts. I am not a judge, and should like to know this tune's value.—


Yours, &c.,


K. T.


Edinburgh.

SIGHT-READING IN SHARPS OR FLATS

SIR,—I should be disposed to explain the greater difficulty of playing in sharps than in flats, at any rate in extreme keys, by the fact that the former involves the much more frequent use of keyboard notes which are not usually associated with the printed notation.

The key-note F♯ major chromatically raised a semitone is notated  but as the actual note on the keyboard

is commonly seen as  the mind has to overcome the normal impression conveyed by the eye. The difficulty naturally increases with the number of sharps in the signature.

With flat signatures the chromatic raising of a note does not alter its familiar position on the staff with relation to the keyboard, thus: 

The mental effort referred to has of course to be made when the chromatic lowering of notes involves the use of double flats. Such cases, however, are much less common, and usually affect only the third and sixth degrees of the scale.—Yours, &c.,

H. A. CHAMBERS.

25, Hamilton Road,
Harrow.

SIR,—Regarding Mr. Weekes's letter, 'Sight-reading in sharps and flats,' I think it is primarily a matter of sight. Look well at the following two lines and see if (a) troubles the eyesight more than (b). If it does, you will find that the line of sharps will be the offender:



Elaborate the above, even into four-part harmony, and the result becomes even more pronounced. Sharps, at least to my eye, possess a density (on paper) which is entirely absent with regard to flats.

Other reasons may be found. Sight-reading is not very much loved. Probably our 'favourites' are written in flat keys. The most sonorous keys are flat keys, and that again has its appeal. But surely the underlying reason is unconscious prejudice?

Why is it that some players like sharps better than flats? There is no question that some people do, and I have little doubt that Mr. Weekes has met them, as I have done, though perhaps not so frequently.—Yours, &c.,

Calvary Cottage, A. MORRIS GILBERT.
Polperro, Cornwall.

SIR,—Surely the preference of the majority of us for flat keys arises from the fact that we learn to flatten notes before we sharpen them. We commence our studies with the scale of C major, and soon are accustomed to the flattening of the third and sixth. We do not make the acquaintance of E sharp till much later, and B sharp remains a mystery long after we are friends with B flat. And, apart from that, are we not inclined musically to 'think downwards'? For some reason the descending scale seems to be more satisfying, more normal. Bell-ringers always appear to start their peal from the top. I fancy the persistent violin scales in the 'Tannhäuser' Overture would be unbearable if they were ascending.

I am curious to know whether this preference for flat keys holds good when transposing a semitone upwards. With the original key C or F, would the majority of players rather play (mentally) in D flat or G flat than in C sharp or F sharp?—Yours, &c.,

TOM S. WOTTON.

St. Leonards-on-Sea.

SIR,—With reference to the question raised in your September issue by Mr. Walter P. Weekes, if we pursue the path of modulation a little further, we are often led to the relative minor, and to the relative minor of the dominant. Starting from F♯, its relative minor presents CX and perhaps B♯; and the relative minor to its dominant will show GX, and perhaps FX.

The tyro now finds himself in deep water—drowning! The same excursions from G♯ offer to the eye an inoffensive D♯, and perhaps C♯; and A♯, and perhaps G♯—shallow water. If we visualise these modulations in other keys we find the sharp keys mostly tend to make things look harder, and the flat keys lean towards simplification. Of course, given the ideal intonation we do not enjoy on keyboard instruments, there may be a scientific reason for the very widespread preference for flats.—Yours, &c.,

14, Coryton Terrace, CATHERINE H. ROBINSON.
Plymouth.

CINEMA ORGANS

SIR,—May I, as a cinema organist, be allowed to make a few comments on 'Ariel's' remarks on cinema organs? (see September number, p. 824).

'Ariel' starts by saying that 'the instruments in cinemas are not organs at all.' Well, what then are they? Because one has to stunt and play jazz on them, I fail to see why the name should be changed from 'organ' to some 'peppy' name as suggested by 'Ariel.'

Most of the unit-organs used in cinemas are 'Christie-unit' instruments, and are built by Norman & Beard. Does 'Ariel' seriously think that Norman & Beard do not know how to build organs? The next mostly-used examples are 'Comptons.' Is it necessary to add that Compton organs have been held in high esteem for many years? Beyond a few 'Wurlitzer' organs, all the other cinemas possessing organs have church organs.

Let us hope that the names suggested by 'Ariel' will never be applied to these instruments.

I should like to add, as a touch of humour, that a B.B.C. announcer recently gave out from the Studio the following: 'You will now listen to music from St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, played by Dr. Darke.' So the announcement which was suggested by 'Ariel' for Mr. Reginald Foot's recitals has been 'tacked on' to Dr. Darke first.—Yours, &c.,

REX O'GRADY.

Palace Theatre, Putney.

['Ariel' writes: I can best answer Mr. O'Grady's main point by reminding him that three of the five alternative names I mentioned were given to their instruments by the builders themselves. Clearly they also feel that the word 'organ' is inadequate and misleading when applied to an instrument that (1) contains scores of effects which are never present in the real organ, and (2) is lacking in the one distinctive feature of an organ, i.e., genuine diapason tone.]

THE VOCAL APPOGGIATURA

SIR,—I was much interested in 'Feste's' remarks on the appoggiatura in the August *Musical Times*. I remember, as a young student, singing a long recitative from Handel's 'Jephtha' to the principal of the school of music at which I was studying. I sang it, as directed by my teacher, as written, but when I had finished the principal showed me how it ought to be sung, i.e., with appoggiatura throughout at repeated notes. I bowed, naturally, to his superior knowledge and experience, and sang it like that afterwards, but I still think that the music sounds infinitely better sung as written, especially as the accompaniment is sustained throughout. Again, with reference to 'The Messiah,' the bass soloist at the last Handel Festival altered the end of 'But who may abide,' by singing high D on the word 'like' instead of A as written, to my mind thus ruining a fine phrase of very solemn music. Is this also 'traditional'?—Yours, &c.,

P. D. B.

WHO WAS CHILSTON?

SIR,—In his interesting article on 'Chilston,' Mr. Jeffrey Silver thus writes in the August issue of the *Musical Times*:

'Of the theoreticians working then [the first half of the 15th century], there are few of whom less is known than of Chilston. Yet the little we know suffices to place him among the great men who helped to found this nation's art upon a basis of law and order. . . . Who, in the first place, was he? We do not know. What did he compose? We do not know. Of his life we know equally—nothing. But we do know that John Wyld, Precentor of Waltham Abbey (c. 1460), wrote out a number of theoretical treatises in a volume now known as Lansdowne MS. 763 (British Museum). . . . We should like to know more of Chilston, for in the present state of our knowledge we cannot even decide with certainty when he lived.'

Although I cannot say for certain that I have solved the difficulty as to the identity of this brilliant English theorist, yet I feel tolerably safe in equating him with John Chelston who, in the year 1446, wrote a treatise on singing the Psalms according to the rules of St. Bernard. In reality the MS. is a transcript, dated 1446, and is entitled, 'Regula Sancti Bernardi de modo psallendi et cantandi in ecclesia.' This treatise is found in the British Museum, Royal MS. 5, A vi. The name of the author is variously given as Celston, Chelston, and Chilston.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

THE IDEA OF 'DIRECTION' IN WIRELESS MUSIC

SIR,—I was greatly interested in the letter of Mr. Robert Lorenz. As no one appears to refer to it, may I venture to make a few remarks? I, too, heard (but through the loud speaker) that magnificent transmission of the Brahms Clarinet Quintet, Op. 115, on May 22 last, and the reproduction indeed left little to be desired. Contrary to one's usual experience, it was superior to the gramophone records of it. By the way, I have managed to collect records of seven Brahms chamber compositions: Opp. 34, 40, 100, 108, 114, 115, and 120a—of these, Op. 115 is my favourite work. To return to the point of Mr. Lorenz's letter, I cannot claim to have more than an elementary knowledge of physiology, but I am quite certain that while listening to wireless transmissions through the earphones there is no sense of direction, nor can I see why there should be any, as the earphones are in such close proximity to the auditory apparatus. The transmission of music, especially chamber works, by wireless, and its availability by means of gramophone records, is a great boon to music lovers who cannot attend concerts. Actual performances of chamber music, moreover, only take place with comparative rarity, but the gramophone supplies us with a means of intimate study which would otherwise be impossible.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE DIXON
(Lieut.-Colonel).

St. Bees,
Cumberland.

'SANDRINGHAM CHANT BOOK'

SIR,—I should much esteem if any of your readers could enable me to procure a 'Sandringham Chant Book.' I have applied to Messrs. Curwen, but they tell me it has long been out of print. Even a well-worn copy, if complete, would answer my purpose.—Yours, &c.,

20, Burghley Road, E. H. STORROW,
Bristol.

SHAKESPEARE ON DOWLAND

SIR,—Shakespeare evidently had a high opinion of Dowland, as he speaks of him in the 'Passionate Pilgrim' thus:

'Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense.'

—Yours, &c., H. W. SOUTH.

11, Patrick Street,
Kilkenny.

The Amateurs' Exchange

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

Amateur pianist (gentleman) wishes to meet singer for mutual practice. E. London district.—A. J. G., c/o *Musical Times*.

Lady violinist (beginner) wishes to meet pianist for mutual practice. Weekly. Bromley district.—H. M., c/o *Musical Times*.

Lady pianist (student) wishes to meet soloist, trio, or quartet (instrumental). S.W. district.—K. F., c/o *Musical Times*.

Pianist (lady), moderate player, wishes to meet violinist, 'cellist, and vocalist for mutual practice. S.W. London district.—D. E., c/o *Musical Times*.

Young lady vocalist wishes to meet pianist for mutual practice.—Miss M. VERNON, 40, Maida Vale, W.9.

Experienced leader wanted for first-class quartet and quintet party. Chiswick district.—W. M. L., c/o *Musical Times*.

Good second violin and viola players wanted to join quartet in N. Kensington for mutual practice. Extensive library of classical music.—S. F. B., c/o *Musical Times*.

Second violinist wanted, with experience in quartet playing. Weekly evening practices; classical music only. S.W. district.—N. M. A., c/o *Musical Times*.

Young lady pianist (moderate ability) wishes to meet violinist for mutual practice. Blackpool district.—T. A., c/o *Musical Times*.

Young violin student wishes to join string quartet, trio, or any string combination, for practice once or twice a week, daytime or evening. S.E. district, also within easy access of Victoria and Embankment.—H. E. WARREN, 9, Lowther Hill, Forest Hill, S.E.23.

Pianist and violinist wish to meet 'cellist (lady or gentleman) for mutual practice.—G. E. BARBER, 19, John Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

Vocalist wishes to meet pianist for mutual practice. N. London.—R. J., 12, Forest Gardens, Bruce Grove, N.17.

Keen 'cellist wishes to join trio or quartet for practice of good music. N.W. or W. districts preferred.—CELLISTE, 23, Boundary Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

Young lady pianist wishes to meet violinist (not too advanced) for mutual practice. S.W. district.—K. D., c/o *Musical Times*.

String player wishes to meet accompanist for mutual practice. West-End studio, between 5 and 7 p.m., Mondays.—DUO, c/o *Musical Times*.

Violinist wishes to meet advanced pianist for practice of sonatas and trios. London district.—R. K., c/o *Musical Times*.

Lady pianist wishes to meet vocalists or instrumentalists for mutual practice. London studio or S. London district.—Miss LEWIS, 50, Tweedy Road, Bromley, Kent.

Wanted, pianist (or organist) who can play from figured bass, efficiently. I can give him some interesting playing.—H. SMITH, 24, School Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.

Lady, A.R.C.M., working for December L.R.A.M. Pianoforte Accompaniment examination, wishes to meet violinist, same standard, for mutual practice. London and suburbs.—ACCOMPANIMENT, c/o *Musical Times*.

Mr. J. Harry Moon's Sunday Orchestra, formed for the purposes of recreation and for giving free performances in connection with churches, hospitals, and prisons, will welcome the co-operation of a few more good players.—Particulars from MR. MOON, 7, Grove End House, St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8.

Sharps and Flats

Dr. Thomas Wood's concert overture 'Master Manners'.—*Musical Times*.

I am a pessimist. . . . We have become the rubbish-heap of decayed musicians the world over.—*Sir Thomas Beecham*.

It is the sleek middle-class people who prefer the worst music—not the multitude. The middle classes are notoriously more snobbish than any other class in Britain.—*Sir Richard Terry*.

There are a lot of people who are not very high-brow nor very low-brow. They are people you could call mezzo-brows. The mass of workers, wage-earners, and salary takers are mezzo-brows.—*Mrs. Barbara Woolton*.

English people think that opera consists of Wagner and Puccini. It doesn't.—*Sir Thomas Beecham*.

. . . a performance of the Dumpy Trio of Dvorák.—*Boston Paper*.

So-called, no doubt, from the development in the middle section.—*Observer*.

Handel's 'Messiah' was given in the Cathedral to-day. . . This beautiful oratorio was nicely presented.—*Hereford Paper*.

It was Chopin who gave to the world the soul of the night. He was a comet that passed across the face of the musical sky to blaze a way to glory. His name is pronounced *Show-pang*.—*Weekly Paper*.

Bach was the most human of all composers. . . His name is pronounced *Bark*.—*Weekly Paper*.

This sounds more canine than human.—*Punch*.

'As Vester was from Lutmor Hill,' composed by Thos. Walker—one of Walker's finest efforts in praise of Elizabeth.—*Dublin Paper*.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

The Michaelmas term opened on September 19, the entry of new students being quite up to the average, alike in respect of talent and of numbers.

On Saturday, September 17, at noon, Mr. Herbert Ward, late Chief Inspector of Training Colleges, gave an interesting introductory address to the students of the Teachers' Training Course. The address was valuable, as it held up to the students a clear view of their work, and showed how they should apply themselves to the different subjects of the Course. Developing the idea that the purpose of such lectures was to point the way and to stimulate the mind, Mr. Ward went on to say that it was necessary for the students to supplement them by careful study and reading for themselves, and especially to apply their knowledge to actual teaching of the individual or the class. This advocacy should equip the earnest student to profit to the full by the demonstration lessons which are given under the personal supervision of a professor of the R.A.M., and are also an important feature of the Course. The lecturer also indicated to the students the proper way to prepare for the searching examination held in July at the end of the Course, which is designed to test the student's knowledge of the principles of teaching, and their application.

The customary students' concerts will take place at regular intervals, and the orchestra will be under the personal direction of Sir Henry Wood.

The sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Cuthbert Whitmore, on Saturday, September 10, is deeply deplored, and his loss will be mourned by his many friends. He had been a professor at the Academy for nearly twenty years, and was greatly esteemed. F.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The College reopened for the Christmas term on September 19, when the Director gave his terminal address to a crowded audience of students and parents. This address, which, besides touching on topics of special College interest, dealt with the importance of a good foundation in musical training, will shortly be available in printed form, as it will be published in the College Magazine.

The hearts of students returning to College were rejoiced by very visible signs of new additions to the amenities of the theatre. Three large dressing-rooms and a scene-dock were nearly completed in the vacation, and the effect of these acquisitions on the comfort of those using the theatre need not be emphasised. But more attractive than these is undoubtedly the gift of a hard tennis court, laid down in the College garden, through the generosity of a student's mother. This court will be ready for use by the time these lines are in print, and will be a fine antidote, if not a dangerous rival, to the serious side of music.

From time to time the College is privileged to offer valuable scholarships for competition, apart from the regular open scholarships given every year, and during the summer vacation scholarships and exhibitions for composition (two), opera, and conducting were awarded.

The most important of these was the newly-founded Composition scholarship in memory of Jacques Blumenthal, who was a member of the College Council, a composer of great charm, and a liberal friend of young musicians. Its annual value is £135, and it provides not only tuition fees, but about £90 a year towards the holder's maintenance.

The other Composition scholarship, the Marianne Rowe, has the distinguishing feature of specially encouraging the composition of light opera, in obedience to the founder's wishes.

The awards were as follows: Jacques Blumenthal Scholarship (composition), Elizabeth Maconchy; Marianne Rowe Scholarship (composition), Ianthe Dalway-Turnball (for one year); Special Grant, Imogen Holst (composition scholar of the College); Julian Clifford Scholarship (conducting), Geoffrey T. Corbett; Operatic Exhibitions, James W. Barber and Archibald Cooper.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

It is with deep regret that we record the recent death of this Right-Hon. Lord Coleridge, who, like his father before him, was a vice-president of the College for many years; also of Mr. J. H. Vincent, for many years the local secretary at Belfast.

The arrangements for the new term include a number of students' concerts and lectures. These began in the first week with the inaugural address of the Rev. W. J. Foxell, chaplain to the College, on the subject of 'Music and Beauty,' and end with a choir and chamber music concert at Grotrian Hall and an orchestral concert at Queen's Hall. A large number of distributions of diplomas and certificates at local centres has been gazetted, at which the College will be represented by Dr. J. C. Bridge, chairman of the Board, Dr. E. F. Horner, director of examinations, and the secretary, Mr. C. N. H. Rodwell.

CHORAL SOCIETY PROGRAMMES

First List

LONDON

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. H. L. Balfour and visiting conductors).—October 22, 'Elijah'; November 19, Brahms's 'Requiem' and 'The Hymn of Jesus'; December 17, Carols; January 7, 'The Messiah'; February 4, 'Hiawatha'; March 3, 'The Dream of Gerontius'; April 6, 'The Messiah'; April 28, Beethoven's Mass in D.

PHILHARMONIC CHOIR (Mr. C. Kennedy Scott).—December 14, 'Antiphon' (Vaughan Williams); 'Psalmus Hungaricus' (Kodály); 'Sleepless Dreams' and 'Hey, nonny no' (Smyth); 'Requiem' (Brahms); May 16, 'The Mass of Life' (Delius).

ALEXANDRA CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. Allen Gill).—'Elijah'; 'Hiawatha'; Mass in B minor; 'The Messiah'; 'The Kingdom.' On December 8 and February 16 Mr. Gill will lecture on the development of the string quartet, with illustrations. BECKENHAM CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Frank Whitaker).—'A Tale of Old Japan'; 'Hiawatha's Departure'; 'The Spectre's Bride.'

BROMLEY CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Frederic Fertel).—Concert edition of 'Carmen'; 'King Estmere' (Holst); 'Songs of the Fleet' (Stanford); 'The Messiah.'

CENTRAL LONDON CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. David J. Thomas).—‘Les Cloches de Corneville’; ‘The Messiah.’

CITY TEMPLE CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Allan Brown).—‘Elijah’; ‘The Messiah’; ‘The Creation’; ‘Israel in Egypt’; ‘The Dream of Gerontius’; ‘The Crucifixion.’

CROYDON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. W. H. Reed and Mr. Alan J. Kirby).—‘The Pied Piper of Hamelin’ (Parry); ‘Songs of the Fleet’ (Stanford); ‘The Rebel Maid’ (Phillips); ‘Elijah.’

CRYSTAL PALACE CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock).—Concert edition of ‘Carmen’; ‘Songs of the Fleet’ (Stanford); Temple Dance from ‘Olav Trygvason’ (Grieg); first Act of ‘Parsifal.’

DESTRA CHOIR, WEST LONDON (Mr. William S. Lewis).—Concert edition of ‘Carmen’; ‘Stabat Mater’ (Rossini).

DULWICH PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Leslie Regan).—‘King Olaf’; ‘Before the paling of the stars’ (Dale); Christmas Music from ‘The Messiah’; ‘The Dream of Gerontius.’

EAST HERTS MUSICAL SOCIETY.—‘The Last Post’ (Stanford); Brahms’s ‘Requiem.’

GRAFTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Henry F. Hall).—‘A Tale of Old Japan’; ‘Elijah’; ‘St. Matthew’ Passion.

HARROW AND GREENHILL CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. F. W. Belchamber).—Concert edition of ‘Carmen’; ‘Songs of the Fleet’ (Stanford); madrigals.

ISLINGTON CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Ronald Chamberlain).—‘Romance of Spain’ (Vincent Thomas); ‘A Tale of Old Japan’; ‘Acis and Galatea’; ‘Tom Jones.’

PENGE AND DISTRICT CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. Alfred B. Choat).—‘King Arthur’ (Purcell); ‘Bon-Bon Suite’ (Coleridge-Taylor); ‘Faust’ (Gounod); ‘Elijah.’

PLUMSTEAD CENTRAL HALL CHOIR (Mr. W. Wilson).—Concert version of ‘Faust’ (Gounod); ‘Tom Jones’; ‘Hymn of Praise’; ‘The Messiah.’

PURLEY CHORAL UNION (Mr. Harold Macpherson).—‘Ode on St. Cecilia’s Day’ (Handel); ‘A Princess of Kensington’; Mass in D (Stewart Macpherson); ‘Songs of the Fleet’ (Stanford).

SOUTH LONDON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Arthur Fagge).—‘A Tale of Old Japan’; ‘News from Whydah’ (Balfour Gardiner); Songs from the Greek Anthology (Elgar); Five Lyrics (Quilter); ‘The Golden Legend.’

SUTTON MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. H. L. Balfour).—‘A Princess of Kensington’; ‘A Song of Destiny’; ‘The Messiah.’

WEST LONDON CHORAL UNION (Mr. William S. Lewis).—‘The Pied Piper of Hamelin’ (Parry); ‘The Wake of O’Connor’ (Bath).

WESTMINSTER CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Vincent Thomas).—‘God’s time is the best’; ‘Spring’ (from ‘The Seasons’); ‘Alexander’s Feast.’

WILLESDEN GREEN AND CRICKLEWOOD CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. F. W. Belchamber).—‘Hiawatha’; ‘Elijah.’

WIMBLEDON CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Kenneth A. Brown).—‘Judas Maccabaeus.’

WIMBLEDON CHURCH CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. F. Wilment Bates).—‘The Rebel Maid’ (Phillips).

PROVINCIAL

ABERDEEN CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. Willan Swainson).—Beethoven’s Mass in D; ‘Sing ye to the Lord.’

BATH CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. H. T. Sims).—‘A Tale of Old Japan’; ‘Elijah’; madrigals.

BEDFORD MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. H. J. Colson).—‘Glory, Honour, and Laud’ (Wood); ‘A Tale of Old Japan.’

BIRKENHEAD ORATORIO CHOIR (Mr. Teasdale Griffiths).—‘Mount of Olives’; Brahms’s ‘Requiem’; a Bach Cantata; probably ‘Sancta Civitas’ (Vaughan Williams) and ‘King David’ (Honegger). The choir also assists neighbouring small societies in the performance of oratorios.

BIRMINGHAM CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL UNION (Mr. Joseph H. Adams).—‘Elijah’; ‘A Psalm of Praise’ (Joseph Adams); ‘The Golden Legend’; ‘Merrie England.’

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY (Dr. Adrian Boulton).—‘The Apostles’; ‘The Hymn of Jesus’; selections from ‘Parsifal’ and ‘The Mastersingers’; Mass in B minor; ‘The Messiah.’

BIRMINGHAM: THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM CHOIR (Mr. G. D. Cunningham).—‘Christmas Oratorio’; ‘The Dream of Gerontius.’

BLACKPOOL CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY (Mr. P. M. Dayman).—‘Elijah’; ‘The Messiah’; ‘Hiawatha’s Wedding-Feast.’

BRADFORD: ALL SAINTS’ BACH CONCERTS (Mr. Charles Stott).—‘The Lord is my Shepherd’; ‘O Light Everlasting’; ‘My spirit was in heaviness’; ‘Sing ye to the Lord.’

BRADFORD OLD CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Wilfred Knight).—‘The Vision of Life’ (Parry); Stanford’s ‘Songs of the Fleet’; ‘The Messiah’; ‘The Wedding of Shon Maclean’; ‘Forty Singing Seamen’ (Thomas Wood).

BRISTOL CHORAL SOCIETY (Sir Herbert Brewer).—‘The Flying Dutchman’; ‘The Messiah’; ‘The Black Knight’; ‘A Song of Destiny’; ‘In exitu Israel’; ‘Sir Patrick Spens’; ‘The Music-Makers’; Verdi’s ‘Requiem’; Ethel Smyth’s Mass in D.

BRISTOL: J. S. FRY CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. C. Read).—‘The Creation’; part-songs and madrigals.

BURNLEY MUNICIPAL CHOIR (Mr. D. Duxbury, chorus-master).—Mozart’s ‘Requiem’; ‘The Messiah’; ‘The Damnation of Faust’; under Sir Hamilton Harty; ‘The Black Knight.’

COLCHESTER AND DISTRICT MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. W. F. Kingdon).—‘A Tale of Old Japan’; ‘A Song of Destiny.’

DEAL AND WALMER CHORAL SOCIETY.—Concert edition of ‘Faust’; ‘Lochinvar’ (Lang).

DERBY LABOUR MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. J. C. Brydson).—‘The Revenge.’

DOVER CHORAL UNION (Mr. H. J. Taylor).—‘Hiawatha’s Departure’; ‘The Jackdaw of Rheims’ (Chignell); ‘The Messiah’; ‘Faust’ (Gounod).

DUNDEE AMATEUR CHORAL UNION (Mr. C. M. Cowe).—‘The Dream of Gerontius’; ‘A Song of Destiny.’

EXETER ORATORIO SOCIETY (Mr. Allan Allen).—‘The Mystic Trumpeter’ (Harty); ‘Hymn of Praise’; ‘The Messiah.’

FAVERSHAM INSTITUTE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. W. J. Keech).—‘Elijah’; ‘Patience.’

FROME CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. A. M. Porter).—‘The Messiah.’

GLASGOW CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL UNION (Mr. Wilfred Senior).—Beethoven’s Mass in D; ‘The Messiah’; ‘The Dream of Gerontius.’

GRAYS (ESSEX) AND DISTRICT CHORAL AND MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. W. H. Fraser).—‘St. Paul’; ‘The Bohemian Girl.’

GRIMSBY CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Percy Wilson).—‘The Spirit of England’; Brahms’s ‘Requiem’; Holst’s ‘Two Psalms’; ‘The Kingdom.’

GUILDFORD CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Claud Powell).—‘Everyman’ (Walford Davies).

HALIFAX CHORAL SOCIETY (Dr. A. C. Tysoe).—Beethoven’s Mass in C; Bach’s Magnificat; ‘The Messiah’; ‘Semele.’

HASTINGS MADRIGAL SOCIETY (Mr. Reginald E. Groves).—‘Hiawatha’s Departure’; ‘Elijah’; ‘The Messiah.’

HUDDERSFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY (Sir Henry Coward).—‘The Apostles’; ‘The Messiah’; ‘The Golden Legend’; ‘When Israel out of Egypt came’ (Mendelssohn).

IPSWICH CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. W. H. Dixon).—Concert edition of ‘Carmen.’

KIDDERMINSTER CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. J. Irving Glover).—‘The Music-Makers’; ‘Phauidrig Crohoore’; ‘St. Matthew’ Passion.

- KIRKCALDY CHORAL UNION (Mr. C. M. Cowe).—'Hiawatha' (complete).
- LEEDS CHORAL UNION (Sir Henry Coward).—'Orpheus' (Gluck); 'The Mystic Trumpeter' (Harty); 'The Messiah'; 'Sea' Symphony (Vaughan Williams); 'Ode to the North-East Wind'; Verdi's 'Requiem.'
- LEIGH-ON-SEA CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Arthur Rose).—'Israel in Egypt'; Dvorák's 'Stabat Mater'; 'Towards the Unknown Region.'
- LINCOLN MUSICAL SOCIETY (Dr. G. J. Bennett).—'Tannhäuser'; 'A Dirge for Two Veterans'; 'It comes from the misty ages.'
- LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Sir Henry Wood).—'Sea Drift' (Deliuss); 'The last four things of man' (Vycpalek) (first performance in England).
- LIVERPOOL WELSH CHORAL UNION (Dr. Hopkin Evans).—'The Blessed Damozel' (Debussy); 'The Dream of Gerontius'; 'The Messiah'; Beethoven's Mass in D.
- LONDON DERRY PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (Mr. Henry Franklin).—'Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast'; Holst's 'Psalm 148.'
- MAIDSTONE CHORAL UNION (Mr. F. Wilson Parish).—'St. Matthew' Passion; 'Christmas Oratorio.'
- MANCHESTER: THE HALLÉ CHORUS (Sir Hamilton Harty).—'Israel in Egypt'; 'Romeo and Juliet' (Berlioz); 'The Messiah'; 'Fidelio'; 'The Kingdom.'
- MELTON MOWBRAY CHORAL SOCIETY (Dr. Henry Coleman).—'A Tale of Old Japan'; 'The Banner of St. George.'
- NEWARK CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. R. C. Richardson).—'Maritana'; 'Elijah.'
- NORTHAMPTON MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. C. J. King).—'Christmas Oratorio.'
- PONTYFRIDD TABERNACL CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. Alun Dummer).—'Christmas Oratorio'; 'St. Paul.'
- ST. ALBAN'S BACH CHOIR (Mr. W. L. Luttman).—'St. John' Passion.
- SITTINGBOURNE AND DISTRICT MUSICAL SOCIETY (Mr. W. J. Keech).—'Princess Ida.'
- STOCKPORT VOCAL UNION (Dr. Thomas Keighley).—'The Messiah'; 'The Banner of St. George.'
- STOURBRIDGE CONCERT SOCIETY.—'A Tale of Old Japan'; 'The Song of Miriam'; 'Elijah.'
- SWANSEA: CLYDACH HEBRON CHURCH CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. T. P. Williams).—'The Revenge'; 'Bide with us'; 'The Banner of St. George.'
- TENBY FESTIVAL SOCIETY (Mr. W. Cecil Williams).—A Festival will be held in Tenby Parish Church in July, 1928. Works: 'The Messiah'; 'For the Fallen'; 'The Creation'; 'Elijah'; 'Cradle of Christ,' a work by Parry, and a Bach Cantata.
- TONBRIDGE CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. G. T. Kimmins).—'Christmas Oratorio'; concert version of 'Carmen.'
- WELWYN GARDEN CITY MUSICAL SOCIETY (Miss Alice Hare).—'The Seasons.'
- WINDSOR AND ETON CHORAL SOCIETY (Rev. B. C. S. Everett).—'Hervé Riel' (Walford Davies); 'Songs of the Fleet' (Stanford); 'Princess Songs' (Holst); Brahms's 'Requiem'; 'St. Matthew' Passion.
- WOLVERTON AND DISTRICT CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. C. Kenneth Garratt).—'King Olaf.'
- YEKVIL CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. F. G. Risdon).—'The Vision of Life' (Parry); Stanford's 'Songs of the Fleet'; 'The Messiah.'

SOCIETY OF WOMEN MUSICIANS

The Society of Women Musicians wound up the summer session with two birthday celebrations—its own sixteenth anniversary, held on Saturday, July 16 (which was marked by a pianoforte recital by its former President, Miss Fanny Davies), and the eightieth birthday of Mr. Walter Willson Cobbett, its faithful Associate and generous friend, whose challenge medal for string quartet playing in the Society of Women Musicians was competed for the first time on July 4.

The competition was held at Mr. Cobbett's residence, and during the proceedings an illuminated address of

congratulation was presented to him by the Society. Ten quartets entered for the challenge medal, the adjudicator being Miss Katharine Kendall. The members of the winning quartet were Miss Elsie Avril, Mrs. Smyth, Miss Peake, and Miss Pearce. The bronze medal, designed by Lady Harris, who is a member of the S.W.M., presents an admirable likeness of the donor.

The opening meeting of the session had been an informal at-home for members' music, and the fifteenth annual Composers' Conference took place on June 10 and 11. Mr. Theodore Holland was the guest speaker at the first of these meetings, and, as always, the second was devoted to short papers from members, Madame Elsie Horne speaking on Form, Miss Monica Smith on Balance, and Miss Fiona McCleary on the Æsthetic Emotion.

On Tuesday evening, July 12, the Society held a Conference on Musical Education, which was opened by Mlle. Riquet, Professor of Sol-fège at the Schola Cantorum at Paris, who (speaking in French) gave an outline of the history of the Schola, and of its aims and ideals, from its foundation by Charles Bordes, Alexandre Guilmant, and Vincent d'Indy, till the present day. The next speaker was Prof. Stewart Macpherson, who deplored the 'muddled taste' and capricious attention which, in his opinion, were being encouraged by mechanical music and broadcasting. He was followed by Miss Evelyn Suart, who spoke of her own experiences of musical education at Vienna, under Leschetizky, and the incomparable joy and gaiety of the musical atmosphere in which both professors and pupils lived. Miss Editha Knockner next laid stress on the educational value of learning to make a thing of beauty, on our neglect of music as a national asset, and on the prime importance of thoroughness in musical training. She drew attention to the devastating waste of time and diffusion of precious energy that waylaid a student working under the average conditions of modern life. The Chairman, Mrs. Norman O'Neill, then made a few observations on the problems of teaching the unmusical, and in the general discussion which followed a number of well-known authorities gave their views, among them Miss Nellie Holland, who regretted the disappearance of one very important means of education, the cheap concert-ticket, at the same time offering the consoling reflection that the better methods of technique now prevalent saved time for general culture. Miss Annie Weston considered that faulty general education balked both teacher and taught in music, especially in limiting the use of analogy. Mr. Frank Roscoe commented on the frequent lack of intelligence in ordinary matters shown by musicians, and urged that a great artist must inevitably have a general high appreciation in culture. He thought that we made a cardinal mistake in ignoring music in the earliest years, and gave it as his ideal that we should have a University of Music towards which a child should be able to work from the first evidence of musical talent. Dr. Nicholas Gatty proposed that our Schools of Music should have an Upper School for the more gifted, where the conventional curriculum should be superseded.

The Society will resume its meetings in October. Particulars of membership and other information may be obtained from the Secretary, Society of Women Musicians, Miss Rachel Fell, 74, Grosvenor Street, W.1.

The League of Arts announces an attractive series of Saturday afternoon concerts (3.0) at the Victoria and Albert Museum, from October 1 to December 17. The performers include the Kendall and New Philharmonic String Quartets, Miss Daisy Kennedy, Miss Lily Henkel, Mr. Gilbert Bailey, Mr. Harold Craxton, the League of Arts Choir, &c. Admission is free, but everyone is asked (not to say expected) to help things along by buying a sixpenny programme.

A concert of the works of Arnold Bax will take place at Wigmore Hall on October 20, at 8.15. The programme will include the Oboe Quintet, the Pianoforte Quintet, and a Sonata for viola and harp, the performers being Miss Harriet Cohen, Madame Korczynska (harp), Mr. Leon Goossens, and the Virtuoso Quartet.

London Concerts

QUEEN'S HALL PROMENADE CONCERTS

At the first Beethoven concert of the season, on August 19, the Symphony was No. 7. Mr. Leslie England played in the E flat Pianoforte Concerto with spirit, accuracy, and a sense of measure. Mr. Steuart Wilson sang the song-cycle, 'To his Absent Sweetheart' (in a new translation of his own), with just and thoughtful expression. Miss Lilian Stiles-Allen sang Clärchen's two songs from 'Egmont.' Such incidental lyrics do not make very satisfactory concert songs, but Miss Stiles-Allen showed that for sheer quality of tone she is one of our best sopranos.

Arnold Bax's Symphonic Variations (August 20) made exceptional fare for a Saturday night audience, very rich and perhaps somewhat confusing. The composer does not deny himself the expression of any fancy that comes into his inventive head. The Variations are full of charming excursions, and there is beauty wherever we are led. This is so much to be granted that it seems ungrateful to feel inclined to complain of a lack of general direction in the work, and to be at times cloyed with the heavy profuseness. Miss Harriet Cohen played the exacting pianoforte solo with, we thought, a newly increased power and grip.

On the same evening Mr. Frank Bridge introduced to us his new Orchestral Impression, 'There is a willow grows aslant a brook,' which sets out to be a translation in musical terms of the Queen's description of Ophelia's death. It was a piece of most refined writing, but cold and unaffectionate.

Three of the Wednesday concerts were given to Bach and three to Brahms, and there were, without exception, overflowing audiences on those nights. On August 24 we heard Brahms's C minor Symphony and the Violin Concerto (Miss Daisy Kennedy). Miss Kennedy lost her way in the first movement, a misadventure upon which one would not dwell if it were not that she saw fit to put it down to lack of rehearsal.

On August 25 there was a novelty, 'Elaine,' by Miss Susan Spain-Dunk, conducted by the composer. This Orchestral Poem was the product of an immature talent, and was, in fact, more of an exercise than a genuine composition. Even great composers have written like this in their youth, to get their hand in. Mr. Charles Kelly played Liszt in E flat, Mr. Francis Russell sang (he knows a good deal about singing, and now needs to dwell more on the meaning of what he sings), and the orchestra played Dvorák's E minor Symphony.

Dame Ethel Smyth conducted her Concerto in A for horn and violin, a recent composition, on August 27. It is not a wholly satisfying piece. It sounds as though it had been rather casually knocked off; but there is, in the course of the composition, real music, amiable and spirited. Mr. Aubrey Brain performed his curious feat of producing chords from the horn in the Cadenza. The violinist was Mr. Antonio Brosa. The composer made a speech. How wise are those musicians who never speak! Speech-making always reduces the spiritual quality of a musical performance. It turns a festival into an esteddfod.

Elgar's 'Enigma' Variations were the great thing of this concert.

The Haydn and Mozart concerts on Tuesday nights were very enjoyable, and it was pleasant to see that they attracted many more listeners than last year. These programmes have restored Haydn to high consideration. We have realised that he had been unjustly overshadowed in the Mozart revival. On August 20 there was an uncommonly good performance of the 'London' Symphony in D. Miss Margaret Fairless played a Violin Concerto of Mozart's in a way that promised capital things.

The Brahms concert on August 31 included the E minor Symphony and the D minor Pianoforte Concerto, with Mr. Harold Samuel as soloist. Later in the evening Sir Henry Wood conducted three of Holst's ever-triumphant 'Planets.'

An arrangement by Busoni of Liszt's Spanish Rhapsody, for pianoforte and orchestra, was played on September 1. The soloist, Egon Petri, with his superb virtuosity,

enraptured an audience that responds particularly to good pianoforte playing. Miss Kate Winter sang prettily, and Mr. Roy Henderson with more dramatic warmth than one had given him credit for. On the whole the singing at this year's 'Proms' has been better than usual, though a good deal of it has still been feeble. Several B.B.C. favourites have been little better than failures on the Queen's Hall platform, where the amiable sort of drawing-room singing that depends mainly on nice, clear words is ineffective.

Elgar's A flat Symphony distinguished the programme on September 8. The performance was good in a clear-cut way. It missed the wayward feeling, the unexpected happy thoughts, and the welling poetry peculiar to the composer's own conducting of the music. New to Queen's Hall was an Orchestral Fantasy, 'Songs of the Gael,' by Mr. B. Walton O'Donnell, who conducted. A heavy and unfeeling, businesslike hand had here grasped a number of old Irish tunes and made of them a Cockney nosegay.

At the Beethoven concert on September 9, Mr. Maurice Cole played the C minor Pianoforte Concerto neatly. Mr. Arthur Fear, a promising young bass, sang 'Hear me, ye winds and waves.' It is a good thing that singers are learning to dispense with a sheet or scrap of paper on the platform. Miss Dorothy Helmrich would have been very good indeed if she had kept to the level of her best. But in 'Creation's Hymn' we heard two or three different voices.

A set of Orchestral Variations with Intermezzo, Scherzo, and Finale was conducted by the composer, Mr. Victor Hely-Hutchinson, on September 10. The theme had the rustic flavour so much appreciated in these days at the R.C.M. The whole composition was attractive and not commonplace. It may have languished at times. Moments of hushed intensity were prolonged into emptiness. But we regard it as the proof of a real talent, of genuine musical impulse, and delicacy of mind. Dohnányi's now very familiar and popular 'Nursery Song' Variations were played on the same night, and Mr. Harold Williams sang well.

Mr. William Walton's odd and jolly 'Portsmouth Point' Overture was played in Part 2 of a Wagner programme (September 12), and the next night we had another new nautical piece, Dr. Thomas Wood's 'Seaman's Overture,' which was sturdy and serious, whereas Mr. Walton was jumpy and jaunty. Dr. Wood is the solidier workman, Mr. Walton the cleverer.

Miss Elsie Suddaby sang on September 13. She has not yet fulfilled all the hopes she aroused when she first came out. She had many of the qualities called for by Mozart's difficult aria 'Ch'io mi scordi,' but hardly any tone.

Among the many good things in the Bach programme, on September 14, were the flute playing of Mr. Robert Murchie and the pianoforte-duet playing in two Concertos for two keyboards by Mr. James Ching and Mr. Hely-Hutchinson.

On September 15, Sir Henry Wood conducted the 'Elegy' for strings which F. S. Kelly, musician and athlete, wrote in memory of Rupert Brooke, not long before his own death in action (1916). It is a distinguished piece of writing, elevated and strictly austere. The tone is more impersonal and, for all its pathetic sombreness, less affecting than the 'Heracleitus' epigram in the Anthology, a line from which (about the dead friend's immortal nightingales) serves as epigraph to the piece.

A young violoncellist, Miss Raya Garbousova, played Tchaikovsky's Variations in a very pretty and promising way at this concert, and we heard two good singers, Miss Elsie Black and Mr. Stuart Robertson. C.

Hindemith's Concerto, on September 3, was a disappointment. It gave us the Hindemith we more or less pre-figured, but no *cause célèbre*. Will nobody revive for us the gay days of 'Heldenleben' and 'The Rite of Spring.' This was too much like a composer's game to set the gods arguing about it. As Mah-jong is to oughts and crosses so is this Concerto to 'chop-sticks.' The pianoforte became a xylophone, the twelve solo orchestral instruments behaved according to their natures, and the whole fitted in rhythmic marches and counter-marches, groupings and

interruptions, beginnings, endings, and dovetailings, all giving the effect of activity for its own sake, like a ballet of orchestral instruments.

For musical emotion there was now and then a wooden sigh, a metal tear, a fretwork laugh. Here and there was a patch of colour, genuinely pleasing. The cardinal virtue apparent all the time was economy. The thirteen instruments were usually occupied as temporary trios, quintets, and the like, and the texture of the sounds was that of chamber music. Speaking generally, the music was addressed to people who happen to be interested in music of that type, and they no doubt liked it. Those who, like the present writer, found nothing in it that aroused a definite liking, had better say not that they disliked the music but that they were not interested. But nobody will make any passionate declarations about it.

Marcel Dupré's 'Cortège et Litanei,' played by Mr. Kiddle and the orchestra on September 6, elaborately paraded fine effects to come and splendid tunes that were not there. Some sense of actuality is wanting in M. Dupré's considered effects. Perhaps this is what he pays for being a clever improviser. M.

MANCHESTER

The Hallé Concerts Society opens its seventieth season on October 20 with a Wagner night. As regards the purely orchestral items, some new and unfamiliar works have been included, not merely on account of their novelty, but because (so far as the Executive and its advisers are able to judge) of their intrinsic quality. Hallé audiences are more interested in symphonic works than in any other form, and on December 15 will revel in the 'Unfinished' and C minor before the interval, and Brahms's No. 2 afterwards. The late Samuel Langford, in and out of season, chided the Executive with increasing severity of language for its persistent neglect of Mahler. Would that he had lived to hear that composer's fourth Symphony on November 24. Ernest Bryson's second Symphony—promised last season, but withdrawn on account of incompleteness of parts—will definitely be heard on January 12. Glazounov's Symphony No. 4, in E flat, is allotted to December 8; Turina's 'Sinfonie Sevillana' to November 3; and Rimsky-Korsakov's Suite, 'Mlada,' to November 17. This exhausts the 'first time at Manchester' list; but the purely orchestral evening of October 27 brings not only 'Heldenleben' and Brahms's Symphony No. 3, but two 'first time in England' works, in the 'Dramatic Overture of Dvorák and the Concerto Grosso for three violins and orchestra of Vivaldi.

The proportion of British works in a scheme of twenty concerts is, it must be said, ridiculously small—Elgar ('The Kingdom,' 'Enigma' Variations, and String Introduction and Allegro), Bryson (second Symphony), Delius ('Paris'), and Harrison ('Prelude Music'). Any conductor's most formidable difficulty in drafting programmes is in finding smaller works of, say, ten or twelve minutes' duration, to lighten the steady succession of larger-scale items. With the works he drew from Continental sources in past seasons, Sir Hamilton Harty was no more successful than other men in solving this problem. Some of our young Britishers would have deserved the severest critical trouncings had they served up such things as had to be endured last season. A British score of no better quality than those would have been rejected merely on reading, much more on playing. Is it seriously to be argued that from our own school there cannot be found things more 'worth while'?

Among the standard 'classical' Symphonies it is interesting to find Harty including Sibelius's No. 2. Brahms and Strauss, who, with Berlioz, provide Harty's main enthusiasms, are well represented, and we may congratulate ourselves on 'Heldenleben' and 'Don Quixote,' both in one season. Last year's choral course of four monumental Masses is now to be matched by the following works: 'Israel in Egypt'; 'Romeo and Juliet' (Berlioz); 'Fidelio'; 'The Kingdom'; the Alto Rhapsody of Brahms and the Choral Symphony of Beethoven; and the 'Meister-singer' Finale as the season's wind-up (March 15). The chief instrumental soloists engaged are Backhaus, Cortot, Godowsky, Pouishnov, Catterall, d'Aranyi, Sammons, Suggia, and Cassado.

The unusually full choral season outlined in the programme of the Hallé series will be augmented by numerous concerts under Mr. Brand Lane's conductorship, culminating in a complete performance of the 'Hiawatha' trilogy in March. Under his aegis, Manchester will welcome three visiting orchestras—the Berlin Philharmonic, under Furtwängler, the London Symphony, under Beecham, and a specially selected Waltz Orchestra under Johann Strauss. If the public that usually finds its way to the Hallé Band week after week will only use its chances, it will have a capital opportunity of testing relative orchestral values which may or may not sustain its opinion of how the Manchester players 'measure up' against other famous orchestras. On occasion in the past the Hallé *habitués* have been inconspicuous in the Brand Lane audiences, even when Strauss himself came. Otherwise the Brand Lane prospectus promises us 'stars' of varying magnitudes, but reputedly all of international fame. 'Appen th' Lancashire tenor, Tommy Burke, 'Il sing their yeds off! (Pardon this lapse into native Doric.)

We may reasonably expect a spate of Schubert this winter, and already Miss Edith Robinson has forestalled possible competitors by details of her commemoration concerts next January 9, 13, 16, 20, at which ten of the major chamber works will be performed by her quartet and numerous associates. C. H.

THE HASLEMERE FESTIVAL OF ANCIENT CHAMBER MUSIC

The success of last year's Festival encouraged Mr. Dolmetsch to increase the number of concerts again to twelve, as in 1925, and these took place from August 22 to September 3. An exhibition of instruments with demonstration was held from 10.30 to 12.30 in Haslemere Hall, except on the two Wednesdays, when the concert took place in the afternoon, and on August 22. These Festivals bid fair to become a permanent institution, and a circular bearing the names of eminent musicians has been issued proposing the formation of a 'Dolmetsch Foundation' with the object of securing the continuation and expansion of Mr. Dolmetsch's work in all its branches. The programmes of the concerts were made up to a large extent of works which had already been heard at the two previous Festivals, but which from their unfamiliarity it was both pleasing and desirable to hear again—e.g., various Concertos, Sonatas, and other works by Bach; English Consorts and Fantasies by Richard Deering, Matthew Locke, William Lawes, Coperario, John Jenkins, and A. Ferrabosco; the Violin Sonatas by Henry Butler and J. J. Walther; the Toccata for harpsichord by Purcell, Allemande Grave for three viols by Henry Dumont, and two Galliards for five viols by Trabaci, as well as a few numbers for voice and lute; and the whole of the Haydn-Mozart programme of 1925, with the exception of the E flat Pianoforte Sonata by Haydn, which was replaced by a Fantasia for harpsichord by the same composer. A repetition of the C major Concerto for harpsichord, by Mozart, was substituted for the G major by Haydn, on account of Mr. Dolmetsch's indisposition, which also caused other alterations, including the substitution of the 'Italian' Concerto for harpsichord for the Chaconne in the second Bach Concerto which, along with the former work, was admirably played by Mr. Rudolph Dolmetsch—whose virtuosity both on the harpsichord and the gambus shows progress even beyond his excellent performances of last year, while he has advanced also in his conception of the works of the Masters. The Liverpool group of Mr. Dolmetsch's pupils was solely responsible for the execution of a programme of English music on August 30, and the members acquitted themselves of their task admirably, Miss Betty Brown and Mr. Marco Pallis standing out by the universality of their talent, both playing all the viols and also keyboard instruments equally well. Miss Brown appeared moreover as contralto singer in 'O death, rock me asleep,' attributed to Anne Boleyn, which she sang to the accompaniment of four viols. It had been heard during the second concert with lute accompaniment, no doubt the original version, by Madame Cécile Dolmetsch. Of the twelve concerts, two were devoted to the music of

J. S. Bach, who appropriately opened the Festival. English music supplied five programmes—one for works by Henry Purcell, two for consorts, and two mixed. One concert was devoted to Haydn and Mozart, who appeared rather as stars of another solar system, and one each to German, French, and 'Italian and Spanish' music. One evening was devoted to popular music and dances, a new feature at these Festivals which drew a crowded house. The eleven 16th-century dances were performed in the costumes of the period, and in strict accordance with the rules for steps and movements given by Arbeau in his 'Orchesographia,' Cesare Negri, and other writers of the time. The music, with the exception of a Pavan and a Galliard by William Byrd, consisted of traditional tunes of the 16th century. The Basse dance, however, belonged to the 15th century; it was performed by a little band of viols, wood-wind instruments, harpsichord, and a hand-drum. The Saltarello was danced with much grace, with castanets, by Mrs. Dolmetsch, to a very pretty Italian tune played on the lute only by Mr. Dolmetsch. This proved so successful that it had to be given again twice over at the end of the Italian-Spanish concert. Very charming was also the Italian Ballo, 'La Caccia d'amore,' by Cesare Negri, in which each dancer in turn chases his partner in and out between the opposing rows of the other dancers. The dances were interspersed with tunes for five recorders, songs by Lawes and Campion, beautifully sung by Mr. William Doran, and a Pastoral Dialogue by Nicholas Lanier, charmingly performed by Madame Cécile Dolmetsch and Mr. Doran.

For lack of space we can notice here only the works that have not been heard before at these Festivals. These were four items by Bach, viz., two songs from Anna Magdalena's book, in which Dr. Goodey proved himself once more a consummate artist, 'O süsses Kreuz' from the 'St. Matthew' Passion, which Mr. Frank Phillips sang very artistically with a well-trained voice of fine quality to the original accompaniment, Mr. Rudolph Dolmetsch playing the famous gamba *obbligato*. On another occasion, he gave a fine performance of the Suite in D for the five-stringed violoncello piccolo, and played with Mr. A. Dolmetsch the Sonata for harpsichord and violin in B minor.

The works by Purcell were a Sonata in D minor for two violins, gamba, and harpsichord, Tunes for the Theatre for trumpet, strings, and harpsichord, Songs of the Seasons from 'The Fairy Queen,' Fantasy for two violins and violoncello, the remarkable Fantasy on one note for two violins, viola, tenor violin, and violoncello, and 'Let the dreadful engines,' which Mr. Phillips sang so beautifully that he had to repeat it. Of old English Consorts, we heard a Broken Consort for two violins, gamba, and harpsichord, by Matthew Locke; two tunes for three viols, recorder, lute, and cistren, by Anthony Holborne; a Pavan and Galliard for five recorders by the same; and for viols, with or without organ or harpsichord, *La Caccia* a 2, by Morley; Fantasy *ut re mi*, &c., a 2, by Michael Easte, played from memory by Miss Brown and Mr. Pallis; Fantasy a 3, A minor, No. 8, John Jenkins; Pavan a 3, Thomas Lupo; 'If Love now reigned,' a 3, Henry VIII. (a fine, thoughtful piece); Suite a 4, No. 6, Matthew Locke; Fantasy a 4, No. 21, A. Ferrabosco; two beautiful Pavans a 5, Thomas Tomkins; and a Fantasy a 5, No. 17, J. Jenkins. We cannot here discuss in detail the beauties of these fine works. Mrs. Dolmetsch played Divisions on a Ground on the oldest gamba in existence, c. 1450, and on a tenor viol the lovely 16th-century melody 'Hartsease,' which was encored, and Mr. Rudolph Dolmetsch gained one of his many encores with Divisions on a Ground by Christopher Simpson, and also played another set. In the German concert he played a fine Suite in D major, for gamba, by A. Kühnel, and Mr. A. Dolmetsch played two pretty lute pieces by Hans Neusidler. The French concert comprised a Lute Suite by P. Gauthier, a Suite in D major for three gambas, and one in A minor for one gamba by M. Marais (two very attractive works), a Suite for treble viol by De Caix d'Hervelois, a Suite in E minor for harpsichord and 'Deuxième Concert' for violin, gamba, and harpsichord by Rameau, and two Allegros from a Sonata for two violins by Leclair. The outstanding item of the Italian-

Spanish concert was a Concerto in D minor for viole d'amour and lute, with muted strings and organ (a very beautiful slow movement). The other works were two Fantasies for five viols and Divisions on a Ground for gamba, by Diego Ortiz (1553), *Inventiones* Sesta for violin, by Buonpart, and two pieces for harpsichord by Scarlatti. The last concert was one of English Consorts, and the Festival closed with the solemn and beautiful 'Four Note Pavan' for five viols by Alfonso Ferrabosco.

E. VAN DER STRAETEN.

THE MARGATE FESTIVAL

We can only summarise this brisk spell of intensive music-making at the Winter Gardens (Saturday, September 10, to Thursday, September 15). Mr. Bainbridge Robinson, musical director to the town, assembled a group of musicians and a collection of musical works that do not as a rule play a part in seaside music, and made the London press and a series of crowded audiences attend and give their blessing. And he eschewed choirs and choral music. That is the usual plan for seaside municipal festivals, and it succeeded this year better than ever, not entirely, one imagines, owing to the outdoor discomforts of summer, for these do not bring people to Margate. The following were the main parts of the programme. Saturday: Mr. Harold Samuel played Bach, and Mr. Herbert Oliver conducted his Overture to 'The Vauxhall Belles.' Sunday: Mr. Eric Coates conducted his 'The Three Bears,' and the Oriana Singers performed under Mr. C. Kennedy Scott. Monday: Sir Edward Elgar conducted his Violin Concerto (Mr. Albert Sammons being the soloist), 'Enigma' Variations, and second 'Wand of Youth' Suite. Tuesday: Mr. Robinson conducted Glazounov's C minor Symphony; Mr. Holst his 'Beni-Mora' Suite, 'Somerset Rhapsody,' and Fugal Concerto; and Prof. Granville Bantock his 'Macbeth' Music, Prelude to 'The Song of Songs,' and 'The Pierrot of the Minute.' Wednesday: Mr. Julius Harrison conducted Vaughan Williams's Overture to 'The Wasps,' the 'Pathetic' Symphony, and Dvorák's 'Slavonic Rhapsody' in A flat. Thursday: Mr. John Ansell conducted several of his works. All through the Festival well-known artists took their turns at singing and playing.

THE WEST WALES FESTIVAL

The 'Welsh Three Choirs Music Festival,' inaugurated last year, is now re-christened the 'West Wales Festival,' and is to be held every year in St. Peter's Church, Carmarthen. The organist of St. Peter's, Mr. J. Charles Williams, becomes conductor of the Festival, and his choir is joined by those of Tenby, Ammanford, and other neighbouring centres. The musical programme of the second Festival (the first under the new title) was firmly and wisely based on the permanent features of the English Three Choirs Festival, viz., 'The Messiah,' 'Elijah,' Bach ('A Stronghold sure'), and Elgar ('For the Fallen'). Other works included Parts 1 and 2 of 'The Creation,' and Schubert's 'Unfinished' Symphony. The performances did credit to the musical forces of the district, and may be considered as pointing the way to a national Festival standard in the near future. The Festival began on Thursday, September 15, and ended on the following Sunday evening.

It is proposed to place a plaque in memory of Liszt on the house at West Sydenham where he made a stay with Henry Littleton, at that time head of the house of Novello. The building is now an orphanage for the sons of school teachers. The editor of the *Southwark Diocesan Gazette*, the Rev. T. P. Stevens, suggests that admirers of Liszt's works should present the plaque to the Governors of the school.

There are a few vacancies for advanced orchestral players in the Insurance Orchestral Society of London. A good list of works is in rehearsal. Mr. Harold Rawlinson is the conductor. The hon. secretary is Mr. Thomas Wallace, North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2.

Music in Wales

CARDIFF.—On September 11 the Royal Mountain Ash Male-Voice Choir (recently returned from an extended tour in America) presented a programme, conducted by Mr. T. Glyndwr Richards. The scheme included the 'Pilgrims' March' from 'Tannhäuser,' 'Song of the Volga Boatmen,' Price's 'Cwsg, filwr, cwsg' ('Sleep, soldier, sleep'), and a number of well-worn items. It is a matter for regret that these fine choirs should waste their abilities on continual repetitions of old numbers of little musical value, when they could do so much with the good things at their disposal.—Arrangements have been made for a further series of 'international celebrity' concerts, at which de Pachmann and Cortot will be among the long list of Continental visitors, and one event devoted to a visit by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.

HOLYHEAD.—Controversy upon the merits of the Irish choir which took the first prize in the chief choral contest, shows no abatement. The fact that the conductor took a second start in one test-piece without being penalised is still a sore point in some quarters. Although, from a competitive point of view, this was obviously an unfair advantage, yet it would have been unsatisfactory if the chief prize had gone to a choir that demonstrably was second best.

—The Eisteddfod has made another fact very clear, viz., that there is no reason why North Wales choirs should not be very much more enterprising in their choral work. Not only the Eisteddfod choir, but choirs from purely rural districts, revealed much beauty of tone, coupled with powers of expression and interpretation that would enable them to achieve great things in works of a higher calibre than those with which they are prone to content themselves.

GENERAL.—There is some heart-searching from time to time concerning the declining favour of the harp, which is popularly believed to have been the national instrument of Wales. Students of Welsh musical history say, however, that the national instrument was really the crwth (or crowd), a sort of fiddle with four strings passing over a rather flat bridge (so that several could be bowed simultaneously in harmony) and two strings apart from the others, which could be plucked with the thumb. The harp is, of course, a cosmopolitan instrument which, in one or other of its forms, has been favourably regarded by nearly every nation, its popularity being no doubt largely accounted for by reason of its portability, combined with its sweet tone and capacity for harmonies as well as melodies.—The Report of the Departmental Committee on the Welsh Language, appointed by the Board of Education, is of special interest to Welsh singers by reason of its apparently adverse criticism of the National Council of Music for its supposed neglect of musical publications in Welsh. It seems curious that the Committee should not have been made aware that the Council has issued a considerable number of bilingual and Welsh publications, including Bach Chorales, Festival books, and collections of hymns and anthems, and a Welsh opera, 'Gwenllian.' It has also helped to make known the better class of Welsh musical publications issued by various publishing firms. But the criticism is nevertheless likely to receive a hearty welcome from the Council of Music itself, whose great task is but begun and whose director is known to chafe at the little he has so far managed to achieve on behalf of the spread and encouragement of the vigorous practice of the art among so musical a people.

Two organ recitals for young people will be given by Mr. W. R. Simmons at St. Luke's Church, Penn Road, Holloway (three minutes from Caledonian Road Tube), on October 8 and November 12, at 6.30. Explanatory comments will be given on the music played. The first programme will draw on Bach, Bossi, Mendelssohn, Debussy, MacDowell, &c. Mr. Simmons, by the way, is a master in a Council School, and so may be trusted to know how to cater for his special audience.

Music in Ireland

BELFAST.—The second annual meeting of the Larne Musical Festival Association was held on August 24, under the presidency of the Earl of Antrim. The report showed a credit balance of £195. With a membership roll now numbering four hundred, additional features in the Association's activities were recommended for next year. Lord Antrim was re-elected president, with Mrs. Tweed as hon. secretary.—Inishowen Choral Festival, on August 23, was a first venture that proved a marked success. It was held at Moville, under the direction of the Rev. S. R. Benson, with Mr. T. Frankland (organist of Derry Cathedral) at the organ.

DUBLIN.—On September 2, Chevalier Grattan Flood gave a broadcast lecture from the Dublin Station on 'Thomas Campion, the great Irish Tudor Composer,' with vocal illustrations by Miss May Mortell.—Splendid programmes of music are announced for the Civic Week Music Festival, from September 17 to 25, including a grand Irish Military Tattoo, a John McCormack concert, an organ recital at St. Patrick's Cathedral, an Irish concert, and a concert of the Dublin Philharmonic Society, including 'Leonora' No. 3 and the ninth Symphony. It will be a veritable feast of music for over a week, eclipsing anything of the kind ever held in the Irish metropolis.

Musical Notes from Abroad

HOLLAND

The latter half of the season at Scheveningen has compared very favourably with the earlier part and, along with excellent soloists, there has been some good (and some less good) orchestral playing of interesting programmes. Between the heaviness of Mahler's 'Lied von der Erde' (a second performance) and Richard Strauss's 'Ein Heldenleben' came some welcome relief in the form of 'An Evening with the Waltz King,' conducted by 'a direct lineal descendant.' Besides this, Schnévoigt has conducted a Strauss evening, and also one devoted to 'The Waltz in the March of Time.' The programme of this event might have been bettered in some respects, the Gung'l and Joseph Strauss numbers being of little charm or interest, and the Dance of the Apprentices from 'Die Meistersinger' scarcely fitted into the scheme. Lanner's Pesther Waltz, Johann Strauss's ever-green 'Blue Danube,' an extract from Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony, the Waltz from Tchaikovsky's fifth Symphony, Saint-Saëns's 'Danse macabre,' with Gounod, Richard Strauss, and Ravel to complete the cycle, went to make up a pleasant as well as an instructive evening.

The programme of works by Dutch composers given on the Queen's birthday gave us little that was new, and was on the whole a dull affair. Julius Röntgen, the doyen of the group, was represented by an orchestral Ballade that might have been very effective were it reduced to half its length; and, in his 'Ciaccona gothica,' Cornelis Doppe showed himself a master of technical (both thematic and orchestral) treatment, but did not achieve continuity. The other works, by Alex Voormolen, Johan Wagenaar, Leo Ruysgrok, and Peter van Anrooy were too familiar to call for remark.

Jaap Stotyn, the first oboe of the orchestra—who, besides being a very fine player, is energetic in discovering unfamiliar works—has introduced a Concerto for oboe and orchestra which he attributes to Mozart, but which aroused much debate as to its authenticity. Judging purely from internal evidence it may be said to be in all probability an early work later handled by some other composer. Of circumstantial evidence there was none. Another work in which members of the orchestra were heard as soloists was in Haydn's Symphony 'With the horn signal,' in which Messrs. Swaap, Isterdael, Stotyn, Poolman, and Veenstra (violin, 'cello, oboe, flute, and horn) showed themselves an admirable chamber-music team. At the same concert Thibaud played Bach's well-known E major Concerto. Excepting the 'St. Matthew' Passion and the Cantatas,

Bach is not so popular here as in England, but Mischa Elman played the Variations from the second Sonata with good effect and obtained a big popular success. His other items were the Mendelssohn Concerto and Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole.

The one serious failure of the season was the music composed and arranged by Arthur Honegger to the film 'Napoleon.' It contains some good ideas, but has all the faults of the average 'fitted' music, and depends too much on borrowings from Honegger's own previous music and upon the 'Marseillaise.' The autumn season at Amsterdam began on Sunday, September 11, with a popular concert conducted by Cornelis Doppe, the programme of which included Beethoven's fifth Symphony, Elgar's 'Cockaigne' Overture, and an 'Adagio con Variazioni' by the Dutch composer Theo van der Bijl.

HERBERT ANTCLIFFE.

THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL

PAUL BECHERT

Two guiding spirits perennially rule the Salzburg Festival: that of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the city's greatest son, and that of another son of Salzburg, Max Reinhardt, who, as a modest provincial actor here, began his meteoric career and has now returned in triumph to settle in an ex-Imperial castle and to bless the small city with annual festival productions. There may be some who object to the co-ordination of two characters so incommensurate; but while Mozart was the greater of the two Salzburg geniuses (hard as it may be to convince some of the still staunch Reinhardtites of the fact), Reinhardt on the other hand has the unquestionable advantage of being still among the living. The self-assertion of the energetic man no doubt accounts for the strange fact that the promoters of the Festival are willing to expend fortunes year in and year out for the often far-fetched manifestations of Reinhardt's stage-craft, while Mozart is relegated to more or less haphazard productions of his operas, poorly staged and little rehearsed.

This season again a tremendous apparatus was set going for one of Reinhardt's spectacular productions at the Festival Theatre. The play, according to the programme, was Shakespeare's 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' Was it really Shakespeare's? 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' is the great pet hobby of Reinhardt's theatrical career. He has done and re-done it at least three times, until very little of the play remains at the end. A 'realism' staging, with real grass and scented flowers, founded Reinhardt's fame at Berlin twenty-five years ago. Four years ago Vienna saw a revised version under the slogan of 'expressionism,' with a simplified stage. For the 1927 Salzburg production it is difficult to find a watchword; but if '-isms' there must be, let us term it 'dilettantism.' Merely two real German-speaking actors populated the stage; the rest were foreigners like Rosamond Pinchot, who degraded Hippolyta into an ill-pronouncing revue figurante, or dancers like Harald Kreutzberg, Tilly Losch, and Katta Sterna, who struggled vainly with the German language and with Shakespeare's text. To accommodate their elocutionary dilettantism, Reinhardt went to work thoroughly. Perhaps two-thirds of the text was eliminated, and what remained was a revue by Max Reinhardt, partially based on the Shakespearean subject and unfolding on a stage which, most appropriately, had the shape of a circus ring. It demanded indeed the sportive capacities of circus artists to avoid the nooks, corners, and pitfalls of this so-called stage, which in reality was a system of ladders, staircases, and traps—a bare edifice of wood and iron from which no poetry bloomed forth, merely boredom. The music was Mendelssohn's, in an 'enlarged' version and poorly played.

Along with this ill-fated pseudo-Shakespearean production, Reinhardt offered his admirers a performance of Schiller's drama, 'Kabale und Liebe,' an exact copy, aside from one or two new and miscast actors, of what was a marvellous production at Vienna four years ago; and, of course, the ubiquitous 'Everyman,' in front of Salzburg Cathedral—a performance which has outworn its effect on

the scrutinising hearer after seven years' perennial repetition, but which gladdened the box-office man of the Festival Society. One could but compare, with muted sarcasm, the enormous means placed at the disposal of Reinhardt for his own shows, with the modest pains which were expended on the production of 'Don Juan' and 'The Marriage of Figaro.' The singers (Richard Mayr, Hans Duhan, Alfred Piccaver, Adele Kern, Claire Born, and Maria Németh), as well as the conductors (Franz Schalk and Robert Heger, respectively), were those of the Vienna Opera, which implies a high musical standard of performance. But what scenery! What shabby, old fashioned costumes! What stage management, or the absence of it! Festival performances? Indeed not.

Yet what the Vienna Staatsoper, and the Salzburg Festival spirit with it, can achieve, was conclusively shown by the production of 'Fidelio.' Of this achievement it is difficult to speak without succumbing to the 'pathetic fallacy.' To sum it up, it was the most superb performance that the Vienna Opera has done in decades, and perhaps the greatest that Beethoven's step-child of operas has ever had the privilege to receive. A marvellous orchestra which evoked, after the 'Leonore' Overture, an ovation seldom witnessed, when the whole audience rose as one man to shout its thanks; a scenic setting—by Clemens Holzmeister—which caught the spirit of each scene to its innermost subtleties and projected it into the gripped audience; a stage management (the work of Lothar Wallerstein) that reflected virtually each rhythmic and dynamic shading of the score and created a perfection of ensemble such as the writer has never witnessed, and which even divested the ominous Prisoners' Scene of its Männergesangverein atmosphere that had seemed inseparable from it; and a cast of singers who, with hardly an exception, were perfect on the musical, histrionic, and emotional sides of their parts, and even braved the pitfalls of the spoken dialogue, which usually tempts pathos on one side or utter passiveness on the other. As Leonore, Lotte Lehmann has truly found herself and her dramatic soul; she was touching in her noble simplicity and flawless in her command of the intricate vocal difficulties. But notwithstanding her masterly portrayal, notwithstanding Alfred Jerger's sinister Pizarro, the great individual triumph of the evening was that of Richard Mayr in the rôle of Rocco, the aged jail-keeper. This great, mature artist was wonderful in his every tone and pose. His touching warmth of voice, his every move and word reflected a pure, clarified humanity; his is a big heart, a great mind, and a strong, compelling human force. The singers of the evening verily surpassed themselves, their work enhanced by a scenic setting of unrivalled beauty, a lighting and grouping of unfathomed suggestiveness, and by the musical guidance of Franz Schalk, the great Beethoven conductor. It was a memorable evening, of a perfection that sufficed to lend lustre to all the rest of the Festival.

For the first time this year the Festival programme sought to include choreographic art in its radius of action. This was achieved by compromise, for the dance programme of the Festival comprised not, as one would have wished, a modern ballet such as perhaps de Falla's 'Three-Cornered Hat' or Bartók's 'Wonderful Mandarin.' A modest dance evening sufficed to provide the salutary portion of the Festival, but it was noteworthy for the presence of Harald Kreutzberg. This young dancer, who actually merits the sobriquet bestowed upon him of 'German Nijinsky,' is surely the one dancer of all Europe, outside of Diaghilev's troupe, to divest choreographic art of that odious air of dilettantism with which ambitious semi-professionals have recently surrounded it. The slender young man—lighter than air—has an infallible technique, a subtle grace seasoned with a welcome virility, and above all a power of facial expression which stamps him a great mimic actor. His 'music-less dances' were a series of strong mimic impersonations—E. Th. A. Hoffmann or Edgar Allan Poe set into dance. C major scales coupled with the tantalizing, monotonous ticking of a merciless metronome, off stage, accompanied the first dance—haunting, slurring steps behind the scene; and a polytonal, invisible gramophone the other two. His virtuoso dancing, on the other hand, was electrifying and

dazzling. The two women dancers of the evening—Tilly Losch and Hedy Pfundmeyer—courted disaster by inviting comparison with Kreutzberg. Beside his superior artistry, their innocent exhibitions of persistently underlined 'Viennese grace' wilted into insignificance; and their efforts at 'modern expression dance' revealed merely the fact that they had evidently forgotten the classic technique without, as yet, having assimilated modern ideas. They thus sat between two chairs, as it were, but they did so with much grace and charm.

A series of concerts completed the Festival scheme—concerts conducted by Franz Schalk, Robert Heger, and Josef Messner—classic programmes classically performed. Notable was a performance of Mozart's C minor Mass, conducted by Bernhard Paumgartner at St. Peter's Church, for which Mozart composed it. The performance coincided with the Mozart Congress, which assembled at Salzburg many notable musicians and musicologists. The C minor Mass (little performed) dates from 1782, and owed its composition to the illness of Mozart's then betrothed Constance Weber. Gratitude for her recovery inspired Mozart to write this Mass, which, however, remained uncompleted. The Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus, and Benedictus, as well as portions of the Credo, were written and brought to Salzburg when Mozart paid a visit to his home city. When the Mass was first performed, it seems that the composer supplemented it with portions from other of his sacred compositions. Paumgartner performed it now in what is called the 'Salzburg version.'

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths :

CUTHBERT F. WHITMORE, in London, on September 10. He was trained at the Royal Academy of Music, joined the staff as a pianoforte professor in 1903, and was made a Fellow in 1919. He did excellent work as a teacher and as a writer on pianoforte teaching, and was also a successful orchestral conductor.

'W. R. A.' writes : ' You could not help liking his quick eagerness and zest, and being carried along by him. To the right pupils he was a masterly teacher, and every pupil got the chance to be a "right" one. He had endless resource, and after giving hundreds of lessons, for weeks on end, often from nine in the morning till ten at night, and on Sundays as well as week-days, he could diagnose your trouble as accurately and quickly as ever, and be as keen to free you from it. With a touch on the elbow, or a patter of the nervous fingers on your hand, away went the inhibiting stiffness, and the passage played itself. He loved talk, and new interests. He constantly went to orchestral concerts, for he loved the orchestra, and was delighted to be able to work with that at the Academy. He gave concerts himself, and provided other fine things freely in the lecture-recitals in which Edwin Evans collaborated with him. He was a right-hand man of Matthay for more years than, to look at him, you would have thought possible. He wrote a capital little book about pianoforte-playing, and was editing a series of "classics" when he died. Apart from all his knowledge and executive skill, there remains the memory of a bright little man, endlessly busy and rarely without a smile for you, throwing out opinions and ideas, shrewd, tolerating no slackness, giving his lessons for nothing if a time came when they could not be paid for—an enthusiast who will not be forgotten by anyone who ever tried to catch the generous sparks that flew from him.'

T. HUGHES-JOHNSON, at Toronto, on August 6. He was of Welsh parentage, and went in 1922 from Birmingham to Toronto, becoming organist of Christ Church in that city, where he also founded a Welsh Choral Society. He was a highly successful trainer of boys' voices.

ERNEST JEROME HART, at New York, on August 14, aged sixty-six. He was of English birth, had travelled widely, and had contributed to many musical journals, chiefly American.

LADY MARY TREFUSIS, at Truro, on September 12, aged fifty-eight. Her interest in music was keen, and it was manifested in a variety of ways. In her native county of Worcester she was mainly instrumental in founding the Competitive Festival in that district; and later she started a similar event in Cornwall, whither she had gone to live after her marriage. Of the Cornwall Festival she had been honorary secretary from the beginning. She had been also honorary secretary of the Church-Music Society since 1906, and president of the English Folk-Dance Society since 1912. She sat on the Archbishops' Committee of Church Music (of which her brother, Earl Beauchamp, was chairman), and also took a prominent part in the organization and conduct of the Summer School of Church Music. A devoted churchwoman, she was a member of the Church Assembly, and of the Missionary Council. Among other public positions she occupied was that of President of the Royal Institution of Cornwall. Her death is a great loss to the musical world, especially in the departments of Church music and folk-song.

DR. TOM HAIGH.—Mr. John E. Campbell writes: It would seem almost impossible to convey a really adequate impression of a man's life-work in a short obituary notice. My old friend Dr. Tom (not Thomas) Haigh was undoubtedly in the front rank as an organ-player, and I think the fact should be recorded in our leading musical journal. He had a large repertoire, and was prepared to play any piece in it at a moment's notice—a remarkable feat in itself.

Answers to Correspondents

Questions must be of general musical interest. They must be stated simply and briefly, and if several are sent, each must be written on a separate slip. We cannot undertake to reply by post.

C. E. M.—We know of no work dealing specially with keyboard writing; books on composition (and some on harmony) usually contain a section treating it. But surely this is a subject that can best be studied from the pages of the great composers' pianoforte music. Begin by taking, say, the slow movement from Beethoven's Sonata in G (Op. 14, No. 2); write a simple tune on the same lines, and add variations laid out on the plan of this movement. Beethoven is not a model for advanced pianoforte writing, but the Sonatas contain many simple movements on which you may base your studies. For writing song-accompaniments, study the collections of Irish Folk-Songs by Stanford and Charles Wood (Boosey), and devise accompaniments of your own on similar lines from other folk-tunes. For perfect examples of simplicity and effectiveness, see Stanford's accompaniments in 'The National Song Book' (Boosey). Prof. Kitson's recently published 'Elementary Harmony' (Oxford University Press) contains a chapter on accompaniment writing and another on writing pianoforte variations.

H. W. J.—(1.) Certainly spare-time pianoforte-tuning and repairing is not 'degrading to a music-teacher.' If a teacher cannot fill his day with lessons, and has the ability to make a good job of tuning, why should he not do so? You ask if the practice is general. We think not. Few teachers have the ear and skill that make a fine tuner; and of these few, most would perhaps regard the job as *infra dig.* (2.) We should like a straight talk with you! You are twenty-three, and you aspire to be an organist and teacher. You say: 'I have no diploma; I do not believe in them.' Your letter is badly-written, ungrammatical, and even the spelling is shaky. However much you may know about music, you have a heap to learn in other ways, and if you don't humble yourself and learn it, your chance of success as a professional musician is very slight.

W. W.—Of the two phrasings of the Franck Fugue subject, we prefer (a):



There is a good deal to be said for (b), but it strikes us as being less in keeping with the style and mood of the piece.

H. A. R.—There are crowds of capable pianists anxious for public work as players and accompanists, so we don't think inquiry at concert agents' will help you. As you possess a good diploma for this branch of work, you should get in touch with teachers of singing, violin, &c. They are often glad to hear of really skilled accompanists with whom their pupils may work. A small circular might be advisable, and an advertisement in a local paper and musical journal. We are glad our advice helped you to gain the diploma.

A. J. L.—In 'younger,' 'longer,' and 'youngest' the 'g' would be pronounced as in 'hunger.' You ask if there are any words ending in 'ng' pronounced like 'sing-ing.' Plenty, e.g., 'winging,' 'hanging,' &c. Many Midland folk, however, pronounce 'sing-ing' as 'sing-ging.'

C. L. H. (Shanghai).—(1.) We have never heard that type-writing spoilt pianoforte-touch. On the contrary, we think it would help in regard to strength and independence—real typing, that is, not the jabbing with a poker-like forefinger with which many of us begin. (2.) The review of the Columbia record of Grainger playing Chopin's Sonata appeared in the *Musical Times* of March, 1926.

TUBA.—Reference to the Köchel edition shows that the first movement of Mozart's Symphony 35, in D, is marked *Allegro con spirito* C, and the Finale *Presto* C. We hesitate to suggest metronome marks, especially where an amateur orchestra is concerned. But we feel that in both movements the minim should be the unit, the Finale being the quicker-paced.

CONDUCTOR.—The low pitch is now frequently used at the principal London concerts, and will no doubt supersede the high before long. Your amateur wind players, therefore, had better adapt themselves to circumstances which will certainly not give way to a few scattered performers.

K. D.—For particulars apply to the Secretary, Teachers' Registration Council, 37, Bedford Square, W.C.1. You inquire as to the benefits of registration. Surely they are obvious! If not, why do you contemplate being registered?

TRAINING.—Auditions are not limited to professionals. If you are a capable and experienced amateur, with zest for the work (as seems to be the case), apply for a trial, and good luck to you!

Mr. Robert T. Carraway, of Havant, is good enough to add to our answer to 'Trio' (September) the following as being useful Trios for pianoforte, violin, and 'cello, suitable for beginners: 'Trio Facile,' Kreuz (Augener); 'Three Miniatures,' Frank Bridge, Set 1 (Augener); three volumes of Trios in the Wilhelm Hansen Edition (Novello); 'L'Ancien Régime,' edited by G. Saint-George (Augener). He has found the Novello Albums for Pianoforte and Strings very useful.

Dr. G. Keller, of 153, Lysterbesstraat, The Hague, kindly writes, in reply to 'C. H. E.'s inquiry (September) for a simplified version of Liszt's first Hungarian Rhapsody, that such a version, by Richard Kleinmichael, is published by Bertolf Senff, Leipsic. It can be had through Novello's.—Mr. Cecil J. Turner also writes that Lengnick's catalogue contains a version of the Rhapsody marked 'moderately difficult,' and that No. 2365 in the Universal Edition catalogue is 'Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsody 1 (easy).'

Dr. Malcolm Sargent has been appointed to the conductorship of the Wolverhampton Musical Society, and Mr. T. W. North will be the Society's choromaster. Mr. North has conducted the Walsall Philharmonic and the Dudley Choral Societies.

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THE MUSICAL TIMES

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March	Th. Kullak
March from "Tannhäuser"	Wagner
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